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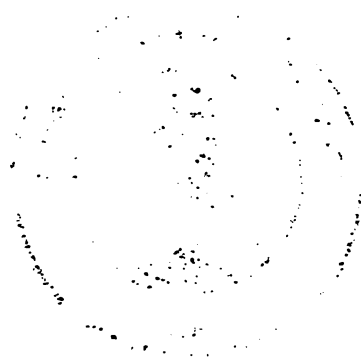
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PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH, PAINTED IN 1769, IN
THE POSSESSION OF EARL STANHOPE.

THE

MASTERS AND MATEES

OF

THE FORMER SEA FLEET

OF LANCHESTER

OF THE

AMERICAN FLEET

OF THE AMERICAN FLEET

EDITED BY

WILLIAM L. BROWN

IN TWO VOLUMES

OF

(MISC. PUBLISHED)

THE

COMPANY

1892



MISS JESSIE STANHOPE,
WIFE OF LORD STANHOPE.

Portrait of Miss Jessie Stanhope, wife of Lord Stanhope, taken at the residence of the Earl of Stanhope, at Stanhope, Co. Durham, in 1854.

THE
LETTERS AND WORKS
OF
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD;

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS LETTERS AND PAPERS
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY LORD MAHON.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

(MISCELLANIES.)

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1892.

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PREFACE

TO THIS VOLUME.

THIS Volume is to be considered as supplemental to the four published by the same Editor in 1845; the collection being now intended to comprise the whole of Lord Chesterfield's Writings.

In compiling this Volume, as in the other four, the Editor has derived the greatest advantage from the MS. drafts and papers most kindly placed at his disposal by his kinsman, Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq.; these MSS. being inherited from Mr. Lovel Stanhope, one of the Executors under Lord Chesterfield's Will. From this source have been derived the two Dialogues, the Essay on the Clergy, and the Detached Thoughts, which appear for the first time in the present publication.

The Editor desires also to express his thanks to Lord Lyttelton for entrusting to him, with full permission to print from, the original letters addressed to the first Peer of that name, by his early friend, Lord Chesterfield. These MSS. had been already, with one or two exceptions, made public by Robert Phillimore, Esq., in his *Memoirs of George Lord Lyttelton*, in 1845; but owing, probably, to some

defect in the transcripts, they were then, as a comparison with the original shows, by no means accurately printed.

To give only two instances: Lord Chesterfield mentions the expected death of Queen Caroline, as "what I *take* to be the present situation of affairs." As hitherto printed, the expression has been altered to the very unbecoming one, "I *hope*." Thus, again, where Lord Chesterfield speaks of the Roman History "after the *first* five hundred years," a change of to "the *last*," transforms his remark from an acute into a silly one.

The Editor is very far from having any wish to find fault with other contemporary publications, and he acknowledges the difficulty there may often be in detecting or correcting the error of transcribers, but he thinks that, in justice to Lord Chesterfield and to his readers, he was bound not to leave unnoticed the variations which he has observed.

The recovery of Lord Chesterfield's original MSS. in his letters to his son, and to the Bishop of Waterford, has enabled the Editor to produce many important passages, chiefly political, which the first Editors suppressed.*

In the Preface to the first volume, the Editor has explained his reasons for omitting the early Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son, when only seven or

* [In the present edition these passages, indicated by being enclosed within brackets, have been inserted in their appropriate places.]

eight years old, these letters being filled with mere elementary instruction. Since, however, it is now desired to include the whole of Lord Chesterfield's Writings, these omitted letters have been appended to the present Volume in small type, so as to occupy as little space as possible. Thus the purchaser of the present Edition will have the assurance that, besides the large amount of new or additional matter derived from other sources, it contains, without any one exception, every letter or other production of Lord Chesterfield, which is to be found in the four quarto, or the eight octavo volumes of the earlier publications.

The quarto Supplement published in 1778, which comprises Lord Chesterfield's Poems, and his Letters to his Godson on the Art of Pleasing, has also of course, both in the present volume and in the preceding ones, been of great use to the Editor. But the public should be warned that this Supplement has admitted several pieces which are certainly not Lord Chesterfield's—as, for instance, a “Letter to the Abbé de la Ville on the Order against Publishing Newspapers at Paris (1745).” Waving for a moment the gross improbability that an ambassador at a foreign Court should enter into a controversy of this kind with one of his colleagues, a mere comparison of dates will be sufficient to disprove the authorship alleged. The writer of this letter mentions meeting Abbé de la Ville, the French Minister, in company

at the Hague, and talking over with him the reports current in Paris on the battle of Fontenoy. Now the battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 10th of May, 1745, and Lord Chesterfield, writing to Mr. Dayrolles on the 12th of that month, refers to himself as already being upon his journey to Helvoetsluys for England.

Following on this point the example of his predecessor, Dr. Maty, the Editor has forbore from inserting "the Case of the Hanover Forces," the "Vindication of the Case, &c.,"—and "a Further "Vindication of the Case, &c." (1742). Besides the very great length to which these three pamphlets, when united, extend—besides the entire cessation of the political interest which they once possessed—they are scarcely, the Editor thinks, entitled to a place in Lord Chesterfield's Works. They were, as is stated, written not by Lord Chesterfield solely, but in conjunction with Mr. Waller, M.P. for High Wycombe, while the internal evidence renders it probable that the mass of the pamphlet came from the inferior hand, and that, in most places, Lord Chesterfield supplied the finishing touches alone.

A few words or sentences have been, in one or two places, where the blank is indicated, unavoidably expunged, as irreconcilable with the more decorous language and the stricter rules of propriety that now prevail. Thus, also, the "Lines on a Lady drinking "the Bath Waters," and the "Epigram on Miss

"Eleanor Ambrose"—notwithstanding their wit, or rather, perhaps, on account of it—could scarcely find a place in any collection of the present day.

In conclusion, the Editor may be permitted to observe that the publication of 1845 proved to be the means of eliciting several very able and discriminating sketches of Lord Chesterfield, and not in this country alone. He would venture to name, as most especially deserving of attention, the articles in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 152; in the *North American Review*, No. 132; and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (by M. Philarète Chasles), for December, 1845. At a later period, and in treating of another book (September 22, 1849, upon Franklin by Weld), there also appeared in the *Spectator* a passage which the Editor will here take leave to reproduce, from the striking and curious parallel which, whether justly or unjustly, is there drawn between two men, at first sight so far from similar as Chesterfield and Franklin.

Franklin and Chesterfield, unknown to each other, originated the school of *marketable morality*. The great founders of the ancient systems of ethics required a course of action far too lofty for the mass of mankind; their disciples were to triumph over human weakness and external evils, or with a sect of the Stoics to deny that such a thing as external evil existed. Addison and his coadjutors stripped Virtue of the repulsive habit in which she was clothed by a stern philosophy or a priestly fanaticism, and presented her in a more attractive garb; but, though not overlooking the temporal benefits that flow from a regular life, they recommended Virtue for herself, and inculcated purity and elevation of mind. As matters stood, neither of these schools was for the worlds of pleasure, fashion, and trade; the inhabitants of each of which, a century ago, were of a much coarser and less passable kind than they are now. Chesterfield and Franklin, in their re-

spective spheres, expounded an easier code of morals, by which gratifications might be indulged, credit preserved, and money made. Chesterfield, impressing on his son the importance of good repute, repeats to him an avowal he had heard Chartres make, that "though he would not give one fig for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a good character, as he could make a hundred thousand by it." Franklin, having converted several of his youthful companions to infidelity, learns to doubt the propriety of his course, or the *use* of his creed, because he had lost money by them. "My arguments," he says, "perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of these having wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me, and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful."

*Grosvenor Place,
April, 1858.*

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S WORKS.

SPEECHES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OF Lord Chesterfield's very numerous speeches in the House of Lords, the three following are the only ones preserved with any degree of accuracy. They are here reprinted as they stand in Dr. Maty's collection.

The subject of the first, the Playhouse Bill, was introduced by Sir Robert Walpole in 1737, to repress the licentiousness of the stage. Its more immediate occasion was a farce abounding in blasphemy and sedition, which had been brought to Walpole in MS., and which bore the title of the "Golden Rump." The Bill of Walpole authorized the Lord Chamberlain for the time being to prohibit at his discretion the representation of any drama, and compelled all authors, under forfeiture of fifty pounds and of the licence of the house, to send him copies of their plays fourteen days before they were acted.

The Playhouse Bill having passed the House of Commons, was read in the Lords for the second time on the 2nd, and for a third time on the 6th of June. There seems little doubt that Lord Chesterfield's speech must have been delivered on the second reading, that being the only stage in which the contemporary statements mention a debate. See on this point the summary of Coxe in his *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*.

The subject of the two latter speeches, namely, the Gin Act, was brought in during the Session of 1743, to repeal certain high duties upon spirits imposed in 1736. These duties had been so high as to amount to a prohibition, and to afford both opportunity and encouragement to fraud. "Though no licence was obtained," says Smollett, "and no duty paid, the liquor continued to be sold in all corners of the streets. . . . The new Ministers foresaw that a great revenue would accrue to the Crown from the repeal of these duties, and this measure they thought they might the more decently take, as the law had proved ineffectual; for it appeared that the consumption of Gin had considerably increased every year since those heavy duties were imposed."

SPEECH ON THE PLAY-HOUSE BILL,

JUNE 2, 1737.

MY LORDS,

THE Bill now before you I apprehend to be of a very extraordinary, a very dangerous, nature. It seems designed not only as a restraint on the licentiousness of the stage; but it will prove a most arbitrary restraint on the liberty of the stage; and I fear it looks yet further, I fear it tends towards a restraint on the liberty of the press, which will be a long stride towards the destruction of liberty itself. It is not only a Bill, my Lords, of a very extraordinary nature, but it has been brought in at a very extraordinary season, and pushed with most extraordinary dispatch. When I considered how near it was to the end of the Session, and how long this Session had been protracted beyond the usual time of the year; when I considered that this Bill passed through the other House with so much precipitancy, as even to get the start of a Bill which deserved all the respect, and all the dispatch, the forms of either House of Parliament could admit of; it set me upon inquiring, what could be the reason for introducing this Bill at so unseasonable a time, and pressing it forward in a manner so very singular and uncommon. I have made all possible inquiry; and as yet, I must confess, I am at a loss to find out the great occasion. I have, it is true, learned from common report without doors, that a most seditious, a most heinous farce had been offered to one of the theatres, a farce for which the authors ought to be punished in a most exemplary manner: but what was

the consequence? The master of that theatre behaved as he was in duty bound, and as common prudence directed: he not only refused to bring it upon the stage, but carried it to a certain honourable gentleman in the Administration, as the surest method of having it absolutely suppressed. Could this be the occasion of introducing such an extraordinary Bill, at such an extraordinary season, and pushing it in so extraordinary a manner? Surely no:—The dutiful behaviour of the players, the prudent caution they showed upon that occasion, can never be a reason for subjecting them to such an arbitrary restraint: it is an argument in their favour; and a material one, in my opinion, against the Bill. Nay, farther, if we consider all circumstances, it is to me a full proof that the laws now in being are sufficient for punishing those players who shall venture to bring any seditious libel upon the stage, and consequently sufficient for deterring all the players from acting anything that may have the least tendency towards giving a reasonable offence.

I do not, my Lords, pretend to be a lawyer, I do not pretend to know perfectly the power and extent of our laws; but I have conversed with those that do, and by them I have been told, that our laws are sufficient for punishing any person that shall dare to represent upon the stage what may appear, either by the words or the representation, to be blasphemous, seditious, or immoral. I must own, indeed, I have observed of late a remarkable licentiousness in the stage. There have but very lately been two plays acted, which one would have thought should have given the greatest offence; and yet both were suffered to be often represented without disturbance, without censure. In

one,* the author thought fit to represent the three great professions, religion, physic, and law, as inconsistent with common sense: in the other,† a most tragical story was brought on the stage, a catastrophe too recent, too melancholy, and of too solemn a nature, to be heard of anywhere but from the pulpit. How these pieces came to pass unpunished I do not know; if I am rightly informed, it was not for want of law, but for want of prosecution, without which no law can be made effectual: but if there was any neglect in this case I am convinced it was not with a design to prepare the minds of the people, and to make them think a new law necessary.

Our stage ought certainly, my Lords, to be kept within due bounds; but for this our laws, as they stand at present, are sufficient. If our stage-players at any time exceed those bounds they ought to be prosecuted, they may be punished: we have precedents, we have examples of persons having been punished for things less criminal than either of the two pieces I have mentioned. A new law must therefore be unnecessary, and in the present case it cannot be unnecessary without being dangerous: every *unnecessary* restraint on licentiousness is a fetter upon the legs, is a shackle upon the hands, of liberty. One of the greatest blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest blessings a people, my Lords, can enjoy, is liberty; but every good in this life has its alloy of evil. Licentiousness is the alloy of liberty: it is an ebullition, an excrescence; it is a speck upon the eye of the political body, which I can never touch but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, lest I destroy the body,

* Pasquin, a comedy.

† King Charles I., a tragedy.

lest I injure the eye upon which it is apt to appear. If the stage becomes at any time licentious, if a play appears to be a libel upon the Government, or upon any particular man, the King's Courts are open, the law is sufficient for punishing the offender; and in this case the person injured has a singular advantage, he can be under no difficulty to prove who is the publisher; the players themselves are the publishers, and there can be no want of evidence to convict them.

But, my Lords, suppose it true, that the laws now in being are not sufficient for putting a check to, or preventing, the licentiousness of the stage; suppose it absolutely necessary some new law should be made for that purpose; yet it must be granted, that such a law ought to be maturely considered, and every clause, every sentence, nay, every word of it, well weighed and examined, lest, under some of those methods presumed or pretended to be necessary for restraining licentiousness, a power should lie concealed, which might be afterwards made use of for giving a dangerous wound to liberty. Such a law ought not to be introduced at the close of a Session; nor ought we, in the passing of such a law, to depart from any of the forms prescribed by our ancestors for preventing deceit and surprise. There is such a connection between licentiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct the one, without dangerously wounding the other; it is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit between them; like a changeable silk, we can easily see there are two different colours, but we cannot easily discover where the one ends, or where the other begins. There can be no great and immediate danger from the licentiousness of the stage. I hope

it will not be pretended, that our Government may, before next winter, be overturned by such licentiousness, even though our stage were at present under no sort of control. Why then may we not delay till next Session passing any law against the licentiousness of the stage? Neither our Government can be altered, nor our Constitution overturned by such a delay; but, by passing a law rashly and unadvisedly, our Constitution may at once be destroyed, and our Government rendered arbitrary. Can we then put a small, a short-lived inconvenience in the balance with perpetual slavery? Can it be supposed, that a Parliament of Great Britain will so much as risk the latter, for the sake of avoiding the former?

Surely, my Lords, this is not to be expected, were the licentiousness of the stage much greater than it is, were the insufficiency of our laws more obvious than can be pretended; but when we complain of the licentiousness of the stage, and the insufficiency of our laws, I fear we have more reason to complain of bad measures in our polity, and a general decay of virtue and morality among the people. In public as well as private life, the only way to prevent being ridiculed or censured, is to avoid all ridiculous or wicked measures, and to pursue such only as are virtuous and worthy. The people never endeavour to ridicule those they love and esteem, nor will they suffer them to be ridiculed; if any one attempts it, the ridicule returns upon the author: he makes himself only the object of public hatred and contempt. The actions or behaviour of a private man may pass unobserved, and consequently unapplauded, uncensured; but the actions of those in high stations can neither pass without

notice nor without censure or applause; and therefore an Administration without esteem, without authority among the people, let their power be never so great, let their power be never so arbitrary, will be ridiculed: the severest edicts, the most terrible punishments cannot prevent it. If any man, therefore, thinks he has been censured, if any man thinks he has been ridiculed, upon any of our public theatres, let him examine his actions, he will find the cause; let him alter his conduct, he will find a remedy. As no man is perfect, as no man is infallible, the greatest may err, the most circumspect may be guilty of some piece of ridiculous behaviour. It is not licentiousness, it is an useful liberty always indulged the stage in a free country, that some great men may there meet with a just reproof, which none of their friends will be free enough, or rather faithful enough, to give them. Of this we have a famous instance in the Roman history. The great Pompey, after the many victories he had obtained, and the great conquests he had made, had certainly a good title to the esteem of the people of Rome: yet that great man, by some error in his conduct, became an object of general dislike; and therefore, in the representation of an old play, when Diphilus, the actor, came to repeat these words, "*Nos-
trâ miseriâ tu es magnus,*" the audience immediately applied them to Pompey, who at that time was as well known by the name Magnus as by the name Pompey, and were so highly pleased with the satire that, as Cicero says, they made him repeat the words a hundred times over. An account of this was immediately sent to Pompey, who, instead of resenting it as an injury, was so wise as to take it for a just re-

proof; he examined his conduct, he altered his measures, he regained by degrees the esteem of the people, and therefore neither feared the wit, nor felt the satire, of the stage. This is an example which ought to be followed by great men in all countries. Such accidents will often happen in every free country; and many such would probably have afterwards happened at Rome, if they had continued to enjoy their liberty: but this sort of liberty on the stage came soon after, I suppose, to be called licentiousness; for we are told that Augustus, after having established his empire, restored order in Rome by restraining licentiousness. God forbid we should in this country have order restored, or licentiousness restrained, at so dear a rate as the people of Rome paid for it to Augustus.

In the case I have mentioned, my Lords, it was not the poet that wrote, for it was an old play; nor the players that acted, for they only repeated the words of the play; it was the people who pointed the satire; and the case will always be the same. When a man has the misfortune to incur the hatred or contempt of the people, when public measures are despised, the audience will apply what never was, what could not be, designed as a satire on the present times; nay, even though the people should not apply, those who are conscious of the wickedness or weakness of their conduct will take to themselves what the author never designed. A public thief is as apt to take the satire, as he is apt to take the money, which was never designed for him. We have an instance of this in the case of a famous comedian of the last age; a comedian who was not only a good poet, but an honest man, and a quiet and good subject. The famous Molière, when

he wrote his *Tartuffe*, which is certainly an excellent and a good moral comedy, did not design to satirize any great man of that age; yet a great man in France at that time took it to himself, and fancied the author had taken him as a model for one of the principal, and one of the worst, characters in that comedy: by good luck he was not the licenser, otherwise the kingdom of France had never had the pleasure, the happiness, I may say, of seeing that play acted; but, when the players first purposed to act it at Paris, he had interest enough to get it forbid. Molière, who knew himself innocent of what was laid to his charge, complained to his patron, the Prince of Conti, that as his play was designed only to expose hypocrisy, and a false pretence to religion, it was very hard it should be forbid being acted; when at the same time they were suffered to expose religion itself every night publicly upon the Italian stage. To which the Prince wittily answered, "It is true, Molière, Harlequin ridicules Heaven, and exposes religion; but you have done much worse—you have ridiculed the first minister of religion."

I am as much for restraining the licentiousness of the stage, and every sort of licentiousness, as any of your Lordships can be; but, my Lords, I am, I shall always be, extremely cautious and fearful of making the least encroachment upon liberty: and therefore, when a new law is proposed against licentiousness, I shall always be for considering it deliberately and maturely, before I venture to give my consent to its being passed. This is a sufficient reason for my being against passing this Bill at so unseasonable a time, and in so extraordinary a manner; but I have many

reasons for being against passing the Bill itself, some of which I shall beg leave to explain to your Lordships.

The Bill, my Lords, at first view, may seem to be designed only against the stage; but to me it plainly appears to point somewhere else. It is an arrow that does but glance upon the stage; the mortal wound seems designed against the liberty of the press. By this Bill you prevent a play's being acted, but you do not prevent its being printed; therefore, if a licence should be refused for its being acted, we may depend upon it the play will be printed. It will be printed and published, my Lords, with the refusal, in capital letters, on the title-page. People are always fond of what is forbidden. *Libri prohibiti* (prohibited books) are in all countries diligently and generally sought after. It will be much easier to procure a refusal, than it ever was to procure a good house, or a good sale; therefore we may expect that plays will be wrote on purpose to have a refusal; this will certainly procure a good house or a good sale. Thus will satires be spread and dispersed through the whole nation; and thus every man in the kingdom may, and probably will, read for sixpence, what a few only could have seen acted, and that not under the expense of half-a-crown. We shall then be told, What! will you allow an infamous libel to be printed and dispersed, which you would not allow to be acted? You have agreed to a law to prevent its being acted; can you refuse your assent to a law to prevent its being printed? I should really, my Lords, be glad to know what excuse, what reason one could give against the latter, after having agreed

to the former; for, I protest, I cannot suggest to myself the least shadow of an excuse. If we agree to the Bill now before us, we must, perhaps, next Session, agree to a Bill for preventing any plays being printed without a licence. Then satires will be wrote by way of novels, secret histories, dialogues, or under some such title; and thereupon we shall be told, What! will you allow an infamous libel to be printed and dispersed, only because it does not bear the title of a play? Thus, my Lords, from the precedent now before us, we shall be induced, nay, we can find no reason for refusing to lay the press under a general licence, and then we may bid adieu to the liberties of Great Britain.

But suppose, my Lords, it were necessary to make a new law for restraining the licentiousness of the stage, which I am very far from granting; yet I shall never be for establishing such a power as is proposed by this Bill. If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are, by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country; do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of one single man, to judge and determine, without any limitation, without any control or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, inconsistent with our constitution. It is a higher, a more absolute power than we trust even to the King himself; and, therefore, I must think, we ought not to vest any such power in his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain. When I say this, I am sure I do not mean to give the least, the most distant, offence

to the noble Duke* who now fills the post of Lord Chamberlain; his natural candour and love of justice would not, I know, permit him to exercise any power, but with the strictest regard to the rules of justice and humanity. Were we sure his successors in that high office would always be persons of such distinguished merit, even the power established by this Bill could give no further alarm, than lest it should be made a precedent for introducing other new powers of the same nature. This, indeed, is an alarm which cannot be avoided, which cannot be prevented, by any hope, by any consideration; it is an alarm, which, I think, every man must take, who has a due regard to the constitution and liberties of his country.

I shall admit, my Lords, that the stage ought not, upon any occasion, to meddle with politics; and for this very reason, among the rest, I am against the Bill now before us. This Bill will be so far from preventing the stage's meddling with politics, that, I fear, it will be the occasion of its meddling with nothing else; but then it will be a political stage *ex parte*. It will be made subservient to the politics and the schemes of the Court only; the licentiousness of the stage will be encouraged, instead of being restrained, but, like Court-journalists, it will be licentious only against the patrons of liberty and the protectors of the people: whatever man, whatever party, opposes the Court in any of their most destructive schemes, will, upon the stage, be represented in the most ridiculous light the hirelings of a Court can contrive. True patriotism and love of public good

* Charles Fitzroy second Duke of Grafton, born 1683, and Lord Chamberlain since 1727.

will be represented as madness, or as a cloak for envy, disappointment, and malice; whilst the most flagitious crimes, the most extravagant vices and follies, if they are fashionable at Court, will be disguised and dressed-up in the habit of the most amiable virtues. This has formerly been the case in King Charles the Second's days; the playhouse was under a licence, what was the consequence? The playhouse retailed nothing but the politics, the vices, and the follies of the Court; not to expose them, no, but to recommend them, though it must be granted their politics were often as bad as their vices, and much more pernicious than their other follies. It is true, the Court had at that time a great deal of wit, it was then indeed full of men of true wit and great humour; but it was the more dangerous, for the courtiers did then, as thorough-paced courtiers always will do, they sacrificed their honour by making their wit and their humour subservient to the Court only; and, what made it still more dangerous, no man could appear upon the stage against them. We know that Dryden, the poet-laureate of that reign, always represents the cavaliers as honest, brave, merry fellows, and fine gentlemen; indeed his fine gentleman, as he generally draws him, is an atheistical, lewd, abandoned fellow, which was at that time, it seems, the fashionable character at Court; on the other hand, he always represents the dissenters as hypocritical, dissembling rogues, or stupid senseless boobies. When the Court had a mind to fall out with the Dutch, he wrote his *Amboyna*,* in which he represents the Dutch as a pack of avari-

* This is not quite exact. The Dutch war began in 1672. The play was acted and printed in 1673. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

cious, cruel, ungrateful rascals; and when the Exclusion Bill was moved in Parliament, he wrote his *Duke of Guise*,* in which those who were for preserving and securing the religion of their country, were exposed under the character of the Duke of Guise and his party, who leagued together for excluding Henry the Fourth of France from the throne, on the account of his religion. The city of London, too, was made to feel the partial and mercenary licentiousness of the stage at that time; for the citizens having at that time, as well as now, a great deal of property, they had a mind to preserve that property, and therefore they opposed some of the arbitrary measures which were then begun, but pursued more openly in the following reign; for which reason they were then always represented upon the stage as a parcel of designing knaves, dissembling hypocrites, griping usurers, and cuckolds into the bargain.

My Lords, the proper business of the stage, and that for which only it is useful, is to expose those vices and follies, which the laws cannot lay hold of; and to recommend those beauties and virtues, which Ministers and courtiers seldom either imitate or reward. But by laying it under a licence, and under an arbitrary Court-licence too, you will, in my opinion, entirely pervert its use; for though I have the greatest esteem for that noble Duke, in whose hands this power is at present designed to fall, though I have an entire confidence in his judgment and impartiality, yet I

* This was certainly a party-play, though the occasion of it may be doubted. It made its appearance in 1683, and was violently attacked by the Whigs. If Lord Chesterfield had implicitly adopted the opinions of his grandfather Halifax, he would scarcely have spoken, as he does here, of the Exclusion Bill. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

may suppose that a leaning towards the fashions of a Court is sometimes hard to be avoided. It may be very difficult to make one, who is every day at Court, believe that to be a vice or folly, which he sees daily practised by those he loves and esteems. By custom even deformity itself becomes familiar, and at last agreeable. To such a person, let his natural impartiality be never so great, that may appear to be a libel against the Court, which is only a most just and a most necessary satire upon the fashionable vices and follies of the Court. Courtiers, my Lords, are too polite to reprove one another; the only place where they can meet with any just reproof, is a free though not a licentious stage; and as every sort of vice and folly, generally in all countries, begins at Court, and from thence spreads through the country, by laying the stage under an arbitrary Court-licence, instead of leaving it what it is, and always ought to be, a gentle scourge for the vices of great men and courtiers, you will make it a canal for propagating and conveying their vices and follies through the whole kingdom.

From hence, my Lords, I think it must appear, that the Bill now before us cannot so properly be called a Bill for restraining licentiousness, as it may be called a Bill for restraining the liberty of the stage, and for restraining it, too, in that branch which, in all countries, has been the most useful; therefore I must look upon this Bill as a most dangerous encroachment upon liberty in general. Nay, farther, my Lords, it is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment upon property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property; it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to

depend on. It is indeed but a precarious dependence. Thank God! we, my Lords, have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property, are all, I hope, our friends. Do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this Bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised; for, if this Bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit, and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief-gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But what is still more hard, though the poor author, the proprietor I should say, cannot perhaps dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office, where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, and that without any cause, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country, or the laws of the stage.

These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes anything for the stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting anything in that way; and, as the stage has always been the proper channel for wit and humour, therefore, my Lords, when I speak against this Bill, I must think, I plead

the cause of wit, I plead the cause of humour, I plead the cause of the British stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the kingdom. But it is not, my Lords, for the sake of wit only; even for the sake of his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, I must be against this Bill. The noble Duke who has now the honour to execute that office has, I am sure, as little inclination to disoblige as any man; but, if this Bill passes, he must disoblige, he may disoblige some of his most intimate friends. It is impossible to write a play, but some of the characters, or some of the satire, may be interpreted so as to point at some person or another, perhaps at some person in an eminent station. When it comes to be acted, the people will make the application, and the person against whom the application is made will think himself injured, and will at least privately resent it: at present this resentment can be directed only against the author; but, when an author's play appears with my Lord Chamberlain's passport, every such resentment will be turned from the author, and pointed directly against the Lord Chamberlain, who by his stamp made the piece current. What an unthankful office are we therefore by this Bill to put upon his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain! an office which can no way contribute to his honour or profit, and such a one as must necessarily gain him a great deal of ill-will, and create him a number of enemies.

The last reason I shall trouble your Lordships with, for my being against the Bill, is that, in my opinion, it will in no way answer the end proposed: I mean the end openly proposed; and I am sure the only end which your Lordships propose. To prevent the acting of a play which has any tendency to blasphemy,

immorality, sedition, or private scandal, can signify nothing, unless you can prevent its being printed and published. On the contrary, if you prevent its being acted, and admit of its being printed, you will propagate the mischief: your prohibition will prove a bellows, which will blow up the fire you intend to extinguish. This Bill can therefore be of no use for preventing either the public or the private injury intended by such a play; and consequently can be of no manner of use, unless it be designed as a precedent, as a leading step towards another for subjecting the press likewise to a licenser. For such a wicked purpose it may indeed be of great use; and in that light it may most properly be called a step towards arbitrary power.

Let us consider, my Lords, that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once. It must be introduced by slow degrees, and as it were step by step, lest the people should perceive its approach. The barriers and fences of the people's liberty must be plucked up one by one, and some plausible pretences must be found for removing or hood-winking, one after another, those sentries who are posted by the constitution of a free country, for warning the people of their danger. When these preparatory steps are once made, the people may then, indeed, with regret, see slavery and arbitrary power making long strides over their land, but it will be too late to think of preventing or avoiding the impending ruin. The stage, my Lords, and the press, are two of our out-sentries; if we remove them, if we hood-wink them,—if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore I must look upon the Bill

now before us as a step, and a most necessary step too, for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom: it is a step so necessary, that if ever any future ambitious King, or guilty Minister, should form to himself so wicked a design, he will have reason to thank us, for having done so much of the work to his hand; but such thanks, or thanks from such a man, I am convinced, every one of your Lordships would blush to receive, and scorn to deserve.

FIRST SPEECH ON THE GIN ACT.

FEBRUARY 21, 1743.

MY LORDS,

THE Bill now under our consideration appears to me to deserve a much closer regard than seems to have been paid to it in the other House, through which it was hurried with the utmost precipitation, and where it passed almost without the formality of a debate; nor can I think that earnestness, with which some Lords seem inclined to press it forward here, consistent with the importance of the consequences which may with great reason be expected from it.

It has been urged, that where so great a number have formed expectations of a national benefit from any Bill, so much deference, at least, is due to their judgment, as that the Bill should be considered in a Committee. This, my Lords, I admit to be in other cases a just and reasonable demand; and will readily allow that the proposal not only of a considerable number, but even of any single Lord, ought to be fully examined, and regularly debated, according to the

usual forms of this House. But in the present case, my Lords, and in all cases like the present, this demand is improper, because it is useless; and it is useless, because we can do now all that we can do hereafter in a Committee. For the Bill before us is a Money-Bill, which, according to the present opinion of the Commons, we have no right to amend, and which therefore we have no need of considering in a Committee, since the event of all our deliberations must be, that we are either to reject or pass it in its present state. For I suppose no Lord will think this a proper time to enter into a controversy with the Commons, for the revival of those privileges to which I believe we have a right; and such a controversy, the least attempt to amend a Money-Bill will certainly produce.

To desire therefore, my Lords, that this Bill may be considered in a Committee, is only to desire that it may gain one step without opposition; that it may proceed through the forms of the House by stealth, and that the consideration of it may be delayed, till the exigencies of the Government shall be so great, as not to allow time for raising the supplies by any other method.

By this artifice, gross as it is, the patrons of this wonderful Bill hope to obstruct a plain and open detection of its tendency. They hope, my Lords, that the Bill shall operate in the same manner with the liquor which it is intended to bring into more general use: and that, as those who drink spirits are drunk before they are well aware that they are drinking, the effects of this law shall be perceived before we know that we have made it. Their intent is, to

give us a dram of policy, which is to be swallowed before it is tasted, and which, when once it is swallowed, will turn our heads.

But, my Lords, I hope we shall be so cautious as to examine the draught which these state-empirics have thought proper to offer us; and I am confident that a very little examination will convince us of the pernicious qualities of their new preparation, and show that it can have no other effect than that of poisoning the public.

The law before us, my Lords, seems to be the effect of that practice of which it is intended likewise to be the cause, and to be dictated by the liquor of which it so effectually promotes the use; for surely it never before was conceived, by any man entrusted with the administration of public affairs, to raise taxes by the destruction of the people.

Nothing, my Lords, but the destruction of all the most laborious and useful part of the nation, can be expected from the licence which is now proposed to be given, not only to drunkenness, but to drunkenness of the most detestable and dangerous kind, to the abuse not only of intoxicating, but of poisonous liquors.

Nothing, my Lords, is more absurd than to assert, that the use of spirits will be hindered by the Bill now before us, or indeed that it will not be in a very great degree promoted by it. For what produces all kind of wickedness, but the prospect of impunity on the one part, or the solicitation of opportunity on the other? Either of these two have too frequently been sufficient to overpower the sense of morality, and even of religion; and what is not to be feared from them, when they shall unite their force, and operate to-

gether, when temptations shall be increased, and terror taken away?

It is allowed, by those who have hitherto disputed on either side of this question, that the people appear obstinately enamoured of this new liquor; it is allowed on both parts, that this liquor corrupts the mind, and enervates the body, and destroys vigour and virtue, at the same time that it makes those who drink it too idle and too feeble for work; and, while it impoverishes them by the present expense, disables them from retrieving its ill consequences by subsequent industry.

It might be imagined, my Lords, that those who had thus far agreed would not easily find any occasions of dispute; nor would any man, unacquainted with the motives by which Parliamentary debates are too often influenced, suspect that after the pernicious qualities of this liquor, and the general inclination among the people to the immoderate use of it, had been generally admitted, it could be afterwards inquired, whether it ought to be made more common, whether this universal thirst for poison ought to be encouraged by the legislature, and whether a new statute ought to be made, to secure drunkards in the gratification of their appetites.

To pretend, my Lords, that the design of this Bill is to prevent or diminish the use of spirits, is to trample upon common sense, and to violate the rules of decency as well as of reason. For when did any man hear, that a commodity was prohibited by licensing its sale, or that to offer and refuse is the same action?

It is indeed pleaded, that it will be made dearer by the tax which is proposed, and that the increase of

the price will diminish the number of the purchasers ; but it is at the same time expected, that this tax shall supply the expense of a war on the Continent. It is asserted therefore, that the consumption of spirits will be hindered ; and yet that it will be such as may be expected to furnish, from a very small tax, a revenue sufficient for the support of armies, for the re-establishment of the Austrian family, and the repressing of the attempts of France.

Surely, my Lords, these expectations are not very consistent ; nor can it be imagined that they are both formed in the same head, though they may be expressed by the same mouth. It is however some recommendation of a statesman, when, of his assertions, one can be found reasonable or true ; and in this, praise cannot be denied to our present Ministers ; for though it is undoubtedly false, that this tax will lessen the consumption of spirits, it is certainly true that it will produce a very large revenue, a revenue that will not fail but with the people from whose debaucheries it arises.

Our Ministers will therefore have the same honour with their predecessors, of having given rise to a new fund, not indeed for the payment of our debts, but for much more valuable purposes, for the cheering of our hearts under oppression, and for the ready support of those debts which we have lost hopes of paying. They are resolved, my Lords, that the nation, which no endeavours can make wise, shall, while they are at its head, at least be merry ; and, since public happiness is the end of government, they seem to imagine that they shall deserve applause by an expedient, which will enable every man to lay his cares asleep,

to drown sorrow, and lose in the delights of drunkenness both the public miseries and his own.

Luxury, my Lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulties in executing the law be what they will. Would you lay a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous; because it would imply an indulgence to all those who could pay the tax? Is not this a reproach most justly thrown by Protestants upon the church of Rome? Was it not the chief cause of the Reformation? And will you follow a precedent which brought reproach and ruin upon those that introduced it? This is the very case now before us. You are going to lay a tax, and consequently to indulge a sort of drunkenness, which almost necessarily produces a breach of every one of the Ten Commandments. Can you expect the reverend Bench will approve of this? I am convinced they will not, and therefore I wish I had seen it full upon this occasion. I am sure I have seen it much fuller upon some other occasions, in which religion had no such deep concern.

We have already, my Lords, several sorts of funds in this nation, so many that a man must have a good deal of learning to be master of them. Thanks to his Majesty, we have now amongst us the most learned man of the nation in this way. I wish he would rise up and tell us, what name we are to give to this new fund. We have already the Civil List Fund, the Sinking Fund, the aggregate Fund, the South-sea Fund, and God knows how many others. What name we are to give to this new fund I know not, unless we are to call it the Drinking Fund. It may

perhaps enable the people of a certain foreign territory to drink claret, but it will disable the people of this kingdom from drinking anything else but gin; for, when a man has, by gin-drinking, rendered himself unfit for labour or business, he can purchase nothing else, and then the best thing he can do is to drink on till he dies.

Surely, my Lords, men of such unbounded benevolence, as our present Ministers deserve such honours as were never paid before: they deserve to bestride a butt upon every sign-post in the City, or to have their figures exhibited as tokens where this liquor is to be sold by the licence which they have procured. They must be at least remembered to future ages, as the happy politicians, who, after all expedients for raising taxes had been employed, discovered a new method of draining the last relics of the public wealth, and added a new revenue to the Government: nor will those, who shall hereafter enumerate the several funds now established among us, forget among the benefactors to their country the illustrious authors of the Drinking Fund.

May I be allowed, my Lords, to congratulate my countrymen and fellow-subjects upon the happy times which are now approaching, in which no man will be disqualified from the privilege of being drunk; when all discontent and disloyalty shall be forgotten, and the people, though now considered by the ministry as enemies, shall acknowledge the lenity of that government, under which all restraints are taken away?

But, to a Bill for such desirable purposes, it would be proper, my Lords, to prefix a preamble, in which the kindness of our intentions should be more fully

explained, that the nation may not mistake our indulgence for cruelty, nor consider their benefactors as their persecutors. If therefore this Bill be considered and amended (for why else should it be considered?) in a Committee, I shall humbly propose, that it shall be introduced in this manner. "Whereas the designs of the present Ministry, whatever they are, cannot be executed without a great number of mercenaries, which mercenaries cannot be hired without money; and whereas the present disposition of this nation to drunkenness inclines us to believe, that they will pay more cheerfully for the undisturbed enjoyment of distilled liquors, than for any other concession that can be made by the Government; be it enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, that no man shall hereafter be denied the right of being drunk on the following conditions."

This, my Lords, to trifle no longer, is the proper preamble to this Bill, which contains only the conditions on which the people of this kingdom are to be allowed henceforward to riot in debauchery, in debauchery licensed by law, and countenanced by the magistrates. For there is no doubt but those, on whom the inventors of this tax shall confer authority, will be directed to assist their masters in their design to encourage the consumption of that liquor, from which such large revenues are expected, and to multiply without end those licences which are to pay a yearly tribute to the Crown.

By this unbounded licence, my Lords, that price will be lessened, from the increase of which the expectations of the efficacy of this law are pretended; for the number of retailers will lessen the value, as in

all other cases, and lessen it more than this tax will increase it. Besides, it is to be considered, that at present the retailer expects to be paid for the danger which he incurs by an unlawful trade, and will not trust his reputation or his purse to the mercy of his customer, without a profit proportioned to the hazard; but, when once the restraint shall be taken away, he will sell for common gain, and it can hardly be imagined that, at present, he subjects himself to informations and penalties for less than sixpence a gallon.

The specious pretence, on which this Bill is founded, and indeed the only pretence that deserves to be termed specious, is the propriety of taxing vice; but this maxim of government has, on this occasion, been either mistaken or perverted. Vice, my Lords, is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed; and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, my Lords, or the excess of that which is pernicious only by its excess, may very properly be taxed, that such excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more difficult. But the use of those things which are simply hurtful, hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree, is to be prohibited. None, my Lords, ever heard in any nation of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a licence granted for the use of that which is taxed, to all who shall be willing to pay it.

Drunkenness, my Lords, is universally and in all circumstances an evil; and therefore ought not to be taxed, but punished, and the means of it not to be made easy by a slight impost, which none can feel, but to be removed out of the reach of the people, and

secured by the heaviest taxes, levied with the utmost rigour. I hope those, to whose care the religion of the nation is particularly consigned, will unanimously join with me in maintaining the necessity, not of taxing vice, but suppressing it, and unite for the rejecting of a Bill, by which the future, as well as present, happiness of thousands must be destroyed.

SECOND SPEECH ON THE GIN ACT.

FEBRUARY 24, 1743.

MY LORDS,

THOUGH the noble Lord* who has been pleased to excite us to an unanimous concurrence with himself and his associates in the Ministry, in passing the excellent and wonder-working Bill; this Bill which is to lessen the consumption of spirits, without lessening the quantity which is distilled; which is to restrain drunkards from drinking, by setting their favourite liquor always before their eyes; to conquer habits by continuing them; and correct vice by indulging it, according to the lowest reckoning, for at least another year; still, my Lords, such is my obstinacy, or such my ignorance, that I cannot yet comply with his proposal, nor can prevail with myself either to concur with measures so apparently opposite to the interest of the public, or to hear them vindicated, without declaring how little I approve it.

During the course of this long debate, I have endeavoured to recapitulate and digest the arguments which have been advanced, and have considered them

* The Duke of Newcastle.

both separately and conjointly, but find myself at the same distance from conviction as when I first entered the House.

In vindication of this Bill, my Lords, we have been told that the present law is ineffectual; that our manufacture is not to be destroyed, or not this year; that the security offered by the present Bill has induced great numbers to subscribe to the new fund; that it has been approved by the Commons; and that, if it be found ineffectual, it may be amended another Session.

All these arguments, my Lords, I shall endeavour to examine, because I am always desirous of gratifying those great men to whom the administration of affairs is intrusted, and have always very cautiously avoided the odium of disaffection, which they will undoubtedly throw, in imitation of their predecessors, upon all those whose wayward consciences shall oblige them to hinder the execution of their schemes.

With a very strong desire, therefore, though with no great hopes, of finding them in the right, I venture to begin my inquiry, and engage in the examination of their first assertion, that the present law against the abuse of strong liquors is without effect.

I hope, my Lords, it portends well to my inquiry, that the first position which I have to examine is true; nor can I forbear to congratulate your Lordships upon having heard from the new Ministry one assertion not to be contradicted.

It is evident, my Lords, from daily observation, and demonstrable from the papers upon the table, that every year, since the enacting of the last law, that vice has increased which it was intended to repress,

and that no time has been so favourable to the retailers of spirits as that which has passed since they were prohibited.

It may therefore be expected, my Lords, that, having agreed with the Ministers in their fundamental proposition, I shall concur with them in the consequence which they draw from it; and, having allowed that the present law is ineffectual, should admit that another is necessary.

But, my Lords, in order to discover whether this consequence be necessary, it must first be inquired why the present law is of no force? For, my Lords, it will be found, upon reflection, that there are certain degrees of corruption that may hinder the effect of the best laws. The magistrates may be vicious, and forbear to enforce that law by which themselves are condemned; they may be indolent, and inclined rather to connive at wickedness, by which they are not injured themselves, than to repress it by a laborious exertion of their authority; or they may be timorous, and, instead of awing the vicious, may be awed by them.

In any of these cases, my Lords, the law is not to be condemned for its inefficacy, since it only fails by the defect of those who are to direct its operations. The best and most important laws will contribute very little to the security or happiness of a people, if no judges of integrity and spirit can be found amongst them. Even the most beneficial and useful Bill that Ministers can possibly imagine, a bill for laying on our estates a tax of the fifth part of their yearly value, would be wholly without effect, if collectors could not be obtained.

I am therefore, my Lords, yet doubtful whether the inefficacy of the law now subsisting necessarily obliges us to provide another; for those that declared it to be useless, owned at the same time that no man endeavoured to enforce it; so that perhaps its only defect may be, that it will not execute itself.

Nor, though I should allow that the law is at present impeded by difficulties which cannot be broken through, but by men of more spirit and dignity than the Ministers may be inclined to trust with commissions of the peace, yet it can only be collected, that another law is necessary, not that the law now proposed will be of any advantage.

Great use has been made of the inefficacy of the present law, to decry the proposal made by the noble Lord, for laying a high duty upon these pernicious liquors. High duties have already, as we are informed, been tried without advantage; high duties are at this hour imposed upon those spirits which are retailed, yet we see them every day sold in the streets, without the payment of the tax required; and therefore it will be folly to make a second essay of means which have been found by the essay of many years, unsuccessful.

It has been granted on all sides in this debate, nor was it ever denied on any other occasion, that the consumption of any commodity is most easily hindered by raising its price; and its price is to be raised by the imposition of a duty. This, my Lords, which is, I suppose, the opinion of every man, of whatever degree of experience or understanding, appears likewise to have been thought of by the authors of the present law; and therefore they imagined that they

had effectually provided against the increase of drunkenness, by laying upon that liquor which should be retailed in small quantities, a duty which none of the inferior classes of drunkards would be able to pay.

Thus, my Lords, they conceived that they had reformed the common people, without infringing the pleasures of others; and applauded the happy contrivance, by which spirits were to be made dear only to the poor, while every man who could afford to purchase two gallons was at liberty to riot at his ease, and, over a full flowing bumper, look down with contempt upon his former companions, now ruthlessly condemned to disconsolate sobriety.

But, my Lords, this intention was frustrated, and the project, ingenious as it was, fell to the ground: for, though they had laid a tax, they unhappily forgot this tax would make no addition to the price unless it was paid; and that it would not be paid unless some were empowered to collect it.

Here, my Lords, was the difficulty; those who made the law were inclined to lay a tax from which themselves should be exempt, and therefore would not charge the liquor as it issued from the still; and when once it was dispersed in the hands of petty dealers, it was no longer to be found without the assistance of informers; and informers could not carry on the business of prosecution without the consent of the people.

It is not necessary to dwell any longer upon the law, the repeal of which is proposed, since it appears already that it failed only from a partiality not easily defended, and from the omission of what is now proposed, the collecting the duty from the still-head.

If this method be followed, there will be no longer any need of informations, or of any rigorous or new measures; the same officers that collect a smaller duty may levy a greater; nor can they be easily deceived with regard to the quantities that are made; the deceptions at least, that can be used, are in use already; they are frequently detected and suppressed, nor will a larger duty enable the distillers to elude the vigilance of the officers with more success.

Against this proposal, therefore, the inefficacy of the present law can be no objection. But it is urged, that such duties would destroy the trade of distilling; and a noble Lord has been pleased to express great tenderness for a manufacture so beneficial and extensive.

That a large duty, levied at the still, would destroy or very much impair, the trade of distilling, is certainly supposed by those who defend it, for they proposed it only for that end; and what better method can they propose, when they are called to deliberate upon a Bill for the prevention of the excessive use of distilled liquors.

The noble Lord has been pleased kindly to inform us, that the trade of distilling is very extensive, that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and therefore—note well the consequence—the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.

Once more, my Lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to me, that since the spirits, which the distillers produce, are allowed to enfeeble the limbs, and vitiate the blood, to pervert the heart, and obscure the

intellect, that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour; for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my Lords, that if so formidable a body are confederated against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose, while it is yet in our power, to stop the destruction.

So little, my Lords, am I affected with the merit of the wonderful skill which the distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison; nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has, by long practice, obtained great dexterity in his trade.

If their liquors are so delicious, that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my Lords, secure them from these fatal draughts, by bursting the vials that contain them; let us crush at once these artists in slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as cannot be resisted.

The noble Lord has, indeed, admitted that this Bill may not be found sufficiently coercive, but gives us hopes that it may be improved and enforced another year, and persuades us to endeavour a reformation of drunkenness by degrees, and, above all, to beware at present of hurting the *manufacture*.

I am very far, my Lords, from thinking that there are, this year, any peculiar reasons for tolerating murder; nor can I conceive why the manufacture should be held sacred now, if it be to be destroyed hereafter.

We are, indeed, desired to try how far this law will operate, that we may be more able to proceed with due regard to this valuable manufacture.

With regard to the operation of the law, it appears to me, that it will only enrich the Government, without reforming the people; and I believe there are not many of a different opinion. If any diminution of the sale of spirits be expected from it, it is to be considered that this diminution will, or will not, be such as is desired for the reformation of the people. If it be sufficient, the manufacture is at an end, and all the reasons against a higher duty are of equal force against this: but if it is not sufficient, we have, at least, omitted part of our duty, and have neglected the health and virtue of the people.

I cannot, my Lords, yet discover why a reprieve is desired for this manufacture; why the present year is not equally propitious to the reformation of mankind as any will be that may succeed it. It is true we are at war with two nations, and perhaps with more; but war may be better prosecuted without money than without men; and we but little consult the military glory of our country, if we raise supplies for paying our armies, by the destruction of those armies that we are contriving to pay.

We have heard the necessity of reforming the nation by degrees urged as an argument for imposing first a lighter duty, and afterwards a heavier. This complaisance for wickedness, my Lords, is not so defensible as that it should be battered by arguments in form, and therefore I shall only relate a reply made by Webb, the noted walker, upon a parallel occasion.

This man, who must be remembered by many of

your Lordships, was remarkable for vigour, both of mind and body, and lived wholly upon water for his drink, and chiefly upon vegetables for his other sustenance. He was one day recommending his regimen to one of his friends who loved wine, and who perhaps might somewhat contribute to the prosperity of this spirituous manufacture, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellects would equally be destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him, "that he would conform to his counsel, but thought he could not change his course of life at once, and would leave off strong liquors by degrees." "By degrees!" says the other with indignation; "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants not to pull you out but by degrees?"

This answer, my Lords, is applicable to the present case. The nation is sunk into the lowest state of corruption; the people are not only vicious, but insolent beyond example; they not only break the laws, but defy them, and yet some of your Lordships are for reforming them by degrees.

I am not so easily persuaded, my Lords, that our Ministers really intend to supply the defects that may hereafter be discovered in this Bill. It will doubtless produce money, perhaps much more than they appear to expect from it. I doubt not but the licensed retailers will be more than fifty thousand, and the quantity retailed must increase with the number of retailers. As the Bill will, therefore, answer all the ends intended by it, I do not expect to see it altered; for I have never observed Ministers desirous of amending

their own errors, unless they are such as have caused a deficiency in the revenue.

Besides, my Lords, it is not certain that, when this fund is mortgaged to the public creditors, they can prevail upon the Commons to change the security. They may continue the Bill in force, for the reasons, whatever they are, for which they have passed it; and the good intentions of our Ministers, however sincere, may be defeated, and drunkenness, legal drunkenness established in the nation.

This, my Lords, is very reasonable; and therefore we ought to exert ourselves for the safety of the nation, while the power is yet in our own hands; and without regard to the opinion or proceedings of the other House, show that we are yet the chief guardians of the people.

The ready compliance of the Commons, with the measures proposed in this Bill, has been mentioned here, with a view, I suppose, of influencing us; but, surely by those who had forgotten our independence, or resigned their own. It is not only the right, but the duty of either House, to deliberate, without regard to the determinations of the other: for how should the nation receive any benefit from the distinct powers that compose the Legislature, unless the determinations are without influence upon each other? If either the example or authority of the Commons can divert us from following our own convictions, we are no longer part of the Legislature; we have given up our honours, and our privileges; and what then is our concurrence but slavery, or our suffrage but an echo?

The only argument, therefore, that now remains, is

the expediency of gratifying those, by whose ready subscription the exigencies our new statesmen have brought upon us have been supported, and of continuing the security by which they have been encouraged to such liberal contributions.

Public credit, my Lords, is indeed of very great importance; but public credit can never be long supported without public virtue; nor indeed, if the Government could mortgage the morals and health of the people, would it be just and rational to confirm the bargain. If the Ministry can raise money only by the destruction of their fellow-subjects, they ought to abandon those schemes for which the money is necessary; for what calamity can be equal to unbounded wickedness?

But, my Lords, there is no necessity for a choice which may cost us or our Ministers so much regret; for the same subscriptions may be procured by an offer of the same advantages to a fund of any other kind; and the Sinking Fund will easily supply any deficiency that might be suspected in another scheme.

To confess the truth, I should feel very little pain from an account that the nation was for some time determined to be less liberal of their contributions; and that money was withheld, till it was known in what expeditions it was to be employed, to what princes subsidies were to be paid, and what advantages were to be purchased by it for our country. I should rejoice, my Lords, to hear that the lottery, by which the deficiencies of this duty are to be supplied, was not filled; and that the people were grown, at last, wise enough to discern the fraud, and to prefer honest commerce, by which all may be gainers, to a

game by which the greatest number must certainly be losers.

The lotteries, my Lords, which former Ministers have proposed, have always been censured by those that saw their nature and their tendency; they have been considered as legal cheats, by which the ignorant and the rash are defrauded, and the subtle and avaricious often enriched; they have been allowed to divert the people from trade, and to alienate them from useful industry. A man who is uneasy in his circumstances, and idle in his disposition, collects the remains of his fortune and buys tickets in a lottery; retires from business, indulges himself in laziness, and waits in some obscure place the event of his adventure. Another, instead of employing his stock in trade, rents a garret, and makes it his business, by false intelligence and chimerical alarms, to raise and sink the price of tickets alternately, and takes advantage of the lies which he has himself invented.

Such, my Lords, is the traffic that is produced by this scheme of getting money; nor were these inconveniences unknown to the present Ministers in the time of their predecessors, whom they never ceased to pursue with the loudest clamors, whenever the exigencies of the Government reduced them to a lottery.

If I, my Lords, might presume to recommend to our Ministers the most probable method of raising a large sum for the payment of the troops of the Electorate, I should, instead of the tax and lottery now proposed, advise them to establish a certain number of licensed wheel-barrows, on which the laudable trade of thimble and button might be carried on for the support of the war, and shoe-boys might contribute

to the defence of the House of Austria by raffling for apples.

Having now, my Lords, examined, with the utmost candour, all the reasons which have been offered in defence of the Bill, I cannot conceal the result of my inquiry. The arguments have had so little effect upon my understanding, that, as every man judges of others by himself, I cannot believe that they have any influence, even upon those that offer them; and therefore I am convinced that this Bill must be the result of considerations which have been hitherto concealed, and is intended to promote designs which are never to be discovered by the authors before their execution.

With regard to these motives and designs, however artfully concealed, every Lord in this House is at liberty to offer his conjectures.

When I consider, my Lords, the tendency of this Bill, I find it calculated only for the propagation of diseases, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind. I find it the most fatal engine that ever was pointed at a people; an engine by which those who are not killed will be disabled, and those who preserve their limbs will be deprived of their senses.

This Bill therefore appears to be designed only to thin the ranks of mankind, and to disburden the world of the multitudes that inhabit it, and is perhaps the strongest proof of political sagacity that our new Ministers have yet exhibited. They well know, my Lords, that they are universally detested, and that, whenever a Briton is destroyed they are freed from an enemy; they have therefore opened the flood-gates

of gin upon the nation, that, when it is less numerous, it may be more easily governed.

Other Ministers, my Lords, who had not attained to so great a knowledge in the art of making war upon their country, when they found their enemies clamorous and bold, used to awe them with prosecutions and penalties, or destroy them like burglars with prisons and with gibbets. But every age, my Lords, produces some improvement; and every nation, however degenerate, gives birth at some happy period of time, to men of great and enterprising genius. It is our fortune to be witnesses of a new discovery in politics; we may congratulate ourselves upon being contemporaries with those men who have showed that hangmen and halters are unnecessary in a state, and that Ministers may escape the reproach of destroying their enemies, by inciting them to destroy themselves.

This new method may, indeed, have upon different constitutions a different operation; it may destroy the lives of some and the senses of others; but either of these effects will answer the purposes of the Ministry, to whom it is indifferent, provided the nation becomes insensible, whether pestilence or lunacy prevails among them. Either mad or dead the greatest part of the people must quickly be, or there is no hope of the continuance of the present Ministry.

For this purpose, my Lords, what could have been invented more efficacious than an establishment of a certain number of shops, at which poison may be vended; poison so prepared as to please the palate, while it wastes the strength, and only kills by intoxication? From the first instance that any of the enemies of the Ministry shall grow clamorous and

turbulent, a crafty hireling may lead him to the Ministerial slaughter-house, and ply him with their wonder-working liquor, till he is no longer able to speak or think; and, my Lords, no man can be more agreeable to our Ministers than he that can neither speak nor think, except those who speak without thinking.

But, my Lords, the Ministers ought to reflect, that though all the people of the present age are their enemies, yet they have made no trial of the temper and inclinations of posterity. Our successors may be of opinions very different from ours; they may, perhaps, approve of wars on the Continent, while our plantations are insulted and our trade obstructed; they may think the support of the House of Austria of more importance to us than our own defence; and may perhaps so far differ from their fathers, as to imagine the treasures of Britain very properly employed in supporting the troops and increasing the splendour of a foreign Electorate.

Whatever, my Lords, be the true reasons for which this Bill is so warmly promoted, I think they ought, at least, to be deliberately examined; and therefore cannot think it consistent with our regard for the nation, to suffer it to be precipitated into a law. The year, my Lords, is not so far advanced, but that Supplies may be raised by some other method, if this should be rejected; nor do I think that we ought to consent to this, even though our refusal should hinder the Supplies, since we have no right, for the sake of any advantage, however certain or great, to violate all the laws of heaven and earth, and to fill the Exchequer with the price of the lives of our fellow-subjects.

Let us therefore, my Lords, not suffer ourselves to be driven forward with such haste, as may hinder us from observing whither we are going. Let us not be persuaded to precipitate our counsels, by those who know that all delays are detrimental to their designs, because delays may produce new information; and they are conscious that the Bill will be the less approved, the more it is understood.

But every reason which they can offer against the motion is, in my opinion, a reason for it; and therefore I shall readily agree to postpone the clause, and no less readily to reject the Bill.

If, at last, reason and evidence are vain, if neither justice nor compassion can prevail, but the nation must be destroyed for the support of the Government; let us at least, my Lords, confine our assertions, in the preamble, to truth. Let us not affirm that drunkenness is established by the advice or consent of the Lords Spiritual, since I am confident not one of them will so far contradict his own doctrine, as to vote for a Bill which gives a sanction to one vice, and ministers opportunities and temptations to all others, and which, if it be not speedily repealed, will overflow the whole nation with a deluge of wickedness.

LORDS' PROTEST.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1742.

THE Order of the Day being read, for taking into consideration the estimates and amount laid before this House the 11th of January, from the office of

Secretary at War, pursuant to their Lordships' Address to his Majesty of the 15th of December last:—

It was moved to resolve, that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to beseech and advise his Majesty, that, considering the excessive and grievous expenses incurred by the great number of foreign troops now in the pay of Great Britain (expenses so increased by the extraordinary manner, as we apprehend, of making the estimates relating thereunto, and which do not appear to us conducive to the ends proposed) his Majesty will be graciously pleased, in compassion to his people, loaded already with such numerous and heavy taxes, such large and growing debts, and greater annual expenses than this nation at any time ever before sustained; to exonerate his subjects of the charge and burden of those mercenaries, who were taken into our service last year, without the advice or consent of Parliament.

After long debate thereupon, the question was put upon the said motion, and it was resolved in the negative. Contents, 35. Non-contents, 90.

Dissentient—

1. Because we apprehend, that the assembling an army in Flanders last year, without the concurrence of the States-General, was a measure not only unwarranted by any advice or consent of Parliament, but directly repugnant to the declared sense of the House of Commons in their Resolution of the 23rd of March last; it not appearing to us, that any one power, engaged by treaty, or bound by interest to support the Queen of Hungary, except England alone, had come in to give her any assistance, or to co-operate with us in any plan to which an army in Flanders could be

supposed to conduce; and therefore the support then promised by that House to his Majesty, upon an express conditional supposition of being joined by such other powers, is so far from authorising a measure entered upon in circumstances totally different, that it plainly points out the opinion of Parliament against such an undertaking.

2. Because the taking 16,000 Hanoverians into the service of Great Britain, to act in conjunction with the English forces assembled in Flanders, without consulting the Parliament upon an affair of such an important and delicate nature (although it was foreseen and pointed out by the King to both Houses of Parliament at the close of the last Session, and is expressly referred to in his Majesty's Speech at the opening of this) seems to us highly derogatory to the rights, honour, and dignity of the great Council of the nation, and a very dangerous precedent to future times.

3. Because the restoring the balance of power in Europe, by raising the House of Austria to its former condition of influence, dominion, and strength, is an object quite unattainable by the arms of Great Britain alone. And for the attaining of which, no other power has joined, or is likely to join with us in any offensive engagements, either against the Emperor, or against France.

4. Because such assistance to the Queen of Hungary, as the situation of her affairs, and that of all Europe, as well as the particular interest and policy of this island require, would have been more properly given in money, with much less expense and danger to us, with much more effect and advantage to our

ally. The 38,000 men, now said to be paid for her service, cost this nation 1,400,000*l.*, one half of which sum would have enabled her to maintain a greater number of men, capable of acting wherever her affairs might require; so that above 700,000*l.* seem to be wantonly lavished away upon this occasion, besides the lives of many of the subjects of Great Britain.

5. Because we apprehend, that the troops of the Elector of Hanover cannot be employed to act in Germany against the head of the empire, whose title and cause have been avowed by the whole body, in granting him an aid of fifty Roman months for his support in this very war, without incurring the risk of such consequences upon any ill success, as neither consists with the safety of Hanover, nor with the prudence of England; in which apprehension we are strongly confirmed by those troops not having acted in opposition to Marshal Maillebois, at a juncture of time when such an assistance, given to the Queen of Hungary, might have been decisive; and for losing which opportunity, no other natural or probable reason appears.

6. Because the assembling an army in Flanders, not then attacked by the French, nor, as it appears to us, in any danger of being attacked, could be of no use to the power we designed to assist, nor give any hindrance or terror to France, with regard to the designs she was then pursuing; but may, in its future consequences, probably tend to draw the arms of that Crown into those parts, where they can act with the greatest advantage, and engage this nation as principals in a land war, the expense and danger of which are much more certain and evident, than the support

we shall find in it from other powers, or the means we shall have of carrying it on.

7. Because we observe, with the utmost concern, that while Great Britain is exhausting itself, almost to ruin, in pursuance of schemes pretended to be founded on our engagements to the Queen of Hungary, the Electorate of Hanover, though under the same engagements, as well as under the same Prince, does not appear to contribute anything as an ally to her assistance, but is paid by Great Britain for all the forces it has now in the field, and the bargain made for those forces, is much more disadvantageous to us, than what we concluded with that Electorate in the year 1702. For in the Convention, then signed, there is no stipulation, either for levy-money, or for recruit-money, with both which we are charged in the present demand, besides other extraordinary articles; and we conceive that the article of levy-money, amounting alone to no less a sum than 139,313*l.*, is a more particular hardship upon us, because it is known to all the world, that the 16,000 men were not levied at the request, nor for the service of England; but that the only addition made to the usual establishment of the Electoral forces in time of peace was 6,000 men raised some time before, upon the death of the late Emperor, and for the service of his Majesty's German dominions; nor can we help observing, that when we contracted for Hanover troops in June, 1702, their pay did not commence until the beginning of that very month in which some had already taken the field, and the rest were actually upon the march; so that the contract being only to the first of January following, England

received the benefit of the service of those troops during a whole campaign, for the pay of seven months only; whereas, by now taking those troops into our pay, on the 31st of August, 1742 (that is, a month before they began their march into Flanders), until the 26th of December, 1743, we shall give them sixteen months' pay for the service of one campaign only, if they should ever make a campaign at all; so that Hanover not only receives the great and immediate profit of this advantageous bargain, but is also exonerated of above half the number of forces, which it used to maintain in times of the most profound tranquillity.

8. Because the making so unnecessary a bargain, in so very unthrifty a manner, when this nation is groaning under so heavy a load of debts and taxes, engaged in a maritime war, at a mighty expense, and with doubtful success, maintaining a great national army abroad, and at the same time burthened at home with 23,000 men (the use of which we cannot discover) over and above 11,550 marines, excites in our minds the most alarming and melancholy apprehensions of the dissatisfaction and jealousy that may arise in the breasts of his Majesty's most faithful subjects, if ever the servile ambition of any Minister should attempt to gain, and to taint the Royal ear, by a mistaken adulation to an imagined partiality (which we are persuaded does not, and cannot exist) in the behalf of an interest, foreign to that of this kingdom, were it ever to be suspected from any such new and surprising appearances, that this nation could be engaged in the most expensive, chimerical, and dangerous scheme, entered into without the advice or approbation of

Parliament; that its treasure could be exhausted, its honour exposed, and its safety risked, for no other end than to advance that foreign interest, and make such a compliance the price of favour and power; we are convinced it would be attended with more alienation of the hearts of the people from his Majesty's person and family, than almost any other mismanagement could ever produce. We therefore think it the highest duty we owe to our King and country, to enter our timely protest against the approach of so fatal a mischief, to deprecate the pernicious effects of it in the most solemn manner we can, and to express our earnest desire, that this motion had been complied with, in order to stop an evil in its beginnings, by the prudent and salutary intervention of one House of Parliament, which by the increasing corruption of Ministers, may be extended so far, as either to throw this nation into the greatest disorder, or reduce it to a state of the meanest dependency.

CHESTERFIELD,	HAVERSHAM,
ROCKINGHAM,	HEREFORD,
WESTMORELAND,	TALBOT,
BEAUFORT,	COVENTRY,
SHAFTESBURY,	OXFORD and MORT.
ST. JOHN,	NORTHAMPTON,
MONTJOY,	AYLESFORD,
BEDFORD,	LICHFIELD,
STANHOPE,	DENBIGH,
BRIDGEWATER,	CRAVEN,
SANDWICH,	ABINGDON,
AYLESBURY,	FOLEY.

DISCOURS DE SON EXCELLENCE, LE COMTE DE CHESTERFIELD, AUX ÉTATS GÉNÉRAUX, EN PRENANT CONGÉ DE LEURS HAUTES PUISSANCES :

À LA HAYE, LE 12 MAI, N. S. 1745.*

HAUTS ET PUISSANS SEIGNEURS,

LE Roi mon maître, en me permettant de retourner en Angleterre, m'a expressément ordonné de renouveler à vos Hautes Puissances les assurances les plus fortes de son estime et de son amitié.

Il est heureux pour moi qu'une commission si honorable m'impose un devoir si facile.

Interprète des sentimens d'une amitié sincère, je n'ai garde d'emprunter les expressions flatteuses, dont une amitié simulée a besoin de se parer.

Qu'une politique rusée employe, pour couvrir ses desseins ambitieux, tout ce que l'art a de plus séduisant, Qu'elle mette tout en œuvre pour surprendre votre confiance, ou du moins pour vous endormir dans une funeste sécurité; la vraie amitié, telle que celle qui unit le Roi mon maître avec vos Hautes Puissances, méprise ces artifices, et déteste ces détours. Elle est simple, et son langage lui ressemble.

L'étroite union des deux nations n'est ni l'effet de quelques vues passagères, ni le fruit de quelque situation accidentelle; mais une suite réfléchie de nos intérêts réciproques et invariables. La nature nous l'a marquée, en nous plaçant comme elle a fait, et une

* The date assigned to this Address by Dr. Maty is the 18th of May, but there seems little doubt that this must be an error for the 12th, since Lord Chesterfield, writing on the earlier day to the Bishop of Waterford, mentions himself as setting out upon his journey to England. See vol. iii. p. 167.

expérience non interrompue de près d'un siècle, ne nous permet pas d'ignorer que notre prospérité mutuelle dépend de notre union. Cette vérité est si incontestable, que nous devons regarder comme nos ennemis communs tous ceux qui prétendent la révoquer en doute.

Le voisinage n'est pour la plupart des peuples qu'une source funeste de jalousie ou de discorde; au lieu que nous avons le bonheur singulier d'être voisins, d'une manière propre à nous procurer des avantages infinis, sans qu'il en puisse naître ni défiance ni ombrage, si nous n'oublions pas nos grands intérêts.

Telles sont les idées du Roi, et sur ce que j'ai vu de près, j'oserai l'assurer que vos Hautes Puissances pensent de même. Qui peut l'ignorer? Nos alliés le savent; nos ennemis le sentent. L'Europe a déjà souvent recueilli des fruits précieux de notre harmonie. Que n'en doit-elle pas espérer encore?

L'amour de la liberté, qui fonda cette République, et qui l'a déjà si souvent signalée depuis; cet amour si noble et si généreux, unit encore aujourd'hui vos forces et vos conseils à ceux du Roi mon maître. Animés d'un même esprit, et tendant au même but, vos efforts n'ont pour objet que de rétablir et d'assurer la liberté et la tranquillité publique. Quel dessein plus louable? Quel ouvrage plus digne d'un zèle juste et magnanime?

Poursuivez, Hauts et Puissans Seigneurs, ce dessein, avec votre fermeté et votre sagesse ordinaire! continuez ces efforts, sans vous laisser décourager; et veuille le Ciel couronner vos entreprises du succès qu'elles méritent!

Pour ce qui me regarde, Hauts et Puissans Seigneurs,

rien ne pouvoit m'arriver de plus flatteur que d'être chargé, pour la seconde fois, des ordres du Roi auprès de vos Hautes Puissances, surtout dans une occasion où il s'agissoit de concerter les moyens de satisfaire aux engagemens que je contribuai à former il y a quelques années.

Je n'oublierai jamais le gracieux accueil dont vos Hautes Puissances m'ont honoré alors et à présent ; et ma reconnaissance ne finira qu'avec mes jours. Mais si vos Hautes Puissances daignent se souvenir de moi, ne m'envisagez, Hauts et Puissans Seigneurs, que du côté de mon zèle sincère pour le bien commun des deux nations ; de ma vénération respectueuse pour votre Gouvernement, et, si j'ose me servir de cette expression, de mon tendre attachement pour cette République.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE SPEECH OF HIS EXCELLENCY, PHILIP EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD, LORD LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND
GENERAL-GOVERNOR OF IRELAND, TO BOTH
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AT DUBLIN,

ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1745.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I AM honoured with the King's commands to meet you here in Parliament, and to co-operate with you in whatever may tend to establish, or promote, the true interest of this kingdom. His Majesty's tender concern for all his subjects, and your zeal and duty for him, have mutually been too long experienced for me now to represent the one, or recommend the other.

Your own reflections will best suggest to you the advantages you have enjoyed under a succession of Protestant Princes, by Nature inclined, and by legal authority enabled, to preserve and protect you; as your own history, and even the experience of some still alive among you, will best paint the miseries and calamities of a people scourged, rather than governed, by blind zeal and lawless power.

These considerations must necessarily excite your highest indignation at the attempt now carrying on in Scotland, to disturb his Majesty's Government, by a Pretender to his Crown: one nursed up in civil and religious error; formed to persecution and oppression, in the seat of superstition and tyranny; whose groundless claim is as contrary to the natural rights of mankind, as to the particular laws and constitutions of these kingdoms; whose only hopes of support are placed in the enemies of the liberties of Europe in general; and whose success would consequently destroy your liberty, your property, and your religion.

But this success is little to be feared, his Majesty's subjects giving daily and distinguished proofs of their zeal for the support of his Government, and the defence of his person; and a considerable number of national troops, together with six thousand Dutch cheerfully furnished to his Majesty by his good allies the States-General, being now upon their march to Scotland, a force more than sufficient to check the progress, and chastise the insolence, of a rebellious and undisciplined multitude.

The measures that have hitherto been taken, to prevent the growth of Popery, have, I hope, had some, and will still have a greater, effect; however, I leave

it to your consideration, whether nothing farther can be done, either by new laws, or by the more effectual execution of those in being, to secure this nation against the great number of Papists, whose speculative errors would only deserve pity, if their pernicious influence upon civil society did not both require and authorize restraint.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I HAVE ordered the proper officers to lay before you the several accounts and estimates; and I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that I have nothing to ask but the usual and necessary supplies for the support of the Establishment.

The King, having thought it necessary, at this time, to send for two battalions more from hence, has ordered that, immediately upon their landing in England, they should be put upon the British establishment: and that the supplemental increase of regular forces, for your defence here, shall be made in the least expensive manner, by additional companies only; after which augmentation, the number of troops will still be within the usual military establishment.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I hear of the present flourishing state of the linen manufacture; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care and improvement of so valuable a branch of your trade. Let not its prosperity produce negligence; and let it never be supposed to be brought to its utmost extent and perfection. Trade has always been the support of all nations, and the principal care of the wisest.

I persuade myself that the business of this Session will be carried on with that temper and unanimity, which a true and unbiassed regard for the public naturally produces, and which the present state of affairs more particularly demands. For my own part, I make no professions; you will, you ought to, judge of me only by my actions.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S
SPEECH TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT
DUBLIN,

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1746.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

THE business of the Session being now concluded, I believe you cannot be unwilling to return to your respective counties, as you must be sensible that the many good laws which you have passed will receive additional weight by your authority in executing, and by your example in observing, them.

The almost unprecedented temper and unanimity with which you have carried on the public business, your unshaken fidelity to the King, your inviolable attachment to the present happy constitution, and your just indignation at the attempts lately made to subvert it, will advantageously distinguish this Session in the journals of Parliament; and the concurrent zeal and active loyalty of all his Majesty's Protestant subjects, of all denominations, throughout this kingdom, prove at once how sensible and how deserving they are of his care and protection. Even those deluded people, who scarcely acknowledge his government, seem, by their conduct, tacitly to have confessed the advantages they

enjoy under it. . At my return to his Majesty's presence, I shall not fail most faithfully to report these truths, since the most faithful will be, at the same time, the most favourable representation.

The Rebellion, which rather disturbed than endangered the King's Government, has been defeated, though not yet totally suppressed; but as those flagitious parricides who were abandoned enough to avow, and desperate enough to engage in, the cause of Popery and tyranny, have already been repulsed and pursued, by the valour and activity of his Royal Highness the Duke, there is the strongest reason to believe that he will soon complete the work which he has so gloriously begun, and restore the tranquillity of the kingdom. This attempt, therefore, to shake his Majesty's throne, will serve to establish it the more firmly, since all Europe must know the unanimous zeal and affection of his subjects for the defence and support of his person and Government; and those hopes are at last extinguished, with which the Pretender has so long flattered, and, as it now appears, deceived himself. Even the manner in which he has been assisted by those powers who encouraged him to the attempt, must convince him that he has now been, what he ever will be, only the occasional tool of their politics, not the real object of their care.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I HAVE the King's commands to thank you, in his name, for the unanimity and dispatch with which you have granted the necessary Supplies for the support of the Establishment; you may depend upon their being applied with the utmost exactness and frugality.

I must not omit my own acknowledgments for the particular confidence you have placed in me, by leaving to my care and management the great sum that you voluntarily voted for national arms, and for the fortifying the harbour of Cork. The considerable saving which will appear upon those, as well in the interest upon the loan, as in the application of the principal, will, I hope, prove that I have been truly sensible of the trust reposed in me.

The assistance which you have given to the Protestant Charter Schools, is a most prudent, as well as a most compassionate, charity; and I do very earnestly recommend to your constant protection and encouragement that excellent institution, by which such a considerable number of unhappy children are annually rescued from the misery that always, and the guilt that commonly, accompanies uninstructed poverty and idleness.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH Great Britain has, in the course of this century, been often molested by insurrections at home, and invasions from abroad, this kingdom has happily, and deservedly, enjoyed that uninterrupted tranquillity, which trade and manufactures, arts and sciences, require for their improvement and perfection. Nature too has been peculiarly favourable to this country, whose temperate climate and fruitful soil do invite, and would reward, care and industry. Let me, therefore, most seriously recommend to you, in your private as well as in your public capacities, the utmost attention to those important objects, which at once enrich, strengthen, and adorn, a nation. They

will flourish wherever they are cultivated; and they are always best cultivated by the indulgence, the encouragement, and above all by the example, of persons of superior rank.

I cannot conclude, without repeating my heartiest thanks to you for your kind addresses, in which you express your approbation of my conduct. My duty to the King, who wishes the interest and happiness of all his subjects, called for my utmost endeavours to promote yours; and my inclinations conspired with my duty. These sentiments shall, I assure you, be the only motives of all my actions, of which your interest must consequently be the only object.

AN APOLOGY FOR A LATE RESIGNATION.

THE once celebrated tract which follows, is here reprinted from the original edition of 1748, the only change (besides some slight revision of the spelling of the names) being that the blanks indicated by capital letters and dashes, are now filled up for the convenience of the reader. Thus instead of M—y and M—rs, he will find Majesty and Ministers.

On the disputed question of the authorship, the Editor will here adduce some acute and able observations from an article in the Quarterly Review, upon the previous volumes (art. 6, in No. CLII. which appeared in September, 1845).

"As to the authorship of the Apology, Coxe, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, ascribes it to Mallet (*Life of Lord Walpole*, vol. ii. p. 206). Lord Mahon (vol. iii. p. 254 [268]) does not allude to this claim, but seems to attach more weight to a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann (Dec. 1748), where the pamphlet is given to Lord Marchmont, who, Horace adds, had nearly lost his own place in consequence. To this piece of evidence, we can oppose the opinion of Horace Walpole himself at a later date; for in his *Memoirs* of George the Second, he expressly calls it 'Chesterfield's Book;' and

"moreover, we have now before us a copy of the 'Apology,' sold at the Strawberry Hill auction, and on its title page, in Horace's autograph, are these words, 'Lord Chesterfield's.' It is possible, however, that Lord Mahon placed more reliance on Chesterfield's own disclaimer at the time to Mr. Dayrolles, namely—'Upon my word of honour, so far am I from having any hand, directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out' (April 8, 1748). But, in the first place, the very formality and solemnity of this disclaimer addressed to his intimate friend, 'The Resident at the Hague,' would, to us, have seemed very suspicious; for it is clear from not a few passages (now first published) in his correspondence with this very gentleman, that Chesterfield had no faith in the Post Office. He says to Dayrolles, shortly before his resignation (January, 1748), 'Write to me from time to time as usual, but remember I shall be no longer Master of the Post, therefore let no letter that comes by it, contain anything but what will bear an opening previous to mine' (vol. iii. p. 238 [251]). And in April after he had resigned he says:—'Do not send me the name in a letter by the post, for I know that most letters to me and from me are opened' (*ibid.* p. 257 [270]). We put Chesterfield's denial to Dayrolles, in a word, on the same foot with Swift's denial of his concern in Gulliver to Pope and Arbuthnot, and account for it in the same way. Secondly, it is impossible to read the pamphlet, and believe that Lord Chesterfield read it without a suspicion who wrote it. It could have come from no man but one intimately conversant with the interior state of the Cabinet, and with secret occurrences of Chesterfield's own vexed career as Secretary.

"We have no doubt the pamphlet was dictated by Chesterfield, and think it most likely that Mallet, not Marchmont, held the pen. Some few inelegancies in the language are probably marks of Mallet's hand; but these, and even certain inflated compliments to Lord Chesterfield's wit, may have been studiously introduced by the master himself—parts of his *blind*."

To these observations the Editor may be allowed to add, that in his judgment several passages at least of the pamphlet bear strong internal evidence of Lord Chesterfield's pen.

At all events, it has been declared by Lord Chesterfield himself, in his letter to Mr. Dayrolles of April 19, 1748, that although he could not guess the author, "it must be somebody pretty well informed, all the facts being very near true;" and on this ground alone, even waving the strong suspicions as to the real writer, the tract (which has now, moreover, become extremely rare) might be deemed well-deserving of a place in the present collection.

SINCE you are so desirous to know why my Lord has made it his choice to quit the Secretary's office, and to retire from business at so delicate a crisis as this, I shall make no difficulty to comply with your request. But then how great will be your surprise, when I set out with a declaration, that the same event which gives you so much pain, gives me as much pleasure? And that however warmly and sincerely both you and I have wished to see him in a station as eminent as his abilities, I have since as sincerely and warmly wished, that he had never suffered himself to be ensnared into such a station, without a sufficiency of power or favour to render those abilities useful to his King and country.

And that neither of these fell to his share, I shall render manifest by a chain of undeniable facts; as also, that, as long as he continued to act under those, who, with equal absurdity and disingenuity, at once made it their business to decry and support the measures of the Cabinet, instead of gracing his office he was disgraced by it; and that, consequently, the only method he could take to retrieve his character was to turn his back on such company.

Though you are no stranger to my Lord's sentiments concerning the ruinous war which is still raging on the Continent, it is necessary, for method's sake, that I should put you in mind of his conduct in Parliament relating to it, in the years 1743 and 1744, when he, so freely and fatally, foretold the calamities which it would bring upon this nation, in case we persisted on pushing it on at so vast an expense, and under so wild a management; and that if Holland should ever be induced, or obliged to become a joint-

adventurer in the same project, her sufferings would be so much the greater, as she was more exposed to the strength and fury of the enemy.

And thus much having been premised, the point that lies next before us in order of time, is the famous Treaty of Coalition, or as it was called more familiarly, the Broad-Bottom Treaty. This, it is true, had been in agitation some time before, but as it was not perfected till the close of the year 1744, it is not to be esteemed a measure till it had taken effect.

At the meetings held upon this occasion, the Pelham party were pleased to adopt the pacific sentiments of his Lordship above-mentioned; and expressly desired the assistance of him and his associates in Parliament, and their concurrence at Court, to drive out the common enemy under these pretences; that he, the said common enemy, had got possession of the Royal ear by advising the war, and by persevering in that fatal measure; and that, on the contrary, their views and purposes had ever been to get rid of it at any rate, and that as soon as they found themselves strong enough for the experiment, they would not fail to take advantage of the clamours of the people, their inability to support the expense, and the backwardness of Holland to act as principal in the quarrel, to prevail with his Majesty to change his measures as well as his Ministers.

Thus instead of his Lordship's going first to Court, he had the satisfaction to find the Court desirous of coming to him. At least he could not but think, that this was a very considerable advance towards it. And as he was far from being intractable, as he knew the Court too well to insist on too many points at

once, before he had got any ground there to warrant his farther endeavours, and as it belonged more properly to the gentlemen of the House of Commons than to him to *opiniâtre* those other points, which they had so often undertaken to procure in behalf of the Constitution, he thought fit to close with the Pelhams on this proposition, because the purpose it was to answer so nearly answered his own.

The coalition being thus made, the next great point was to obtain the fruits of it, by persuading his Majesty to give up the war; but when that came under consideration, the whole cabal affected to entertain such a distrust of their own abilities, that not one would make trial of them in so desperate a service. The only method that remained then, was to raise such difficulties and discouragements in the prosecution of the war, as to prepare his Majesty for an unprosperous issue; and to make such an use of that issue when it actually arrived, as should, by degrees, put him out of conceit with his own favourite measure, and the person who became a favourite by espousing it.

But though this was the expedient agreed upon, it was also agreed to use such language in the Cabinet as should lead his Majesty into a belief, that they were as thoroughly devoted to his will and pleasure, as the Minister whom they had obliged him to part with.

Accordingly, they made no difficulty to assure his Majesty, that they were not only ready to take up the pursuit where he had left it off, but that by the dint of their superior address, they had prevailed with their new allies to do the same: and in practising this fraud upon their Royal Master, we are to suppose them sufficiently justified, because it was the only

course they could take to their own journey's end: and because they could no otherwise induce him to forget the violence he had undergone, or to bear with patience the new faces which they had surrounded him with.

Having succeeded thus far, their next endeavour was to reconcile his Majesty, as far as it appeared convenient for their interests, to the person of my Lord; and the method they chose to follow was by representing, first, the necessity of sending an Ambassador to Holland to settle, amongst other things, the quotas which their High Mightinesses were to furnish, and which, to the great discontent of the nation, had been hitherto totally neglected; and secondly, the expediency of employing his Lordship in that affair, as being of all men the most popular on our side of the water, and the most welcome on yours; but more especially as his Lordship's acceptance of that employ would be understood by the world as an argument, that he had undergone a political regeneration, and that he was not only satisfied with his Majesty's measures, but ready to further them to the utmost of his power.

But, plausible as these suggestions were, it must be owned his Majesty was not over easily prevailed upon to admit them as the rule of his conduct; on the contrary, he demurred for some time, and when he did at last comply, it was in such a way as served to show, that it was rather to be rid of the importunity, than for the sake of the recommendation.

This apparent reluctance on his side, did not, however, mortify our Ministers so much as their successes pleased them. Delicacy of sentiment having no place

in their system, they were satisfied with carrying their point, without once reflecting on the means they had used, the displeasure they had given, or the resentment they had incurred. Politicians of the first rank they now appeared in their own eyes; and, in truth, to little minds like theirs, it might very well seem strange, that they should find ability enough to master the passions of a great King, and to make a dupe of the most eminent wit of the age. And surely, he could never have been induced to act under their instructions, or seem to give the least countenance to a plan which he had so openly condemned, if he had not flattered himself, that the difficulty of talking Frenchified Dutchmen out of their prejudices, or any Dutchman into sentiments of generosity and disinterestedness, would have wearied out our expectations at home; and that disappointment upon disappointment would at length have convinced us of the folly of pursuing an unsuccessful war, and brought us back to a right sense of our true interest.

For the Ministers, I will be bold to say, that they never once desired his negotiations should have success; on the contrary, they were so far true to their Broad-Bottom engagements, that they purposed only to gain time, to be furnished with matter of complaint against the Dutch, and to be enabled from thence to draw such inferences as might dispose his Majesty to put an end to the war.

But an unforeseen and unexpected incident for this once broke their measures, and produced such an alteration in the face of affairs, that they thought fit to alter their conduct with it; for, in a few days after his Lordship's arrival at the Hague, intelligence was

received of the Emperor's death, and a new field of enterprise being thereby opened to the sanguine projectors of the times, both nations were easily induced to redouble their efforts, in hope to derive suitable advantages from this great event. His Royal Highness the Duke was appointed Commander-in-Chief; and by the indefatigable industry, and refined address of his Lordship, their High Mightinesses were induced to compliment his Royal Highness with the like pre-eminence over the troops of the Republic; and this was the most acceptable service that his Lordship was able to accomplish during the time of his Embassy. Some other points he also made a shift to settle, but not on such a footing as he desired, or as the nation had a right to expect, or as would have been granted by the Dutch themselves, had they been sincerely and heartily disposed to co-operate in the war.

When, therefore, his Lordship returned, with the merit of having done all the little good that was done, or could be done, he had a right to require his new allies to take advantage of the experiment he had made, and the impossibility which appeared of bringing the Dutch to reason; as also, agreeable to their stipulations, to make use of their omnipotence to bring about a peace; and surely, they had now very sufficient reasons to assign, by way of colour, for their so doing. The Dutch, they might have alleged, had been every way tried by one of the most able men in Europe, and one who had the most interest in them; that, nevertheless, all his pains and all his address had been thrown away, and they had been found inaccessible to every consideration, but such as regarded their own immediate interests; that as a new Emperor would

be chose in October; as the most effectual measures had been taken to turn the scale of election once more in favour of the House of Austria; as an equivalent for Silesia was to be looked upon as the most romantical of all the State-Quixotisms of these Quixote times; as England lay under no visible obligation to procure, or to assist in procuring any such equivalent, and as every pretence of that kind ought to be resolved into the wild and drunken promise of a wild and drunken Minister,* no tolerable reason could be urged for continuing the quarrel any longer.

This was the language they might and ought to have used at this crisis, instead of which they put a stop to his Lordship's farther remonstrances, by sending him out of the way to Ireland; and when Cape Breton was taken by the New-Englanders, assisted by Sir Peter Warren, a double portion of the late favourite's spirit seemed to have taken possession of those who had ejected him. Nothing would now satisfy them but the keeping the conquest they had so unexpectedly made, and which in the most flourishing state of our affairs, France would scarce have suffered. The coldness of the climate, the expense of the garrison and fortifications, the little likelihood that in twenty years the profits of the place would balance the cost of one, were then never so much as mentioned; on the contrary, a certain noble Duke, at that time the protector of it, in the ardour of his zeal, was pleased to declare, that if France was master of Portsmouth, he would hang the man who should give up Cape Breton in exchange for it.

In a word, this was the style which our steady

* Lord Carteret.

Ministers were pleased to use during that whole year, though his Majesty was absent, though a Rebellion raged in the bowels of the kingdom, and though the dangers and mischiefs arising from it, through their own negligence, or animosities, or treachery, called aloud, the one for remedies, the other for prevention, to which a treaty seemed to be the most natural and easy road.

All, indeed, were not of the same mind; his Lordship from Ireland, and Lord Harrington here, till the very moment that he surrendered the Secretary's Seals, were continual advocates for peace; and were only considered as so much the worse courtiers on one hand, and met with evasive answers on the other.

But though they were thus backward to fulfil their engagements to their new Allies, and so fearful to unmask, and show their true complexion in the Court, a crisis at last arrived, when for a measure of their own, in the midst of a Session, when the whole service of the succeeding year was at stake, they insulted the King with resignation upon resignation, and by the dint of distress obliged him to surrender almost at discretion.

This was called a factious measure by some, who compared it to the violence offered to their Kings by the Barons of old, and was universally condemned by all, when it appeared that the public had no concern in the dispute; that instead of obtaining a second Magna Charta to bespeak the favour and good-will of the people, they had only made a new provision for themselves and their creatures; and that the same men were employed, and the same measures pursued as before.

Yes, sir, after the ferment had lasted three days, every man resumed his post and proceeded as before ; that is to say, they continued to grumble at the war, and yet continued to support it ; they retarded every operation in debating the expediency of it, yet agreed to all at last, but so late and in such a manner as seldom failed to render all ineffectual, which will serve to account in a good degree for the loss of the battle of Raucoux, and the feeble attempts which were made towards a diversion, by the Allies on the side of Provence, and by ourselves on that of Brittany, which were the sum of our exploits in the year 1746.

But I cannot dismiss the last of these undertakings without laying before you some particulars which may be necessary to justify the hints which I have dropped in the preceding paragraphs.

When the Broad-Bottom Treaty was concluded, the only stipulation in favour of the public was comprehended in two words, English measures, which were understood to mean an English peace. And to this the noble Duke,* who was at the head of the old Ministers, had explicitly agreed, as well as his brother. But by this time his Grace had discovered, that though he had got possession of the Cabinet he could not be easy in it, unless he offered up the same incense which the late favourite had done before him ; and as favour was the sole object he had in view, he resolved to follow it the nearest way. What, therefore, his brother unwillingly submitted to, and often protested against, he openly espoused and sedulously promoted to the extent of his credit and abilities, and with such success, that the new Ministers (his Lordship excepted,

* Of Newcastle.

who was still in Ireland) thought it their wisest way to trim between their present interest and their former professions; that is to say, to substitute what they called an English war instead of an English peace.

Accordingly, they proposed sending a squadron of our men-of-war, together with a body of our foot, to reduce Canada, in concert with another body of forces that were to be raised in his Majesty's American colonies, which they undertook to show would give the finishing stroke to the French interest and commerce in those parts, and thereby render the war as serviceable to the people as it was agreeable at Court.

But this sage proposal of theirs (which, by the way, was utterly inconsistent with the basis of the coalition) was not made till the beginning of April, whereas the squadron ought to have been at sea before the end of March; and when made, was to be debated by a motley cabal of new and old Ministers, soldiers, seamen, and lawyers, men of different factions, different interests, and irreconcilable understandings; in consequence of which such a multiplicity of meetings were held, what had been once settled with great difficulty was so easily unsettled; so much time was spent in scolding, and so little effect did this scolding produce, that, thank God and contrary winds, the folly of the advisers and directors saved us from the folly of the expedition, and possibly prevented such another sacrifice as might have countenanced that of Carthage.

The new Ministers, however, to the last, insisted on having their folly as well as the old, insomuch, that when the month of September came, and hardly anything but disappointments and destruction could have

been the consequence of the adventure, they continued to roar out Canada as before, and to maintain, that since they had given way to the war, they had a right to set apart one province of it to themselves. And this they did in a vain imagination, that the people would mistake an additional measure for a change of measures, and continue to be their dupes as formerly, though they saw the war not only continued, but continued in a madder way than ever.

Indeed, it may be admitted in their behalf, that since the old Ministers, in breach of the Broad-Bottom Treaty, and all their own reiterated professions, had chose to make their court, by adopting the war on the very plan they had so much decried, and had established their ascendancy thereby, they (the new) had no other resource than to give such a turn to the conduct of it, as should render it as palatable to their own consciences, or rather to the expectations they had raised, as the humour of the Court would allow.

But, as we have seen, this refinement only served to expose the fluctuating state of our politics; for as the King himself would never have given way to the removing so considerable a body of troops so far out of reach, so neither would his Royal Highness the Duke have willingly consented to a measure, which must have weakened his efforts in the next campaign.

There was, therefore, a necessity for the new Ministers in this instance to truckle to the old; but while the controversy lasted, the troops were harassed and the officers perplexed with orders and counter-orders, with embarkations and debarkations; and when the public had given over all attention to an object so variable, of a sudden both parties agreed in an expe-

dient which was not only to save appearances, but to wipe out the miscarriages of the year, by making an addition to our national stock of glory. This was the expedition to Brittany, which was spawned out of the abortion of the other, and what the event was I have no need to specify; some windows were broke on the French side, some heads on ours; and as to the glory in question, instead of acquiring any from the enemy, we left the little we had, behind us.

Such a series of inconsistencies in Council, and misadventures in action, one would have thought would have opened every eye and affected every heart, and yet, except Lord Harrington, not one of the Ministers, old or new, seemed at all affected by it; he, like a wise and honest Englishman, perceiving that he was not in the secret of his own office, and being convinced that it was out of his power to prevent the ruin he foresaw, refused to serve any longer with a colleague, who, with abilities far inferior to those of his predecessor, out-ran him in the same desperate course, and after a suitable remonstrance, besought and obtained his dismissal from the Cabinet.

Had his example been followed by other Cabinet Councillors, who affected to entertain the same sentiments, it is probable that the versatile Duke, who had veered from peace to war, would have thought it advisable to have veered again from war to peace. But those who had so implicitly followed the two brothers, on factious considerations only, could not prevail on themselves to stir a single step for the sake of the public; even Mr. Pelham, who had refused to rush headlong with his Grace into the war, and still expressed all imaginable regard for his former engage-

ments, did not choose to resign for the sake of peace, but pleaded in excuse his attachment to his brother, as what ought to outweigh every other consideration.

As, therefore, their family connections held them so inseparably united, that as long as one was in the wrong, the other resolved not to be in the right, it was necessary for them to agree at last, in filling up the vacancy which Lord Harrington had made with all possible expedition. The favourite, that both apprehended so much, was still within call, and there was nobody in the whole kingdom so fit to outweigh him in all respects as my Lord Chesterfield. My Lord Chesterfield was therefore pitched upon, and for this once both the brothers were of a mind, though for different reasons; the younger expected in him a firm ally, and an able assistant to forward the great work of peace when time should serve; the elder was sufficiently convinced how utterly impossible it was for him, with all his art and address, to supplant him in his new-acquired favour, and both flattered themselves, that by admitting him into their co-partnership they should partake of his popularity, for, though the people could not discover that they had derived the smallest advantage from the coalition, they were far from imputing their disappointment to his Lordship, on the contrary, among all the subdivisions of a divided party, none made the least exception to the choice which had been made; and as to people in general, so complete was their satisfaction, and so intemperate their manner of expressing it, that the only difficulty which lay upon his Lordship, was to answer the expectations his merit had raised.

That, indeed, his Lordship should quit an employ-

ment of the most ease, dignity, lustre, and profit in the whole establishment, which he had filled in so amiable a manner as had procured him not only the love, but almost the adoration, of the people committed to his charge, to assist in piloting a ship so leaky, so ill-rigged, manned, and officered, and exposed to the fury of such a storm, created wonder in some; but then this very wonder drew along with it additional compliments to his matchless merit, for it was always replied, that he could have no other motive for making such an exchange, but the pleasure and the glory of saving a sinking State.

And this, no doubt, was his real motive, though he had not the good fortune to fulfil his purpose, or to explain it by any such signal action, as might put the matter of fact out of the reach of controversy or cavil.

I have, at least, sufficient authority to assure you, sir, that he accepted of this new office on the same principle that he concluded the Broad-Bottom negotiation, for the sake of delivering his poor country out of the hands of the destroyer, and of expediting a safe and honourable peace.

This, I say, was still the great object of his attention; but then he had scarce taken possession of his office, before he was more than ever convinced of the great difficulty of attaining it; for his colleague, with his usual moderation, had reserved the power of filling up all the employments in his Lordship's department as well as his own; and as to the young, ambitious, notable Plenipotentiary at the Hague,* which was the great centre of all negotiation, though he had once

* Lord Sandwich.

followed his Lordship as his acknowledged leader, and the naval Duke * as his acknowledged friend, he had by this time set up for himself, and manifested that he had no attachment but to power, and to those who had the largest share of it to distribute. His secret correspondence with his Grace of Newcastle, though he was in the province of Lord Harrington, and the just offence it gave to his Lordship, were no secrets to the world. The declarations he had formerly made against the war, which were delivered with more warmth and in stronger terms than those of any other Peer, were now forgot; and if any impertinent monitor put him in mind of them, he made no difficulty to say, that as both the object and measures were changed, he had a right to change his opinion, which was just as conclusive as if he had said, that as long as he continued to follow a Duke, it was no matter whether it was he who presided at sea, or he who directed by land; in short, no principles could fix him, no friendship could hold him, no sense of gratitude could bind him; and for all these reasons, my Lord resolved not to trust him.

That, however, he might not be wanting in his duty to his King and country, nor lose sight of any opportunity to facilitate his great point, he sent over to the Hague a dependent of his own, on whom he could rely, with proper instructions; and, in the meantime, applied all the art and address he was master of, to cultivate a proper disposition at home.

But all his art and address, though diversified into a greater variety of shapes and colours than the Proteus of the poets was supposed capable of assuming, were

* Of Bedford.

without effect. The hot fit still raged at Court, and every medicine of every kind was rejected; for no vehicle, no gilding could render them grateful.

His Royal Highness the Duke was again sent over to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign. The troops to be employed in it, upon paper, amounted to 140,000 men. The necessary conventions were soon adjusted; and thus the new Secretary was hurried away by the torrent, into the very measure which he had most opposed, most disapproved, and which it was most his study to terminate. But then he did not fail to protest against it in the strongest terms; he had also the consolation to be assured by the whole cabal, that if this one effort more did not prove effectual, it should be the last, and that they would accept the next offers which either France or Spain should make. And it was not unknown to him, that a sort of negotiation with the last of these powers was then depending, and had been so for above half a year before.

It was in this manner, sir, the winter passed over; and as the spring came forward, the year itself was not so forward as our hopes. We were first in the field, and had a fair opportunity of snatching some considerable advantage before the enemy could have been in a condition to oppose us. But advantages in the field were, it seems, what was most apprehended by those who had the management of the revenue at home. They were not only for a peace upon any terms, but by any means, and were wholly indifferent whether it arose by the ruin of their friends or their foes. Agreeable, therefore, to these equally strange and destructive notions, they treacherously made it

their business to starve the cause they undertook to support; for, according to the ridiculous economy of the present times, which consists in saving hundreds and wasting thousands, so ridiculously thrifty were the contracts they made, and so scantily were the magazines supplied, that this army, which in the beginning of April was strong enough to act offensively, was disabled from acting at all, till it was too late to do so, except at their own expense.

And what was the calamitous event? Why the Dutch, either in despair of succour, or in conformity to the factious purposes of those who were then uppermost, or perhaps instigated alike by their partisans, both in England and France, became *felo-de-se*; and with a treachery not to be paralleled in history, delivered up part of their country to their enemies to be avenged of their friends; and, as you know, were on the point of concluding a neutrality for the rest, if the people had not come to a resolution to provide for their own safety, by declaring the Prince of Orange Stadtholder.

And such a turn did that great, seasonable, and important incident give to the face of affairs, that if the abilities of our Cabinet Ministers had been equal to the management of it, or if they had embraced any principle of union which might have enabled them to exert such abilities as they had, or if the action of Lauffeld had not happened, or had proved fortunate to the Allies, or even if a sensible use had been made of our misfortune, this campaign had been the last of the war; and my Lord would have had the supreme satisfaction of contributing to the re-establishment of the peace, on a solid and lasting basis.

I am sensible that some of these particulars require an explanation, but you must excuse me if I do not enter into a discussion of the action itself, or whether it was worth while to run the risk of such a misfortune; whether it would not have been more eligible to lie on the defensive, and to make it the great object of the residue of the campaign to cover Maestricht and Bergen-op-Zoom; and if I confine all I have to say on those heads to what followed the action, and the opportunity thereby thrown in our way to bring the war to a happy issue, which had hitherto produced nothing but unhappiness, though conducted at different times by the two Princes, who had alone been thought worthy of the trust by the common voice of the Allies.

It is known to all Europe that General Ligonier was made a prisoner at Lauffeld, but not so universally how much honour he acquired in exchange for his liberty. It has been said that he owed his misfortune to his rashness, and it must be owned, that a man who with but thirty squadrons ventures to charge one hundred and fifty, does, at first sight, seem liable to such an imputation. But the characters of actions cannot be fairly given, unless a due regard be shown to the circumstances which attend them. Now the whole body of infantry under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke were exposed to the fury of these hundred and fifty squadrons, and nothing but the desperate attack in question could have saved them from being cut to pieces, or secured the person of his Royal Highness, or preserved Maestricht, which had otherwise fallen into the hands of the enemy the same evening; whereas they were so surprised and so

disordered by the diversion which the General had thus gallantly and seasonably made, that his Royal Highness had sufficient time to recover Maestricht, and to post his troops in safety on the other side of the Meuse.

You will pardon this digression I hope, sir; less would not have been sufficient to disculpate the brave man I am speaking of, and much more would scarce be sufficient to do him justice. Nor have I taken the hint to discourse of him merely in his own capacity of a soldier, but also, as the catastrophe of that day made him a principal actor in a scene of a very different kind, which I am now going to display, and which in the issue will likewise serve to display the perfidy of the two brothers, with whom my Lord Cumberland was so unhappily connected.

When the action was over, General Ligonier was presented with all the regard that was due to his rank and merit, to the Most Christian King by the Count de Saxe; and, among many other gracious and condescending things which his Majesty had the goodness to say upon that occasion, he was pleased to ask, in a style and manner becoming so great a Prince, when he might hope to obtain peace from the King his Sovereign? As also, whether England was not as yet weary of the burden she had taken upon her shoulders? insinuating, withal, that it was more than time she should, since she alone was at the expense of all; and yet of all the Allies, none fought but his Majesty's Royal and Electoral subjects. And, lastly, he dismissed him with a signification to this effect, that the Count de Saxe, and the Duke de Noailles should confer with him more particularly on the same subject.

Accordingly, the very next day the conference so promised was held, and the two Generals above-named gave him to understand, that it was the King's pleasure he should be sent back to his Royal Highness upon his parole, with a proposal to this effect, that his Majesty was willing to declare the peace at the head of the two armies, as soon as the necessary powers from England could be obtained, on the following conditions, viz. :—

On the part of France.

To acknowledge the Emperor, and to return all Flanders, except Furnes, in case we insisted on the demolition of Dunkirk, or, together, with Furnes, in case we consented that Dunkirk should continue in its present state.

And on the part of the Allies.

That England should restore Cape Breton; and the Empress and the King of Sardinia provide an establishment for Don Philip.

The French Generals adding, that the King did not insist on a splendid one, and that what they did insist on was to be considered in no other light, than as a salvo for their master's honour.

Now one would have thought, that in the circumstances we were reduced to, these conditions would have been thought reasonable enough by any set of people who had not quite lost their senses, or who even affected to have any regard to their former declarations; and yet, after they had been debated a thousand times over in his Majesty's Cabinet, and

in the Cabinet of every one of the Ministers and sub-Ministers, they were finally referred to a Congress, for the same reason that mysterious points of faith are referred to General Councils, that is to say, to be frittered away in squabbles without end.

What is still more astonishing, even the loss of Bergen-op-Zoom made no abatement in our frenzy; on the contrary, we invited over a great nobleman from Holland,* who was equally touched with the same disease, and, hand over head, formed a new concert with him for the ensuing year, wearing, indeed, a more formidable face than that of the year preceding, because reinforced with many additional legions, which by their uncouth names might be very easily mistaken for Lucifer's body-guards, but encumbered also with an additional charge, which we had already articulated to defray, though they should never reach the scene of action, or, at least, not till the United Provinces were lost; and our national troops, with his Royal Highness at their head, were on their march towards the Elbe, there to embark for England, and never to revisit the Continent any more.

My Lord, however, did not fail to remonstrate, as before, against this fatal obstinacy; nor to challenge the performance of the promises which had been made him, nor to manifest, as well to his colleague in particular, as to the Cabinet in general, that they would be held inexcusable in letting slip this great opportunity; that they were never to hope for a better, though they should repeat the same frantic experiment for ten years to come; that in all probability, every such repetition would redouble our difficulties and dangers;

* Count Bentinck.

that though Holland should at last incline to co-operate in earnest, they had demurred till we were exhausted; that having done so much already without the assistance of the Dutch, they could neither wonder nor complain that we did no more; that for his part he had undertaken to assist in carrying on the war only for one campaign, or till either France or Spain should be brought to reason; and that he would take care to be no longer answerable for the issue of a measure which he had never approved. To all which his Grace was pleased to answer, with all that composure, deliberation, and solidity, which is so natural to him:—

“We must stay to see what Spain will do. The thing most to be wished, is a separate peace with that Crown. If France and Spain were once to separate, the breach could never be closed; it would be the greatest stroke that France ever received. A Minister’s conduct ought not to regard months or Sessions only, but all futurity. I would have mine tried by that standard only; and I expect to have the blessings of my country for it, yet.”

Thus an overture is no sooner made by France, than we are led, in a surprising manner, back to the negotiation with Spain, which I touched upon above, and which it is now necessary to explain more at large.

The person by whose means a correspondence had been opened with the Court of Madrid, was a Spanish gentleman* residing in this capital, whose fortune in part resembled that of a late great Minister, whom I have had frequent occasion to allude to; for at the

* Marquis de Taberniga.

same time that he had the honour to be a sort of favourite to his present Catholic Majesty, he had the misfortune to labour under a public disgrace. Of his abilities, his depth, his sagacity, his prudence, and all his other eminent qualifications for a negotiator, I need not enlarge; for he himself has sufficiently exposed them to the whole world. And yet on this reed did our all-sufficient Ministers choose to rest the whole weight of this affair. On all emergencies relating to Spain he was consulted; on all points whatever his advice was followed, and yet, though no visible success accompanied his endeavours, and all the produce of his credit at Madrid amounted to no more than a ceremonious letter now and then from some great man or other, signifying a great willingness to promote a peace, without any power to bring it about; so great was their credulity, so little their penetration, that they appeared perfectly satisfied with them.

At length, however, without any providence, or even foresight of theirs, the prospect mended a little on that side; for, by the connivance of France, and with a permit, in the shape of a passport, from the Count de Saxe, arrived here one Mr. Wall, an Irish Major-General in the Spanish service, and produced powers to open a treaty with us in form.

And now, after such ardent longings expressed by our Ministers for a peace with Spain, such unreserved declarations of the utility of that measure, such a coldness shown to the offers of France on that account, and such florid pretences so to pursue the welfare of the present, as to deserve the blessings of all future ages, one would have imagined that Mr. Wall and his proposals would have been received like an angel from

Heaven with a new revelation ; instead of which he had the mortification to be told, by the same person who had talked in so pompous a strain before, that we could do nothing without our Allies. And yet farther, when he spoke of the establishment of Don Philip, that in lieu of the cessions to be made by the Empress-Queen and the King of Sardinia for that end, Spain must admit her Imperial Majesty to the possession of La Terra de Presidii, and also the King of Sardinia to that of the Riviera de Ponent ; to which Wall, like an honest man, briskly replied,—“that his master could not in honour comply with that demand ; nor would be induced to give up his “Allies any more than we.”

Thus, sir, the negotiation so much desired, and which dropped so unexpectedly into our very mouths, as one may say, was at a stand almost as soon as opened ! And our wise and able Ministers had no better expedient at hand to keep it depending by way of amusement, than to commit their concern in it to the management of the gentleman who had served them so ably and so successfully before. Whence it followed, ridiculously enough, that as a British-born subject was employed to negotiate the interests of Spain at the British Court, so a native Spaniard was employed by that Court to negotiate the interests of Great Britain.

The affair, however, succeeded no better under this direction than it had done before. The two agents had many meetings, and after as many debates could agree in nothing, but to refer a state of the points in controversy to the Court of Madrid, which was done accordingly ; and in consequence thereof, Wall re-

ceived full powers to sign upon the following conditions, namely ;—

That England should prevail with her Allies, either to cede Parma and Placentia to Don Philip, or leave him in possession of Savoy.

Or by way of alternative, if that could not be at present obtained, that the peace should be restored between the two nations, both by land and sea, on the best and most solid footing, with an exception to Italy, where it should still be lawful for both nations to continue the war, in such manner as should be held most conducive to their several interests.

Now, sir, one would have thought that the time was come, when the two Ministerial factions, which had so long divided the Cabinet on the opposite points of war and peace, might have joined issue; for by espousing the last of these proposals, the former might have continued their career with as much fury as ever, and the latter would have been enabled to furnish out sufficient ways and means to support them in it. For the immediate consequences of our embracing it, would have been that separation of the two Crowns which had been represented as such a killing stroke to France, and our becoming once more the favourite nation. The recovery of the Spanish trade would besides have given new life to our manufactures and commerce; wealth would have flowed in on one side, as it ebbed out on the other. Our annual gains would have supplied our annual waste; we should have had the French West-India trade at our mercy; even on the Continent we should have been able to have faced them on equal terms; and when the general aspect of our affairs had taken so agreeable a

turn, there is not a man in England, who has the honour of his King and country at heart, that would not have contributed any reasonable proportion of his means to have raised it as high as ever it had been raised in any reign before.

It is not without the most sensible concern, that I proceed to tell you the rest. These proposals so desired, so reasonable, so beneficial, were laid before the select part of the Council, and after a due time had been taken for deliberation, they were rejected on the point of honour, which, as it was alleged by the NEW FAVOURITE, would not suffer his Majesty to do anything without his Allies.

Now it is difficult to conceive, how the interest of the Allies could be affected by our acceptance of the last of these proposals; on the contrary, as every link of the chain which held them together, seemed to be forged of English gold, every measure which had a tendency to enable England to keep it annually in repairs, ought to have been esteemed a common measure, because manifestly conducive to the common interest.

But the word Allies ought to have been used in the singular number instead of the plural. For, in truth, Sardinia was the only power comprehended under it. And it was purely in compliment to the Gondamar of that Court residing here, and in subserviency to his views, that his Grace both then and at all times, has been induced to sacrifice the interests of Great Britain whensoever they interfered, or but seemed to interfere with those of his Sardinian Majesty.

How a foreign Minister came to attain such an ascendancy in the British Cabinet, and for what considerations a British Secretary condescends to be his

tool, is very well understood at Court and might be very easily and fully explained here, but that I am fearful of trespassing upon your patience, and for that reason hasten to a close.

Many people have objected to the Treaty of Worms, on account of the provision that was made in it to gratify the King of Sardinia with the Marquisate of Final. They thought it was not over equitable to oblige a neutral, if not a friendly power, to part with a Province it was lawfully possessed of, though for a valuable consideration. And they thought it was not over politic to suffer that clause to be made public, because it was easy to foresee what use the enemy would make of it, to spirit up the Genoese both against the Empress-Queen and the King of Sardinia. But then they gave way to the necessities of the times; and with regard to the subsidy which his Sardinian Majesty at the same time received from hence, and which was known to be equal to his whole revenue, not a single murmur escaped from any quarter whatsoever; on the contrary, the whole nation seemed pleased with an opportunity of showing their esteem for a Prince, who was even more illustrious for his high qualities than his high birth.

But even friendship and generosity ought to have a bound. As far as we stand obliged by the Treaty of Worms, no doubt we are bound in honour to assist him to the utmost of our power; but why new conditions should be imposed on us, and why we should not be suffered to embrace such offers, as so manifestly regard our own well-being, unless we procure Savona for him, together with the whole Riviera, surpasses all imagination. It will be answered, I know, that

his merits and services deserve all this and more, and nobody will dispute the eminence of either. But merits and services do not use to have so much weight with his Grace; and believe me, sir, if the Gondamar above-mentioned had not been shamefully, I will not say traitorously, intrusted with so many secrets, his Minister would not have been so much his favourite.

In short, sir, as in the course of these proceedings my Lord had abundant conviction that he had been cheated with false promises; that neither the overtures of France or Spain were attended to; that unless Genoa was destroyed in compliment to his Majesty of Sardinia, and by way of hush-money to his Minister, no peace was to be obtained, and that, consequently, neither peace or war would be prosecuted upon an English plan, and that all hope, with respect to the public, was at an end; he once more adopted that delicate sentiment of Mr. Addison's,—

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station,

and resigned on Saturday.

Happy, at least, in so getting rid of the uneasiness and disgrace of being no better than a clerk in his own office, and as the tenure of that office, of being obliged to sign and seal against his conscience and his country, under the direction of those whom he neither loved or esteemed, and who had only drawn him into a seeming participation of their iniquities, that they might deprive him of his popularity, and establish a fatal belief, that what difference soever nature had made in the capacities of men, all in their hearts were corrupt and prostitute alike!

Thus, sir, I have done my best to answer your expectation, and hope I have succeeded in it. Why his Lordship, who had so many followers when he went into Court, had none when he went out, you do not think it worth your while to inquire, nor I to explain. He that has honour and virtue for his companions needs no other; and for those his Lordship has left behind him, they are satisfied with the profits and emoluments of their places, which it is now manifest was all they meant by those captivating words,—Old England! and the Constitution!

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE REPEAL OF THE LIMITATION, RELATIVE TO FOREIGNERS, IN THE ACT OF SETTLE- MENT.

THIS short political tract has hitherto been published, together with other small miscellaneous pieces, in the last volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

The measure which it impugns passed in the spring of 1756, and is entitled, "An Act to enable his Majesty to grant commissions to a certain number of foreign Protestants who have served abroad as officers or engineers, in America only, under certain restrictions and qualifications."

A Protest against this Act appears on the Lords' Journals, signed by Lords Temple and Talbot.

THE particular Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly sacred, by the first Parliament, and that no uncomplaisant one, of the late King, by enacting, that that Limitation should be inserted in all future Acts of Naturalization; and it

was so, even in the Act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's son-in-law.

But, it seems, Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of distinction, which the King's son-in-law could not then obtain: but, can the same indulgence, hereafter, ever be refused to foreign Protestant Princes, of the highest birth, and greatest merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majesty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the British service to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in justification of the repeal of this most sacred law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be seriously answered, unless by the unfortunate British officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, &c.

Some other reason, therefore, must be sought for; and, perhaps, it is but too easily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in animâ vili*? If this goes down, it shall be followed; some foreign prince, of allowed merit, shall make the first application to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the same favour which was shown to Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuse it? Besides that, perhaps a time may come, when Generals, and superior officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always such trifling beginnings, to smooth the way for them insensibly; as Cardinal de Retz most justly observes, when he says, that he is persuaded, that the Romans were carried on by such shades and gradations of mischief and extravagancy,

as not to have been much surprised or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horse Consul. So that, by the natural progression of precedents, the next generation may probably see, and even without surprise or abhorrence, foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the Supplies for them in both Houses of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of these foreign heroes, it is impossible to answer such arguments seriously. What experience evinces the necessity? Cape Breton, the strongest place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the last war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnson lately beat, and took most irregularly, the regular General Dieskau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was most judiciously selected out of the whole British army, to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly destroyed, by unseen, and to this day unknown enemies.

How will these foreign heroes agree with the English officers of the same corps, who are, in a manner, by Act of Parliament, declared unfit for their business, till instructed in it by the great foreign masters of homicide? Will they not even be more inclined to advise, than to obey their Colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they co-operate properly with our American troops and officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undisciplined rabble? Can it possibly be otherwise? or, can it be wondered at, when those gentlemen know, that they are appointed officers by one Act of Parliament, and at the expense of another, the most sacred of the Statute-book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the officers, of this Thundering Legion, who are to be foreigners. So much the worse: for then, according to the principle laid down it can be but half disciplined. Besides, the less the object, to which a very great object is sacrificed, the more absurd, and the more suspicious such a sacrifice becomes. At first, this whole legion was to consist of all foreigners, field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the absolute utility and necessity of foreign officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thousand times more absurd. And how does it stand now? Why, truly, the sacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tenderest part, for the sake of some foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by British superior officers, who, by this Act of Parliament, are supposed not to know their trade.

One has heard (but one hears a thousand false reports), that this absurd scheme was, some time ago, quashed by his Majesty's own prudence and goodness; and, from the rightness of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and I am sure I will not suppose, that ever that might be among the reasons for resuming it in this shape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at some expense too. The foreign heroes were contented with money instead of laurels, and were going away about their own business; but, perhaps, a condescension to the unanimous wishes of the whole *people of England*, at least, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as an useful one. But, however, I will have candour enough to believe, that

this was merely an absurd, wrong-headed measure; for, if I did not, I must think it the wickedest that ever was pushed.

PREFACE* TO LOVE ELEGIES, BY WILLIAM HAMMOND, ESQ.

PUBLISHED IN 1742.*

THE following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment or partial friendship; for the Editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he

* According to the Memoirs by Mr. Robert Phillimore, Lyttelton sent to Miss Lucy Fortescue, the lady whom he afterwards married, Hammond's Elegies, with these lines:—

"All that of love can be expressed
 "In these soft numbers see;
 "But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
 "It must be read in me."

William (or, as called by Dr. Johnson, James) Hammond was an intimate personal friend of Lord Chesterfield, who, in his letter to Lyttelton, of December 12, 1737, mentions him as his associate at Bath, but as too much drawn away by female society. Dr. Johnson says of Hammond, in his "Lives of the Poets," that he was then "well remembered as a man esteemed and caressed by the elegant "and the great."

was two-and-twenty years old; an age, when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expense of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But, sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united; the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients; and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for, upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with

a kind of religious awe and delight upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—*Ut non crepta à diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.*

ESSAYS IN PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

I.

FOG'S JOURNAL.

THIS was a weekly publication, which, from the printer's name, had been called at first "Mist's Journal," but which, since 1728, had been continued under the punning title of *Fog's*. Dr. Maty observes, "I suspect that Lord Chesterfield had several times before lent his hand to the writers of this witty paper, but I have no authority to assert it. This and the two following Essays were generally allowed to be his."

SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1736.

No. 376.

I AM not of the opinion of those who think that our ancestors were in every respect wiser than we, and who reject every new invention as chimerical, and brand it with the name of project. On the contrary, I am persuaded, that most things are still capable of improvement; for which reason I always give a fair and impartial hearing to all new proposals, and have

often, in the course of my life, found great advantage by so doing.

I very early took Mr. Ward's Drop, notwithstanding the great discouragement it met with, in its infancy, from an honourable author, eminent for his political sagacity, who asserted it to be liquid Popery and Jacobitism. I reaped great benefit from it, and recommended it to so many of my friends, that I question whether the author of that great specific is more obliged to any one man in the kingdom than myself, excepting one.

I have likewise, as well as my brother Caleb,* great hopes of public advantage, arising from the skill and discoveries of that ingenious operator, Dr. Taylor; notwithstanding the late objections of Mrs. Osborne,† and her most subtle distinctions between the eye politic, and the eye natural.

Some inventions have been improved ages after their first discovery, and extended to uses so obvious, and so nearly resembling those for which they were at first intended, that it is surprising how they could have so long escaped the sagacity of mankind. For instance, printing, though used but within these few centuries, has in reality been invented thousands of years; and it is astonishing, that it never occurred to

* "Caleb Danvers" was the usual signature of Lord Bolingbroke and other writers in the *Craftsman*. It is part of Swift's ironical advice to a young Court poet—

"And though you never learned to scan verse,

"Come out with some lampoon on Danvers."

† F. Osborne, Esq., one of the most frequent contributors to the Ministerial press, being a man of more years and gravity than talent, was by his opponents commonly called an old woman, and nicknamed "Mother Osborne." Pope in his *Dunciad* has conferred on him no very enviable immortality.

those, who first stamped images and inscriptions upon metals, to stamp likewise their thoughts upon wax, barks of trees, or whatever else they wrote upon.

This example should hinder one from thinking anything brought to its *ne plus ultra* of perfection, when so plain an improvement lay for many ages undiscovered.

The scheme I am now going to offer to the public is of this nature, so very plain, obvious, and of such evident emolument, that I am convinced my readers will both be surprised and concerned, that it did not occur to everybody, and that it was not put in practice many years ago.

I took the first hint of it from an account a friend of mine gave me of what he himself had seen practised with success at a foreign court; but I have extended it considerably, and I flatter myself that it will, upon the strictest examination, appear to be the most practicable and useful, and, at this time, necessary project that has, it may be, ever been submitted to the public.

My friend, having resided some time at a very considerable Court in Germany, had there contracted an intimacy with a German Prince, whose dominions and revenues were as small as his birth was great and illustrious; there are some few such in the august Germanic body. This Prince made him promise, that whenever he should return to England, he would take him in his way, and make him a visit in his principality. Accordingly, some time afterwards, about two years ago, he waited upon his Serene Highness, who being apprized a little beforehand of his arrival, resolved to receive him with all possible marks of honour and distinction.

My friend was not a little surprised, to find himself conducted to the palace through a lane of soldiers resting their firelocks, and the drums beating a march. His Highness, who observed his surprise, and who, by the way, was a wag, after the first compliments usual upon such occasions, spoke very gravely to him thus :

"I do not wonder, that you, who are well informed of the narrowness both of my territories and my fortune, should be astonished at the number of my standing forces ; but I must acquaint you, that the present critical situation of my affairs would not allow me to remain defenceless, while all my neighbours were arming around me. There is not a prince near me, that has not made an augmentation in his forces, some of four, some of eight, and some even of twelve men, so that you must be sensible that it would have been consistent neither with my honour nor safety, not to have increased mine. I have therefore augmented my army up to forty effective men, from but eight and twenty that they were before ; but, in order not to overburden my subjects with taxes, nor oppress them by the quartering and insolence of my troops, as well as to remove the least suspicion of my designing anything against their liberties, to tell you the plain truth, my men are of wax, and exercise by clock-work. You easily perceive," added he smiling, "that if I were in any real danger, my forty men of wax are just as good a security to me, as if they were of the very best flesh and blood in Christendom : as for dignity and show, they answer those purposes full as well ; and in the meantime they cost me so little, that our dinner will be much the better for it."

My friend respectfully signified to him his sincere approbation of his wise and prudent measures, and assured me that he had never in his life seen finer bodies of men, better-sized, nor more warlike countenances.

The ingenious contrivance of this wise and warlike potentate struck me immediately, as a hint that might be greatly improved to the public advantage, and without any one inconvenience, at least that occurred to me. I have turned it every way in my thoughts with the utmost care, and shall now present it to my readers, willing, however, to receive any further lights and assistance from those who are more skilled in military matters than I am.

I ask but two *postulata*, which I think cannot be denied me; and then my proposal demonstrates its own utility.

First, That for these last five and twenty years, our land forces have been of no use whatsoever, nor even employed, notwithstanding the almost uninterrupted disturbances that have been in Europe, in which our interests have been as nearly concerned as ever they are likely to be for these five and twenty years to come.

Secondly, That our present army is a very great expence to the nation, and has raised jealousies and discontents in the minds of many of his Majesty's subjects.

I therefore humbly propose, that from and after the 25th day of March next, 1736, the present numerous and expensive army be totally disbanded, the commission officers excepted; and that proper persons be authorised to contract with Mrs. Salmon, for raising

the same number of men in the best of wax. That the said persons be likewise authorised to treat with that ingenious mechanic, Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, for the clock-work necessary for the said number of land-forces.

It appears from my first *postulatum*, that this future army will be, to all intents and purposes, as useful as ever our present one has been; and how much more beneficial it will be is what I now beg leave to show.

The curious are often at great trouble and expence to make imitations of things, which things are to be had easier, cheaper, and in greater perfection themselves. Thus infinite pains have been taken of late, but alas in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one: it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and, above all, with a certain military fierceness, that is not natural to British countenances: even some very considerable officers have been cashiered, for wanting SOME OF THE PROPERTIES OF WAX.

By my scheme, all these inconveniencies will be entirely removed; the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion: the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them, by the proper application of whiskers, scars, and such like indications of courage, according to the tastes of their respective officers; and their exercise will, by the skill and care of Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, be in the highest German taste, and may possibly arrive at the *one motion*, that great *desideratum* in our discipline. The whole, thus ordered,

must certainly furnish a more delightful spectacle than any hitherto exhibited, to such as are curious of reviews and military exertations.

I am here aware that the grave Mrs. Osborne will seriously object, that this army, not being alive, cannot be useful; and that the more lively and ingenious Mr. Walsingham* may possibly insinuate, that a waxen army is not likely to stand fire well.

To the lady, I answer thus beforehand, that if, in the late times of war, our present army has been of no more use than a waxen one, a waxen one will now, in time of peace, be as useful as they; and as to any other reasons that she or her whole sex may have, for preferring a live standing army to this, they are considerations of a private nature, and must not weigh against so general and public a good.

To the pleasant 'squire I reply, that this army will stand its own fire very well, which is all that seems requisite.

But give me leave to say too, that an army thus constituted will be very far from being without its terror, and will doubtless strike all the fear that is consistent with the liberties of a free people; wax, it is well known, being the most natural and expressive imitation of life, as it unites in itself the different advantages of painting and sculpture.

Our British monarchs in the Tower are never beheld but with the profoundest respect and reverence;

* The Free Briton, a periodical paper published under the direction of Sir Robert Walpole, bore the signature of Francis Walsingham, but in fact was written by William Arnall, who was bred an attorney, and commenced party-writer at twenty years of age. It has been alleged that for Free Britons and other writings, Arnall obtained of public money, in four years, the sum of 10,997*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

and that bold and manly representation of Henry the Eighth never fails to raise the strongest images of one kind or another in its beholders of both sexes. Such is the force of Divine Right, though but in wax, upon the minds of all good and loyal subjects.

Nobody ever saw the Court of France, lately exhibited here in wax-work, without a due regard, inso-much that an habitual good courtier was observed respectfully bowing to their Most Christian Majesties, and was at last only convinced of his error by the silence of the Court. An army of the same materials will certainly have still a stronger effect, and be more than sufficient to keep the peace, without the power of breaking it.

My readers will observe, that I only propose a reduction of the private men, for, upon many accounts, I would by no means touch the commissions of the officers. In the first place, they most of them deserve very well of the public; and in the next place, as they are all in Parliament, I might, by proposing to deprive them of their commissions, be suspected of political views, which I protest I have not. I would therefore desire, that the present set of officers may keep the keys, to wind up their several regiments, troops, or companies; and that a master-key to the whole army be lodged in the hands of the General in Chief for the time being, or, in default of such, in the hands of the Prime Minister.

From my second *postulatum*, that the present army is expensive, and gives uneasiness to many of his Majesty's good subjects, the further advantages of my scheme will appear.

The chief expense here will be only the prime cost ;

and I even question whether that will exceed the price of live men, of the height, proportions, and tremendous aspects, that I propose these should be of. But the annual saving will be so considerable, that I will appeal to every sensible and impartial man in the kingdom, if he does not sincerely think that this nation would have been now much more flourishing and powerful, if, for these twenty years last past, we had had no other army.

Another considerable advantage consists in the great care and convenience with which these men will be quartered in the counties, where, far from being an oppression or disturbance to the public-houses, they will be a genteel ornament and decoration to them, and, instead of being inflicted as a punishment upon the disaffected, will probably be granted as a favour to such inn-keepers as are supposed to be the most in the interest of the administration, and that too possibly with an exclusive privilege of showing them. So that I question, whether a certain great city may not be eloquently threatened with having no troops at all.

As I am never for carrying any project too far, I would, for certain reasons, not extend this, at present, to Gibraltar, but would leave the garrison there alive as long as it can keep so.

Let nobody put the Jacobite upon me, and say that I am paving the way for the Pretender, by disbanding this army. That argument is worn threadbare; besides, let those take the Jacobite to themselves, who would exchange the affections of the people for the fallacious security of an unpopular standing army.

But, as I know I am suspected by some people to

be no friend to the present Ministry, I would most carefully avoid inserting anything in this project that might look peevish, or like a design to deprive them of any of the necessary means of carrying on the government. I have therefore already declared, that I did not propose to affect the commissions of any of the officers, though a very great saving would arise to the public thereby. And I would further provide, that, in the disbanding the present army, an exact account should be taken of every soldier's right of voting in elections, and where; and that the like number of votes, and for the same places, shall be reserved to every regiment, troop, or company, of this new army, these votes to be given collectively, by the officers of the said regiment, troop, or company, in as free and uninfluenced a manner as hath at any time been practised within these last twenty years.

Moreover, I would provide, that *Mann* and *Day** shall, as at present, have the entire clothing of this new army, so scrupulous am I of distressing the administration.

People are generally fond of their own projects, and, it may be, I look upon this with the partiality of a parent, but I protest I cannot find any one objection to it. It will save an immense expense to the nation, remove the fears that at present disturb the minds of many, and answer every one of the purposes to which our present army has been applied. The numbers will sound great and formidable abroad, the individuals will be gentle and peaceable at home; and there will be an increase to the public of above fifty thou-

* Two very considerable woollen-drapers, in the Strand; the first of them was grandfather to Sir Horace Mann.

sand hands for labour and manufactures, which at present are either idle, or but scurvily employed.

I cannot, I own, help flattering myself, that this scheme will prevail, and the more so from the very great protection and success wax-work has lately met with, which, I imagine, was only as an essay or *tentamen* to some greater design of this nature. But, whatever be the event of it, this alternative I will venture to assert, that by the 25th of March next, either the army or another body of men must be of wax.

FOG'S JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1736.

No. 377.

HUMAN nature, though everywhere the same, is so seemingly diversified by the various habits and customs of different countries, and so blended with the early impressions we receive from our education, that they are often confounded together, and mistaken for one another. This makes us look with astonishment upon all customs that are extremely different from our own, and hardly allow those nations to be of the same nature with ourselves, if they are unlike in their manners; whereas all human actions may be traced up to those two great motives, the pursuit of pleasure, and the avoidance of pain: and upon a strict examination, we shall often find, that those customs, which at first view seem the most different from our own, have in reality a great analogy with them.

What more particularly suggested this thought to me, was an account which a gentleman, who was lately returned from China, gave, in a company where I

happened to be present, of a pleasure held in high esteem, and extremely practised by that luxurious nation. He told us, that the tickling of the ears was one of the most exquisite sensations known in China, and that the delight, administered to the whole frame through this organ, could, by an able and skilful tickler, be raised to whatever degree of ecstasy the patient should desire.

The company, struck with this novelty, expressed their surprise, as is usual on such occasions, first by a silly silence, and then by many silly questions. The account, too, coming from so far as China, raised both their wonder and their curiosity, much more than if it had come from any European country, and opened a larger field for pertinent questions. Among others, the gentleman was asked, whether the Chinese ears and fingers had the least resemblance to ours? to which, having answered in the affirmative, he went on thus:

"I perceive, I have excited your curiosity so much
"by mentioning a custom so unknown to you here,
"that I believe it will not be disagreeable, if I give
"you a particular account of it.

"This pleasure, strange as it may seem to you, is in
"China reckoned almost equal to any that the senses
"afford. There is not an ear in the whole country
"untickled; the ticklers have, in their turn, others
"who tickle them, insomuch, that there is a circula-
"tion of tickling throughout that vast empire. Or
"if, by chance, there be some few unhappy enough
"not to find ticklers, or some ticklers clumsy enough
"not to find business they comfort themselves at least
"with self-titillation.

"This profession is one of the most lucrative and
"considerable ones in China, the most eminent per-
"formers being either handsomely requited in money,
"or still better rewarded by the credit and influence it
"gives them with the party tickled, insomuch, that a
"man's fortune is made as soon as he gets to be tickler
"to any considerable Mandarin.

"The Emperor, as in justice he ought, enjoys this
"pleasure in its highest perfection; and all the con-
"siderable people contend for the honour and advan-
"tage of this employment, the person who succeeds
"the best in it being always the first favourite, and
"chief dispenser of his Imperial power. The princi-
"pal Mandarins are allowed to try their hands upon
"his Majesty's sacred ears, and according to their
"dexterity and agility, commonly rise to the posts of
"first Ministers. His wives, too, are admitted to try
"their skill; and she among them, who holds him by
"the ear, is reckoned to have the surest and most last-
"ing hold. His present Imperial Majesty's ears, as I
"am informed, are by no means of a delicate texture,
"and consequently not quick of sensation, so that it
"has proved extremely difficult to nick the tone of
"them: the lightest and finest hands have utterly
"failed; and many have miscarried, who, from either
"fear or respect, did not treat the Royal ears so roughly
"as was necessary. He began his reign under the
"hands of a bungling operator, whom for his clumsi-
"ness he soon dismissed: he was afterwards attempted
"by a more skilful tickler; but he sometimes failed
"too, and not being able to hit the humour of his
"Majesty's ears, his own have often suffered for it.

"In this public distress, and while Majesty laboured

“under the privation of auricular joys, the Empress, who, by long acquaintance, and frequent little trials, judged pretty well of the texture of the Royal ear, resolved to undertake it, and succeeded perfectly, by means of a much stronger friction than others durst either attempt, or could imagine would please.

“In the meantime, the skilful Mandarin, far from being discouraged by the ill success he had sometimes met with in his attempts upon the Emperor’s ears, resolved to make himself amends upon his Imperial consort’s: he tried, and he prevailed; he tickled her Majesty’s ear to such perfection, that as the Emperor would trust his ear to none but the Empress, she would trust hers to none but this light-fingered Mandarin, who, by these means, attained to unbounded and uncontrolled power, and governed ear by ear.

“But as all the Mandarins have their ear-ticklers too, with the same degree of influence over them, and as this Mandarin was particularly remarkable for his extreme sensibility in those parts, it is hard to say from what original titillation the Imperial power now flows.”

The conclusion of the gentleman’s story was attended with the usual interjections of wonder and surprise from the company. Some called it strange, some odd, and some very comical: and those who thought it the most improbable, I found by their questions were the most desirous to believe it. I observed, too, that while the story lasted, they were most of them trying the experiment upon their own ears, but without any visible effect that I could perceive.

Soon afterwards the company broke up; and I went

home, where I could not help reflecting, with some degree of wonder, at the wonder of the rest, because I could see nothing extraordinary in the power which the ear exercised in China, when I considered the extensive influence of that important organ in Europe. Here, as in China, it is the source of both pleasure and power; the manner of applying to it is only different. Here the titillation is vocal, there it is manual, but the effects are the same; and, by the by, European ears are not always unacquainted neither with manual application.

To make out the analogy I hinted at between the Chinese and ourselves in this particular, I will offer to my readers some instances of the sensibility and prevalence of the ears of Great Britain.

The British ears seem to be as greedy and sensible of titillation as the Chinese can possibly be; nor is the profession of an ear-tickler here anyway inferior, or less lucrative. There are of three sorts, the private tickler, the public tickler, and the self-tickler.

Flattery is, of all methods, the surest to produce that vibration of the air, which affects the auditory nerves with the most exquisite titillation; and, according to the thinner or thicker texture of those organs, the flattery must be more or less strong. This is the immediate province of the private tickler, and his great skill consists in tuning his flattery to the ear of his patient; it were endless to give instances of the influence and advantages of those artists who excel in this way.

The business of a public tickler is to modulate his voice, dispose his matter, and enforce his arguments in such a manner as to excite a pleasing sensation in

the ears of a number or assembly of people: this is the most difficult branch of the profession, and that in which the fewest excel; but to the few who do it, is the most lucrative, and the most considerable. The bar has at present but few proficient of this sort, the pulpit none, the ladder* alone seems not to decline.

I must not here omit one public tickler of great eminency, and whose titillative faculty must be allowed to be singly confined to the ear; I mean the great Signor Farinelli, to whom such crowds resort, for the ecstasy he administers to them through that organ, and who so liberally requite his labours, that if he will but do them the favour to stay two or three years longer, and have two or three benefits more, they will have nothing left but their ears to give him.

Besides the proofs abovementioned, of the influence of the ear in this country, many of our most common phrases and expressions, from whence the genius of a people may always be collected, demonstrate, that the ear is reckoned the principal and most predominant part of our whole mechanism. As for instance:—

To have the ear of one's Prince is understood by everybody to mean having a good share of his

* The allusion here is probably to auctioneers. "You see my state; it will be impossible for me *to mount*," says the sick auctioneer in "The Minor" of Foote. It is possible, however, that Lord Chesterfield may have had in view the polite and facetious speeches which, in his time, were not uncommon from highwaymen at their execution. The traces of this shocking jocularly are apparent all through the "Beggars' Opera" of Gay; and still more so, perhaps, in Swift's lines upon "Tom Clinch going to be hanged."

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
"Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
"He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
"And promised to pay for it when he came back," &c.

authority, if not the whole, which plainly hints how that influence is acquired.

To have the ear of the first Minister is the next, if not an equal advantage. I am therefore not surprised, that so considerable a possession should be so frequently attempted, and so eagerly solicited, as we may always observe it is. But I must caution the person, who would make his fortune in this way, to confine his attempt strictly to the ear in the singular number; a design upon the ears, in the plural, of a first Minister being for the most part rather difficult and dangerous, however just.

To give ear to a person implies giving credit, being convinced, and being guided by that person; all this by the success of his endeavours upon that prevailing organ.

To lend an ear is something less, but still intimates a willingness and tendency in the lender to be prevailed upon by a little more tickling of that part. Thus the lending of an ear is a sure presage of success to a skilful tickler. For example, a person who lends an ear to a Minister, seldom fails of putting them both in his power soon afterwards; and, when a fine woman lends an ear to a lover, she shows a disposition at least to further

To be deaf, and to stop one's ears, are common and known expressions, to signify a total refusal and rejection of a person or proposition; in which case I have often observed the manual application to succeed by a strong vellication or vigorous percussion of the outward membranes of the ear.

There cannot be a stronger instance of the great value that has always been set upon these parts, than

the constant manner of expressing the utmost and most ardent desire people can have for any thing, by saying they would "give their ears" for it; a price so great, that it is seldom either paid or required. Witness the numbers of people actually wearing their ears still, who in justice have long since forfeited them.

Over head and ears would be a manifest *pleonasmus*, the head being higher than the ears, were not the ears reckoned so much more valuable than all the rest of the head, as to make it a true climax.

It were unnecessary to mention, as farther proofs of the importance and dignity of those organs, that pulling, boxing, or cutting off the ears, are the highest insults that cholerick men of honour can either give or receive; which shows that the ear is the seat of honour as well as of pleasure.

The anatomists have discovered, that there is an intimate correspondence between the palm of the hand and the ear, and that a previous application to the hand communicates itself instantly, by the force and velocity of attraction to the ear, and agreeably prepares that part to receive and admit of titillation. I must say too, that I have known this practised with success upon very considerable persons of both sexes.

Having thus demonstrated, by many instances, that the ear is the most material part in the whole mechanism of our structure, and that it is both the seat and source of honour, power, pleasure, and pain, I cannot conclude without an earnest exhortation to all my country-folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to take the utmost care of their ears. Guard your ears, O ye princes, for your power is lodged in your ears. Guard

your ears, ye nobles, for your honour lies in your ears. Guard your ears, ye fair, if you would guard your virtue. And guard your ears, all my fellow-subjects, if you would guard your liberties and properties.

FOG'S JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1736.

No. 388.

HAVING in a former paper set forth the valuable privileges and prerogatives of the EAR, I should be very much wanting to another material part of our composition, if I did not do justice to the EYES, and show the influence they either have, or ought to have, in Great Britain.

While the eyes of my countrymen were in a great measure the part that directed, the whole people saw for themselves; seeing was called believing, and was a sense so much trusted to, that the eyes of the body and those of the mind were, in speaking, indifferently made use of for one another. But I am sorry to say that the case is now greatly altered; and I observe with concern an epidemical blindness, or, at least, a general weakness and distrust of the eyes, scattered over this whole kingdom, from which we may justly apprehend the worst consequences.

This observation must have, no doubt, occurred to all who frequent public places, when, instead of seeing so many eyes employed, as usual, either in looking at one another, or in viewing attentively the object that brings them there, we find them modestly delegating their faculty to glasses of all sorts and sizes, to see for

them. I remarked this more particularly at an opera I was at, the beginning of this winter, where Polypheme was almost the only person in the house that had two eyes; the rest had but one a-piece, and that a glass one.

As I cannot account for this general decay of our optics from any natural cause, not having observed any alteration in our climate or manner of living, considerable enough to have brought so suddenly upon us this universal short-sightedness; I cannot but entertain some suspicions that their pretended helps to the sight are rather deceptions of it, and the inventions of wicked and designing persons, to represent objects in that light, shape, size, and number, in which it is their inclination or interest to have them beheld. I shall communicate to the public the grounds of my suspicion.

The honest plain spectacles and reading-glasses were formerly the refuge only of aged and decayed eyes; they accompanied grey hairs, and in some measure shared their respect: they magnified the object a little, but still they represented it in its true light and figure. Whereas now the variety of refinements upon this first useful invention have persuaded the youngest, the strongest, and the finest eyes in the world out of their faculty, and convinced them that, for the true discerning of objects, they must have recourse to some of these *media*; nay, into such disrepute is the natural sight now fallen, that we may observe, while one eye is employed in the glass, the other is carefully covered with the hand, or painfully shut, not without shocking distortions of the countenance.

It is very well known that there are not above three or four eminent operators for these portable or pocket-eyes, and that they engross that whole business. Now, as these persons are neither of them people of quality, *who are always above such infamous and dirty motives*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may be liable to a pecuniary influence; nor consequently is it improbable that an administration should think it worth its while, even at a large expense, to secure those few that are to see for the bulk of the whole nation. This surely deserves our attention.

It is most certain that great numbers of people already see objects in a very different light from what they were ever seen in before by the naked and undeluded eye; which can only be ascribed to the misrepresentations of some of these artificial *media*, of which I shall enumerate the different kinds that have come to my knowledge.

The looking-glass, which for many ages was the minister and counsellor of the fair sex, has now greatly extended its jurisdiction; everybody knows that that glass is backed with quicksilver to hinder it from being diaphanous; so that it stops the beholder, and presents him again to himself. Here his views centre all in himself, and dear self alone is the object of his contemplations. This kind of glass, I am assured, is now the most common of any, especially among people of distinction, insomuch that nine in ten of the glasses that we daily see levelled at the public are in reality not diaphanous, but agreeably return the looker to himself, while his attention seems to be employed upon others.

The reflecting telescope has of late gained ground considerably, not only among the ladies, who chiefly view one another through that medium, but has even found its way into the cabinets of princes; in both which cases it suggests reflections to those who before were not apt to make many.

The microscope, or magnifying-glass, is an engine of dangerous consequence, though much in vogue: it swells the minutest object to a most monstrous size, heightens the deformity, and even deforms the beauties of nature. When the finest hair appears like a tree, and the finest pore like an abyss, what disagreeable representations may it exhibit, and what fatal mistakes may it mutually occasion between the two sexes! Nature has formed all objects for that point of view in which they appear to the naked eye; their perfection lessens in proportion as they leave out that point, and many a Venus would cease to appear one, even to her lover, were she, by the help of a microscope, to be viewed in the ambient cloud of her insensible perspiration. I bar Mrs. Osborne's returning my microscope upon me, since I leave her in quiet possession of the spectacles, and even of the reading-glasses, if she can make use of them.

There is another kind of glass now in great use, which is the oblique glass, whose tube, levelled in a straight line at one object, receives another in at the side, so that the beholder seems to be looking at one person, while another entirely engrosses his attention. This is a notorious engine of treachery and deceit; and yet, they say, it is for the most part made use of by Ministers to their friends, and ladies to their husbands.

The smoked glass, that darkens even the lustre of the sun, must of course throw the blackest dye upon all other objects. This, though the most infernal invention of all, is far from being unpractised; and I knew a gentlewoman, who, in order to keep her husband at home, and in her own power, had his whole house glazed with it, so that the poor gentleman shut up his door, and neither went abroad nor let anybody in, for fear of conversing, as he thought, with so many devils.

The dangers that may one day threaten our constitution in general, as well as particular persons, from the variety of these mischievous inventions, are so obvious, that they hardly need be pointed out: however, as my countrymen cannot be too much warned against it, I shall hint at those that terrify me the most.

Suppose we should ever have a short-sighted prince upon the throne, though otherwise just, brave, and wise; who can answer for his glass-grinder, and consequently who can tell through what medium and in what light he may view the most important objects? or who can answer for the persons that are to take care of his glasses, and present them to him upon occasion? may not they change them, and slip a wrong one upon him, as their interest may require, and thus magnify, lessen, multiply, deform, or blacken, as they think proper; nay, and by means of the oblique glass above mentioned, show him even one object for another? Where would the eye of the master be then? where would be that eye divinely deputed to watch over, but shrunk and contracted within the narrow circle of a deceitful tube?

On the other hand, should future Parliaments, by

arts of a designing Minister, with the help of a corrupted glass-grinder, have delusive and perverse glasses slipped upon them, what might they see? or what might they not see? nobody can tell. I am sure everybody ought to fear they might possibly behold a numerous standing army in time of peace, as an inoffensive and pleasing object, nay, as a security to our liberties and properties. They might see our riches increase by new debts, and our trade by high duties; and they might look upon the corrupt surrender of their own power to the Crown, as the best protection of the rights of the people. Should this ever happen to be the case, we may be sure it must be by the interposition of some strange medium, since these objects were never viewed in this light by the naked and unassisted eyes of our ancestors.

In this general consideration there is a particular one that affects me more than all the rest, as the consequence of it would be the worst. There is a body of men who, by the wisdom and for the happiness of our constitution, make a considerable part of our Parliament; all or at least most of these venerable persons are, by great age, long study, or a low mortified way of living, reduced to have recourse to glasses. Now should their *media* be abused, and political translatives be slipped upon them, what scandal would their innocent but misguided conduct bring upon religion, and what joy would it give, at this time particularly, to the dissenters? Such as I am sure no true member of our Church can think of without horror! I am the more apprehensive of this from the late revival of an art that flourished with idolatry, and that had expired with it, I mean the

staining of glass. That medium, which throws strange and various colours upon all objects, was formerly sacred to our churches, and consequently may, for ought I know, in the intended revival of our true church discipline, be thought a candidate worthy of our favour and reception, and so a stained medium be established as the true, orthodox, and canonical one.

I have found it much easier to point out the mischiefs I apprehend, than the means of obviating or remedying them, though I have turned it every way in my thoughts.

To have a certain number of persons appointed to examine and license all the glasses that should be used in this kingdom, would be lodging so great a trust in those persons that the temptations to betray it would be exceedingly great too; and it is to be feared that people of quality would not take the trouble of it, so that *Quis custodiat ipsos custodes?* (By whom will these keepers be kept?)

I once thought of proposing that a Committee of both Houses of Parliament should be vested with that power: but I immediately laid that aside for reasons which I am not obliged to communicate to the public.

At last, despairing to find out any legal method that should prove effectual, I resolved to content myself with an earnest exhortation to all my country folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to see with their own eyes, or not see at all, blindness being preferable to error.

See then with your own eyes, ye Princes, though weak or dim: they will still give you a fairer and truer representation of objects, than you will ever have by the interposition of any medium whatsoever.

Your subjects are placed in their proper point of view for your natural sight; viewing them in that point you will see that your happiness consists in theirs, your greatness in their riches, and your power in their affections.

See likewise with your own eyes, ye people, and reject all proffered *media*: view even your Princes with your natural sight; the true rays of Majesty are friendly to the weakest eye, or, if they dazzle and scorch, it is owing to the interposition of burning-glasses. Destroy those pernicious *media*, and you will be pleased with the sight of one another.

In short, let the natural retrieve their credit, and resume their power; we shall then see things as they really are, which must end in the confusion of those whose hopes and interests are founded upon misrepresentations and deceit.

II.

COMMON SENSE.

THIS publication, in which several persons of eminence were concerned, was partly political, and on the side of opposition, but mostly on subjects distinct from politics, and designed for the improvement of manners and taste. Lord Lyttelton was one of the writers; and the papers which were traced to his pen have been inserted in the collection of his works.

With respect to Lord Chesterfield's share in this publication, the following are the remarks of Dr. Maty. "The papers which are here given sufficiently show, by the original turn and admirable management of irony discernible in them, the masterly hand from which they came. Our authority, however, for producing them as Lord Chesterfield's, is that of one of his particular friends, to whom his Lordship gave the list, which we have followed."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1737.

No. 1.

Rarus enim, ferre sensus communis.—JUV.

Nothing so rare as common sense.

A PREFACE is, by long custom, become so necessary a part of a book, that should an author now omit that previous ceremony, he would be accused of presumption, and be supposed to imagine that his performance was above wanting any recommendation. By a preface an author presents himself to the public, and begs their friendship and protection; if he does it gracefully and genteelly he is well received, like many a fine gentleman upon the strength of his first address. Besides, were it not for the modest encomiums, which authors generally bestow upon themselves in their prefaces, their works would often die unpraised and sometimes unread.

A weekly writer, I know, is not of a rank to pretend to a preface; but an humble introduction is expected from him. He must make his bow to the public at his first appearance, let them a little into his design, and give them a sample of what they are to expect from him afterwards.

In this case it may be equally unhappy for him to give himself out, like Æsop's fellow-slave, for one that can do everything, or, like Æsop, for one that can do nothing; for, if he speaks too assumingly, the world will revolt against him, and, if too modestly, be apt to take him at his word.

These considerations determined me to make this first paper serve as an introduction to my future labours, though I am sensible that a weekly author is in a very different situation from an author in the

lump.—If a wholesale dealer can, by an insinuating preface, prevail with people to buy the whole piece, his business is done, and it is too late for the deluded purchaser to repent, be the goods never so flimsy ; but a weekly retailer is constantly bound to his good behaviour. He, like some others, holds both his honours and profits only *durante bene placito* ; and whatever may be the success of his first endeavours, as soon as he flags in his painful hebdomadal course he is rigorously struck off at once from his twopenny establishment.

Another difficulty that occurred to me was the present great number of my weekly brethren, with whom all people, except the stationers and the Stamp-office, think themselves already overstocked ; but this difficulty upon farther consideration lessened.

As for the London Journal it cannot possibly interfere with me, as appears from the very title of my paper ; moreover, I was informed that paper of the same size and goodness as the London Journal, being to be had much cheaper unprinted and unstamped, and yet as useful to all intents and purposes, was now universally preferred.

Fog's Journal, by a natural progression from Mist to Fog, is now condensed into a cloud, and only used by way of wet-brown paper in case of falls and contusions.

The Craftsman was the only rival that gave me any concern ; that being the only one, I thought there was world enough for us both, and persuaded myself that, wiser than Caesar and Pompey, we should content ourselves with dividing it between us ; besides that I never observed Mr. D'Anvers to be an enemy to common sense.

Being a man of great learning, I have, in choosing the name of my paper, had before my eyes that excellent precept of Horace to authors, to begin modestly, and not to promise more than they are able to perform, and keep up to the last.—I have therefore only entitled it *Common Sense*, which is all I pretend to myself, and no more than what, I dare say, the humblest of my readers pretends to likewise.

But, as a farther encouragement and invitation to the public to try me, I declare that though I only promise them common sense, yet if I have any wit they shall have it into the bargain. Wherefore I desire my customers to look upon this weekly expense as a two-penny ticket in a lottery: it may possibly come up wit, and if a blank, at worst, common sense.

But, as modesty is the best recommendation to great minds, on the other side it is apt to prejudice little ones, who mistake it for ignorance or guilt; therefore, that I may not suffer by it with the latter, I must repeat a known observation, that common sense is no such common thing. I could give many instances of this truth, if I would, but decline it at present, and choose to refer my readers to their several friends and acquaintance.

Should I here be asked then what I mean by common sense, if it is so uncommon a thing, I confess I should be at a loss to know how to define it. I take common sense, like common honesty, rather to be called common because it should be so, than because it is so. It is rather that rule by which men judge of other people's actions, than direct their own; the plain result of right reason admitted by all and practised by few.

An ingenious dramatic author has considered common sense as so extraordinary a thing, that he has lately, with great wit and humour, not only personified it, but dignified it too with the title of a Queen. Though I am not sure that had I been to personify common sense, I should have borrowed my figure from that sex, yet as he has added the Regal dignity, which by the law of the land removes all defects, I wave any objection.—The fair sex in general, Queens excepted, are infinitely above plain downright common sense; sprightly fancy and shining irregularities are their favourites, in which despairing to satisfy, though desirous to please them, I have, in order to be of some use to them, stipulated with my stationer, that my paper shall be of the properest sort for pinning up of their hair. As the new French fashion is very favourable to me in this particular, I flatter myself they will not disdain to have some common sense about their heads at so easy a rate.

Should I ever, as possibly I often may, be extremely dull, I will not, as some of my predecessors have done, pretend that it was by design, for I protest that I do not intend it; but in that case I claim my share in the present general indulgence to dulness of being thought the wiser for it, and hope to meet with sympathetic nods of approbation from the most solid of my readers. Moreover, I shall go on the longer and the safer for it, dulness being the ballast of the mind, that fits it for a long voyage, keeps it steady, and secures it from the gusts of fancy and imagination.

I cannot help thinking how very advantageous it may be to a great many people to purchase my paper, were it only for the sake of the title. Have you read

common sense? Have you got common sense? are questions which one should be very sorry not to be able to answer in the affirmative; and yet, in order to be able to do it with truth, a precaution of this kind may possibly not be unnecessary, at least it can do no hurt.

As to the design of my paper it is to take in all subjects whatsoever, and try them by the standard of common sense. I shall erect a kind of tribunal, for the *crimina læsi sensûs communis*, or the pleas of common sense. But the method of proceeding must be different from that of other courts, or it would be contrary to the meaning and institution of this. The cause of common sense shall be pleaded in common sense. Let not the guilty hope to escape, or the innocent fear being puzzled, delayed, ruined, or condemned.

It would be endless for me to enumerate the various branches of the jurisdiction of this court, since everything, more or less, falls under its cognizance. The possession or the want of common sense appears proportionably in the lowest, as well as in the highest, transactions; and a King, and a cobbler, without it, will equally bungle in their respective callings. The *quicquid agunt homines* (actions of men) is my province; and *homines* comprehends not only all men but all women too, that is, as far as they are to be comprehended. The conduct of the fair sex will therefore come under my consideration; but with this indulgence, which is due to them, that, in trying their actions by the straight rule of common sense, I shall make proper allowances for those pretty obliquities and deviations from it, which great vivacity, lively passions, and conscious beauty, frequently occasion, and in some measure justify.

The fine gentlemen cannot hope to escape trial, were it only as accessaries to their fair principals. I am aware that they will cavil at the jurisdiction of the court, and will allege, if they know how, that they are brought *coram non judice* (before an incompetent judge). I acknowledge too, that they have a presumptive kind of exemption from inquiries and prosecutions of this nature; but as this connivance, if too long indulged, might grow into a right, I must insist upon their appearing sometimes in court, where they shall meet with all the lenity that is due to their birth and education.

But let all authors, from Right Honourable, or Right Reverend, down to the humblest inhabitant in Grub-street, respect and tremble at the jurisdiction of the court. With them I disclaim all lenity, as they are generally the most daring and boldest offenders. I shall try them by my rule, as the tyrant Procrustes tried his subjects by his bed, and will, without mercy, stretch out those that fall short of it, and cut off from those who go beyond it.

I am sensible that common sense has lately met with very great discouragement in the noble science of politics; our chief professors having thought themselves much above those obvious rules that had been followed by our ancestors, and that lay open to vulgar understandings; they have weighed the interests of Europe in nicer scales, and settled them in so delicate a balance that the least blast affects it. For my part, I shall endeavour to bring them back to the old solid English standard of common sense; but if by that means any gentlemen, who distinguish themselves in that sublime sphere, should be at a loss for business,

and appear totally unqualified for it, I hope they will not lay their misfortunes to my charge, since it is none of my fault if their interests and those of common sense happen to be incompatible.

If, in domestic affairs too, I should find that common sense has been neglected I shall take the liberty to assert its rights, and represent the justice as well as the expediency of restoring it to its former credit and dignity. Our constitution is founded upon common sense itself, and every deviation from one is a violation of the other. The several degrees and kinds of power, wisely allotted to the several constituent parts of our legislature can only be altered by those who have no more common sense than common honesty. Such offenders shall be proceeded against as guilty of high-treason, and suffer the severest punishment.

I foresee all the difficulties I am to struggle with in the course of this undertaking; and see the improbability, if not the impossibility, that common sense should singly, by its own weight and merit, make its way into the world and retrieve its lost empire. But as many valuable things in themselves have owed their reception and establishment not to their own intrinsic worth, but to some lucky hit or favourable concurrence of circumstances, so some such accident in my favour is what I more rely upon than the merit of my paper, should it have any. Fashion, which prevails nobody knows how, can introduce what reason would in vain recommend; and as, by the circulation of fashions, the old ones revive after a certain interval, the fashion of common sense seems to have been laid aside long enough to have a fair chance now for revival.

If therefore any fine woman, in good humour on a Saturday morning, would be pleased to drop a word in my favour, and say, "It is a good comical paper;" or any man of quality, at the head of taste, be so kind as to say, "It is not a bad thing;" I should become the fashion, and be universally bought up at least: and as for being read or not, it is other people's business, not mine.

As I am scrupulous even to delicacy in all my engagements, I must premise that, in entitling my paper *Common Sense*, I only mean the first half-sheet, or it may be a column of the next; the rest of the paper, which will contain the events foreign and domestic, I am very far from promising shall have any relation at all to common sense. But, as the chief profits of a weekly writer arise from thence, the world, which at least reasons very justly upon that subject, would, I am sure, think that I wanted common sense myself if I neglected them.

Upon the whole, my intention is to rebuke vice, correct errors, reform abuses, and shame folly and prejudice, without regard to anything but common sense; which, as it implies common decency too, I shall confine myself to things, and not attack persons; it being my desire to improve or amuse everybody, without shocking anybody.

I do not think it necessary, at least yet, to give the public any information as to my person; let my paper stand upon its own legs. My present resolution is to keep my name concealed, unless my success should some day or other tempt my vanity to discover it. All I will say at present is, that I never appeared in print before; and if I should not meet with some

encouragement now, I shall withdraw myself to my former retirements, and there indulge those oddnesses that compose my character; the description of which, if I go on, may some time or other entertain my readers.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1737.

No. 3.

BERNIER informs us of a very extraordinary custom, which prevails to this day in the empire of the Mogul. His Imperial Majesty is annually weighed upon his birth-day; and if it appears that, since his former weighing, he has made any considerable acquisition of flesh, it is matter of public rejoicings throughout his whole dominions. Upon that great day too, his subjects are obliged to make him presents, which seldom amount to less than thirty millions.

This seems to be a custom which, like many customs in other countries, is merely observed for antiquity or form-sake; but the original purpose, for which it was at first wisely established, is either neglected or quite forgotten: for it is impossible to imagine, that his Mogul Majesty's good and loyal subjects should find such matter of joy in the literal increase of their sovereign's materiality, which must of course render him less qualified for the functions and duties of his government, so that it is more reasonably to be presumed, that as all the Oriental nations choose to convey their precepts of religion, morality, and government, through hieroglyphics, types, and emblems, this custom was originally allegorical, and signified the political increase of his Majesty's weight as to

credit, power, and dominion, which might justly administer great joy to his faithful subjects.

Or, to carry my conjecture a little farther, is it impossible that his now absolute empire might formerly have been a limited one, the equal balance of which it might be necessary often to examine, in order to preserve it in its just equilibrium? In which case, it is highly probable, that his Majesty was weighed against some counterpoise; or, to speak plainer, the prerogative of the Prince might be examined with relation to the rights and privileges of the subject. What confirms me the more in this opinion, is the choice of the day for the operation. It was his sacred Majesty's birth-day, a day in which he was supposed to be in good humour; and the presents were of a nature to put him in good humour, in case they had not found him so: which circumstances seem to be meant as preparatory sweeteners to a ceremony, that would not otherwise have been very agreeable to him.

It will be no objection to my conjecture to allege the present absolute form of that government, since a very little knowledge of history will show us, that the most absolute governments now in the world have been originally free ones, and only bought, bullied, or beaten out of their liberties.

This may very probably have been the case in Indostan, where the nobles and representatives of the people might think it both civil and prudent not to weigh quite fair against his Majesty, but to lighten their own scale, that he might preponderate a little. This little by degrees increased the bulk of their successors, by continually adding more and more to it.

The superiority of weight probably pleased his Majesty, and gave him a relish for more, which these great annual presents, swelling up his Civil List, enabled him the better to gratify, by having wherewithal to corrupt the weighers on the part of the nobles and the people, till by degrees the whole weight was thrown into the Royal scale without any counterpoise. By such gradations this custom, originally established for the security of the constitution, may have dwindled into a mere pompous ceremony, and an expensive rareeshow annually exhibited to a cozened people in exchange for their liberties.

Would I follow the example of the most eminent critics, I could support these my criticisms and conjectures by innumerable authorities, both ancient and modern, and prove beyond contradiction, from the natural history of fat, that it is impossible a sovereign can desire that great increase of his corporal bulk, or a good subject rejoice in it. But I shall content myself with a few.

Fat and stupidity are looked upon as such inseparable companions, that they are used as synonymous terms; and all the properties of corporal materiality, when applied to the mind, intimate slowness, heaviness, dulness, and such like qualities.

The *pinguis Minerva* of the ancients shows us their opinion, that if even the goddess of arts and wisdom herself were to grow fat, she would grow stupid too, which, if sauce for a god or goddess, may surely, with all due regard, be sauce for a King or Queen.

Horace's *pingue ingenium*, or fat head, means by the same figure a puzzled, dull, impenetrable one.

The very air the Bœotians breathed was, from their

stupidity, called a fat one; and at this day, a neighbouring nation, not less eminent than the Bœotians for the sedateness and tranquillity of their genius, are likewise distinguished by the weight and circumference of their bodies.

After these instances, it would not only be uncandid, but indecent, to suppose that any sovereign would desire to clog and encumber, by a load of flesh, those faculties upon whose clearness and quickness the welfare of his subjects, and his own glory, so much depend; besides that even bodily agility is highly necessary for a prince. A light, clever, active monarch can with more frequency and celerity visit his remotest dominions, where his presence may often be required. His military operations, too, may receive great lustre and advantage from the agility of his person, not to mention what a fatal hindrance a prominent abdomen would prove to his Royal exertitions

Having thus proved that this custom must originally have been only emblematical, and never meant literally as an annual register, or rather bill of fare, of the real pounds of flesh his Indian Majesty may get or lose in the course of a year, let us examine a little whether this custom may not deserve, in future times, adoption here, and be advantageously introduced into our constitution.

Methinks even our constitution itself points out to us this very method of preserving it. The three constituent parts of the supreme legislative power form a kind of a political *trilanz*, to each scale of which a due sort and proportion of weight is wisely allotted, that they may all hang even, and yet, with all submission to a Right Reverend prelate, independent of

each other. What then more natural than an annual examination and inspection of this *trilanz*?

That this method of weighing states and empires is very ancient, appears from Homer, who tells us, that Jupiter himself weighed the fates of Greece and Troy: by what kind of scale he weighed them, I do not find either in Eustathius, or any other commentator; but it is only evident by the side that prevailed, that it could not be Troy weight.

Such, I acknowledge, is the happiness of our present times, such the wisdom and integrity of all those who now compose the legislative power, and such the nice equality of the scales, that any caution of this nature would be altogether unnecessary; but common sense looks farther, and wisely provides against future, remote, and possible dangers.

As, therefore, I apprehend no danger this century, I only propose this measure to commence in the year of our Lord 1800, when, as it is naturally to be presumed that all the persons, of which the legislative power shall be composed, will be such as are now unborn, nobody can tell what may happen, nor how necessary it may be to weigh them frequently, and with the greatest exactness. This, too, is the more practicable here, because we have the balance of Europe now ready in our hands for the purpose: we have held it with vast credit and success, and infinite advantage of late, and no doubt shall continue long in possession of it, so that the legislature may certainly borrow it of the Ministry a couple of days in the year for this domestic purpose.

In the performing of this operation, it seems absolutely necessary that all interchangeable presents, be-

twixt the parties to be weighed, be strictly prohibited, as they might give an undue share of weight to the scale in which they may be thrown, and have the same fatal consequences here, that, in my opinion, they have already had in Indostan; and should it ever happen that, through politeness, or any other motive, grains and drachms should be annually thrown into the Regal scale, it must in the end so far preponderate, that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to retrieve it: nay, another case might happen, that would be very ridiculous, which is, if the Regal scale and the popular scale, at the two extremities of the beam, should both be loaded with the spoils of the middle one, that middle one would still keep dangling, though quite empty.

What has been said hitherto relates only to metaphorical weight, and is meant to recommend to the serious care and attention of posterity the preservation of our happy constitution, and to advise them to be watchful of any the least innovation in any part of it. But I am not sure, whether the real literal weighing of many individuals may not greatly contribute to this good end; and I am the more confirmed in this opinion by an experiment of that kind, which, I am informed, has been for some years last past tried with great success. I am assured that in a great hall, at the country seat of a very considerable person in Christendom,* there is a very magnificent pair of man scales, where the master of the house and his numerous guests are annually weighed, and are as annually found to increase immensely. This hint, I think, may admit of

* The allusion appears to be to Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton. His autumnal meetings at that place used to be called his *Congresses*.

great improvements; something of this kind, whether scales or steel-yards, can be most advantageously made use of the first and last day of every Session of Parliament, though, in my humble opinion, the scale must be found the more decent of the two, because it must appear ludicrous, and consequently turn the whole ceremony into a kind of farce, to see the people of the first rank, both in Church and State, dangling and sprawling at the end of a steel-yard.

But it is certain, that to come some way or other at the intrinsic weight of the individuals who compose our legislature, and to distinguish exactly betwixt that intrinsic weight and the extraneous weight they may be apt to acquire, would greatly tend to preserve a due equilibrium between the collective bodies that form our constitution.

I must own, many difficulties occur to me in this undertaking; but as I am unwearied in my endeavours for the good of my country, I will turn this matter in my thought, till I have reduced it to some method that may appear to me to be practicable, when I shall not fail communicating it to the world for the good of posterity. In the meantime, I shall think myself obliged to any ingenious person who shall send me his thoughts upon this subject, and help me to ascertain the due weight of every individual, as well as a true method of coming at it.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1737.

No. 4.

THE Romans used to say, *ex pede Herculem*, or, you may know Hercules by his foot, intimating, that one may commonly judge of the whole by a part. I confess, I am myself very apt to judge in this manner, and may, without pretending to an uncommon share of sagacity, say that I have very seldom found myself mistaken in it. It is impossible not to form to one's self some opinion of people the first time one sees them, from their air and dress; and a suit of clothes has often informed me, with the utmost certainty, that the wearer had not common sense. The Greeks (to display my learning) said *ἡ δάριον ἀνὴρ*, or the dress shows the man; and it is certain, that of all trifling things, there is none by which people so much discover their natural turn of mind, as by their dress. In greater matters they proceed more cautiously, nature is disguised, and weaknesses are concealed by art or imitation; but in dress they give a loose to their fancy, and by declaring it an immaterial thing, though at the same time they do not think it so, promise themselves at least impunity in their greatest oddnesses and wildest excesses. I shall therefore, in this paper, consider the subject of dress by certain plain rules of common sense, which I shall strictly charge and require all persons to observe.

As dress is more immediately the province, not to say the pleasure, not to say the care, not to say the whole study, of the fair sex, I make my first application to them; and I humbly beg their indulgence, if

the rules I shall lay down should prove a little contrary to those they have hitherto practised. There is a proper dress for every rank, age, and figure, which those who deviate from are guilty of petty-treason against common sense, to prevent which crime for the future, I have some thoughts of disposing, in proper parts of the town, a certain number of babies in the statutable dress for each rank, age, and figure, which, like the 25th of Edward III., shall reduce that matter to a precision.

Dress, to be sensible, must be properly adapted to the person; as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject, which image may not unaptly be carried on through the several branches of it. I am far from objecting to the magnificence of apparel, in those whose rank and fortune justify and allow it; on the contrary, it is a useful piece of luxury, by which the poor and the industrious are enabled to live, at the expense of the rich and the idle. I would no more have a woman of quality dressed in doggrel, than a farmer's wife in heroics. But I hereby notify to the profuse wives of industrious tradesmen and honest yeomen, that all they get by dressing above themselves is the envy and hatred of their inferiors and their equals, with the contempt and ridicule of their superiors.

To those of the first rank in birth and beauty, I recommend a noble simplicity of dress; the subject supports itself, and wants none of the borrowed helps of external ornaments. Beautiful nature may be disfigured, but cannot be improved by art; and as I look upon a very handsome woman to be the finest subject in nature, her dress ought to be epic, modest, noble,

and entirely free from the modern tinsel. I therefore prohibit all *concetti*, and luxuriations of fancy, which only depreciate so noble a subject; and I must do the handsomest women I know the justice to say, that they keep the clearest from these extravagances. Delia's good sense appears even in her dress, which she neither studies nor neglects; but, by a decent and modest conformity to the fashion, equally shuns the triumphant pageantry of an overbearing beauty, or the insolent negligence of a conscious one.

As for those of an inferior rank of beauty, such as are only pretty women, and whose charms result rather from a certain air and *je ne sais quoi* in their whole composition, than from any dignity of figure, or symmetry of features, I allow them greater licences in their own ornaments, because their subject, not being of the sublimest kind, may receive some advantages from the elegance of style, and the variety of images. I, therefore, permit them to dress up to all the flights and fancies of the sonnet, the madrigal, and such-like minor compositions. Flavia may serve for a model of this kind; her ornaments are her amusement, not her care; though she shines in all the gay and glittering images of dress, the prettiness of the subject warrants all the wantonness of the fancy. And if she owes them a lustre, which, it may be, she would not have without them, she returns them graces they could find nowhere else.

There is a third sort, who, with a perfect neutrality of face, are neither handsome nor ugly, and who have nothing to recommend them, but a certain smart and genteel turn of little figure, quick and lively. These I cannot indulge in a higher style than the epigram,

which should be neat, clever, and unadorned, the whole to lie in the sting; and where that lies, is unnecessary to mention.

Having thus gone through the important article of dress, with relation to the three classes of my country-women, who alone can be permitted to dress at all, namely, the handsome, the pretty, and the genteel, I must add, that this privilege is limited by common sense to a certain number of years, beyond which no woman can be any one of the three. I therefore require, that, when turned of thirty, they abate of the vigour of their dress; and that, when turned of forty, they utterly lay aside all thoughts of it. And, as an inducement to them so to do, I do most solemnly assure them, that they may make themselves ridiculous, but never desirable by it. When they are once arrived at the latitude of forty, the propitious gales are over; let them gain the first port, and lay aside their rigging.*

I come now to a melancholy subject, and upon which the freedom of my advice, I fear, will not be kindly taken; but, as the cause of common sense is most highly concerned in it, I shall proceed without regard to the consequences: I mean the ugly, and, I am sorry to say it, so numerous a part of my country-women.

* Far different was the opinion on this subject of one of Lord Chesterfield's contemporaries, and in some respects his rival. We find, in 1737, Lord Hervey writes to Lady Mary Wortley as follows:—

"I ever did, and I believe ever shall, like woman best

"Just in the noon of life—those golden days,

"When the mind ripens ere the form decays."

Mr. Croker adds (Preface to *Memoirs*, p. 55)—"Lady Mary was 'full ripe, being then forty-seven, six years older than he. The lines 'are from a poem of his own.'"

I must, for their own sakes, treat them with some rigour, to save them not only from the public ridicule, but indignation. Their dress must not rise above plain humble prose; and any attempts beyond it amount at best to the mock-heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her which she will entertain so ill. But if she endeavours, by dint of dress, to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented; and when a Gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain if she lost head and all by the hand of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women, who may more properly be called a third sex than a part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavour to be honest good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field-sports, and a cheerful glass, and, if they could get into Parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked how a woman shall know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly; I answer, that, in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and, if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity, and not the severity, of her countenance, that prevented them.

There is another sort of ladies, whose daily insults upon common sense call for the strongest correction, and who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are the sexagenary fair ones, and upwards, who, whether they were handsome or not in the last century, ought at least in this to reduce themselves to a

decency and gravity of dress suited to their years. These offenders are exceedingly numerous: witness all the public places, where they exhibit whatever art and dress can do to make them completely ridiculous. I have often observed septuagenary-great-grand-mothers adorned, as they thought, with all the colours of the rainbow, while in reality they looked more like the decayed worms in the midst of their own silks. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage-settlements, and which no hand, but the cold hand of time, had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here, is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the elegy and the *tristibus*.

What has been said with relation to the fair sex, holds true with relation to the other, only with still greater restrictions, as such irregularities are less pardonable in men than in ladies. A reasonable compliance with the fashion is no disparagement to the best understanding, and an affected singularity would; but an excess, beyond what age, rank, and character will justify, is one of the worst signs the body can hang out, and will never tempt people to call in. I see with indulgence the youth of our nation finely bound, and gilt on the back, and wish they were lettered into the bargain. I forgive them the unnatural scantiness of their wigs, and the immoderate dimensions of their bags, in consideration that the fashion has prevailed, and that the opposition of a few to it would be the greater affectation of the two. Though, by the way, I very much doubt whether they are all of them

gainers by showing their ears; for it is said that Midas, after a certain accident, was the judicious inventor of long wigs. But then these luxuriations of fancy must subside, when age and rank call upon judgment to check its excrescences and irregularities.

I cannot conclude this paper without an animadversion upon one prevailing folly, of which both sexes are equally guilty, and which is attended with real ill consequences to the nation; I mean that rage of foreign fopperies, by which so considerable a sum of ready money is annually exported out of the kingdom, for things which ought not to be suffered to be imported even *gratis*. In order therefore to prevent, as far as I am able, this absurd and mischievous practice, I hereby signify, that I will show a greater indulgence than ordinary to those who only expose themselves in the manufactures of their own country; and that they shall enjoy a connivance, in the nature of a drawback, to those excesses, which otherwise I shall not tolerate.

I must add, that if it be so genteel to copy the French, even in their weaknesses, I should humbly hope it might be thought still more so, to imitate them where they really deserve imitation, which is, in preferring everything of their own to everything of other people's. A Frenchman, who happened to be in England at the time of the last total eclipse of the sun, assured the people, whom he saw looking at it with attention, that it was not to be compared to a French eclipse. Would some of our fine women emulate that spirit, and assert, as they might do with much more truth, that the foreign manufactures are not to be compared to the English, such a declaration

would be worth two or three hundred thousand pounds a year to the kingdom, and operate more effectually than all the laws made for that purpose. The Roman ladies got the Oppian Law, which restrained their dress, repealed, in spite of the unwearied opposition of the elder Cato. I exhort the British ladies to exert their power to better purposes, and to revive, by their credit, the trade and manufactures of their own country, in spite of the supine negligence of those whose more immediate care it ought to be to cultivate and promote them.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1737.

No. 14.

THOSE who attack the fundamental laws of virtue and morality, urge the uncertainty of them, and allege their variations in different countries, and even in different ages in the same countries. Morality, say they, is local, and consequently an imaginary thing, since what is rejected in one climate as a vice, is practised in another as a virtue; and, according to them, the voice of nature speaks as many different languages as there are nations in the world.

The dangers and ill consequences of this doctrine are obvious, but surely the falsity of it is not less so; and the most charitable opinion one can entertain of those who propagate it, is, that they mistake fashion and custom for nature and reason. The invariable laws of justice and morality are the first and universal emanations of human reason, while unprejudiced and

uncorrupted; and we may as well say, that sickness is the natural state of the body, as that injustice and immorality are the natural situation of the mind. We contract most of the distempers of the one, by the irregularity of our appetites, and of the other, by yielding to the impetuosity of our passions; but, in both cases, reason, when consulted, speaks a different language.

I admit, that the prevailing customs and fashions of most countries are not founded upon reason, and, on the contrary, are too frequently repugnant to it: but then the reasonable people of those countries condemn and abhor, though, it may be, they too wittingly comply with, or, at least, have not courage enough openly to oppose, them.

The people of rank and distinction, in every country, are properly called the people of fashion; because, in truth, they settle the fashion. Instead of subjecting themselves to the laws, they take measure of their own appetites and passions, and then make laws to fit them; which laws, though neither founded in justice, nor enacted by a legal authority, too often prevail over, and insult, both justice and authority. This is fashion.

In this light, I have often considered the word *honour* in its fashionable acceptation in this country, and must confess, that, were that the universal meaning of it throughout this kingdom, it would very much confirm the doctrine I endeavour to confute; and would be so contrary to that honour which reason, justice, and common sense, point out, that I should not wonder, if it inclined people to call in question the very existence of honour itself.

The character of a man of honour, as received in the *beau monde*, is something so very singular, that it deserves a particular examination; and, though easier observed than described, I shall endeavour to give my readers a description of it, illustrated with some original pieces, which have luckily fallen into my hands.

A man of honour is one, who peremptorily affirms himself to be so, and who will cut anybody's throat that questions it, though upon the best grounds. He is infinitely above the restraints which the laws of God or man lay upon vulgar minds, and knows no other ties but those of honour; of which word he is to be the sole expounder. He must strictly adhere to a party denomination, though he may be utterly regardless of its principles. His expense should exceed his income considerably, not for the necessaries, but for the superfluities of life, that the debts he contracts may do him honour. There should be a haughtiness and insolence in his deportment, which is supposed to result from conscious honour. If he be choleric, and wrong-headed into the bargain, with a good deal of animal courage, he acquires the glorious character of a man of nice and jealous honour: and, if all these qualifications are duly seasoned with the genteelest vices, the man of honour is complete; anything his wife, children, servants, or tradesmen, may think to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Belville is allowed to be a man of the most consummate honour, that this or any age ever produced. The men are proud of his acquaintance, and the women of his protection; his party glories in being countenanced by him, and his honour is frequently quoted as a sanction for their conduct. But some original

letters, which I shall give my readers, will let them more intimately into the particulars of so shining a character, than mere description would do.

He had run out a considerable fortune by a life of pleasure, particularly by gaming; and, being delicately scrupulous in point of honour, he wrote the following letter to his attorney after an ill run at play:—

"SIR,

"I HAD a d—— tumble last night at hazard, and
 "must raise a thousand within a week; get it me upon
 "any terms, for I would rather suffer the greatest
 "incumbrance upon my fortune, than the least blem-
 "ish upon my honour. As for those clamorous rascals
 "the tradesmen, insist upon my privilege, and keep
 "them off as long as possible; we may chance to ruin
 "some of them, before they can bring us to trial.

"Yours, &c.

"BELVILLE.

"To Mr. Thomas Goosetree, Attorney,
 "in Farnival's Inn."

But, lest the endeavours of Mr. Goosetree should prove ineffectual, Belville, from the same principle of honour resolved, at all events, to secure that sum collaterally and therefore wrote the following letter to the First Minister:—

"SIR,

"I WAS applied to yesterday in your name by
 "*** to vote for the point which is to come into our
 "House to-morrow; but, as it was extremely contrary
 "to my opinion and principles, I gave him no explicit
 "answer, but took some time to consider of it. I have

"therefore the honour now to acquaint you, that I am
"determined to give my concurrence to this affair;
"but must desire, at the same time, that you will im-
"mediately send * * * to me, with the fifteen hundred
"pounds he offered me yesterday, and for which I
"have a pressing occasion this morning. I am per-
"suaded you know me too well to scruple this pay-
"ment beforehand, and that you will not be the first
"person that ever questioned the honour of,

"SIR,

"Your most faithful humble servant,

"BELVILLE."

I find another letter, of the same date, to a lady,
who appears to be the wife of his most intimate friend.

"MY DEAR,

"I HAVE just now received yours, and am very
"sorry for the uneasiness your husband's behaviour
"has given you of late; though I cannot be of your
"opinion, that he suspects our connection. We have
"been bred up together from children, and have lived
"in the strictest friendship ever since; so that I dare
"say he would as soon suspect me of a design to mur-
"der, as wrong him this way. And you know it is to
"that confidence and security of his that I owe the
"happiness that I enjoy. However, in all events, be
"convinced that you are in the hands of a man of
"honour, who will not suffer you to be ill-used; and,
"should my friend proceed to any disagreeable ex-
"tremities with you, depend upon it, I will cut the
"c——'s throat for him.

"Yours most tenderly."

The fourth and last letter is to a friend, who had, probably, as high notions of honour as himself, by the nature of the affair in which he requires his assistance.

"DEAR CHARLES,

"PRYTHEE come to me immediately, to serve me in
"an affair of honour. You must know, I told a d——
"lie last night in a mixed company; and a formal
"odd dog, in a manner, insinuated that I did so: upon
"which, I whispered him to be in Hyde Park this
"morning, and to bring a friend with him, if he had
"such a thing in the world. The booby was hardly
"worth my resentment; but you know my delicacy
"where honour is concerned. "Yours,

"BELVILLE."

It appears, from these authentic pieces, that Mr. Belville, filled with the noblest sentiments of honour, paid all debts but his just ones; kept his word scrupulously in the flagitious sale of his conscience to a Minister; was ready to protect, at the expense of his friend's life, his friend's wife, whom, by the opportunities that friendship had given him, he had corrupted; and punished truth with death, when it intimated, however justly, the want of it in himself.

This person of refined honour, conscious of his own merit and virtue, is a most unmerciful censor of the lesser vices and failings of others; and lavishly bestows the epithets of scoundrel and rascal upon all those who, in a subordinate rank of life, seem to aspire to any genteel degree of immorality. An awkward country gentleman, who sells his silent vote cheap, is with him a sad dog. The industrious tradesmen are

a pack of cheating rascals, who should be better regulated, and not suffered to impose upon people of condition ; and servants are a parcel of idle scoundrels, that ought to be used ill, and not paid their wages, in order to check their insolence.

It is not to be imagined how pernicious the example of such a creature is to society ; he is admired, and consequently imitated : he not only immediately corrupts his own circle of acquaintance, but the contagion spreads itself to infinity, as circles in water produce one another, though gradually less marked out, in proportion as they are remoter from the cause of the first.

To such practice and such examples in higher life, may justly be imputed the general corruption and immorality which prevail through this kingdom. But, when such is the force of fashion, and when the examples of people of the first rank in a country are so prevalent as to dignify vice and immorality, in spite of all laws divine and human, how popular might they make virtue, if they would exert their power in its cause ! and how must they, in their cooler moments, reproach themselves, when they come to reflect that, by their fatal examples, they have beggared, corrupted, and it may be, enslaved a whole nation !

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1737.

No. 16.

I HAVE lately read with great pleasure Father Du Halde's account of China, where I have found several rules of morality and good government, which the

politest nations in Europe might adopt with honour, and practise with advantage. Many of them are conveyed, according to the Oriental custom, in allegories and fables, so that they strike one more sensibly, and imprint themselves deeper in the memory, by their connexion with some familiar image. Among others, I observed this remarkable one, which I shall now give my readers.

Hoen Kong asked his Minister, Koan Tchong, "What was the most to be feared in a Government?" Koan Tchong answered, "In my mind, sir, nothing is more to be dreaded than what they call *the rat in the statue*." Hoen Kong not understanding the allegory, Koan Tchong explained it to him. "You know, sir," said he, "that it is a common practice to erect statues to the genius of the place: these statues are of wood, hollow within, and painted without. If a rat gets into one of them, one does not know how to get him out: one does not care to make use of fire, for fear of burning the wood; one cannot dip it in water, for fear of washing off the colours; so that the regard one has for the statue saves the rat that is got into it. Such, sir, are in every Government those, *who, without virtue or merit, have gained the favour of their prince: they ruin everything; one sees it, one laments it, but does not know how to remedy it.*"

I approve of the moral of the story, and am very much of Koan Tchong's mind, that nothing is to be dreaded more in a Government than this rat in the statue; but how he came to be of that mind himself, I cannot easily comprehend, for our author says he was a Minister, and consequently of the rat kind.

But as he does not indeed say that he was the first, or sole Minister, I am inclined to think that he was only one of those who have the name and salary of Ministers, without any of the power, and who are often glad to give a slap by the bye to the First Minister, though they have not courage enough openly to attack him.

After this short remark, I return to the allegory itself, which I cannot say is so apt as I expected, from a people so much versed in that manner of instruction. The parallel drawn between the Emperor and a wooden statue is so disrespectful and uncourtly, that I could have wished our author had informed us how his Chinese Majesty had relished the similitude, that is, in case he took all the force of it; for, in reality, it was making no difference between an anointed head and a wooden one. A rat may very well eat his way into a statue unseen, unfelt, and unsmelt; but can a Minister, especially such a one as is here described, without virtue or merit, nibble himself into a Prince's favour, and the Prince not smell a rat? It is impossible; and the bare supposition of it was highly injurious to his Royal wisdom and penetration. I will admit, in favour of Koan Tchong, that the Eastern monarchs have not that degree of sagacity, which so eminently distinguishes and adorns the European ones; and I will allow that they are more likely to be surprised and imposed upon by the artifices of a designing Minister; their indolent and retired way of life, soaking in the arms of their Imperial consorts, or wantoning in the embraces of their concubines, not giving them the same opportunity of seeing, or being informed. But still, when this general rule

is universally seen and lamented, as Koan Tchong expresses it, the unanimous voice, the just complaints, the groans, and the desolation, of a ruined and oppressed people must reach, must affect, and must rouse his Majesty, if he be but ever so little above a statue. If not, if such an impossibility could be supposed, I must then confess, that the allegory of the painted wood is so far just, as that the King's head would properly be *but the sign of the Government*.

The conclusion Koan Tchong draws from this allegory is no less false and absurd; for, says he, when the rat is got into the statue, one does not know how to get him out. One does not dare to make use of fire, for fear of burning the wood; one cannot dip it in water, for fear of washing off the colours; so that the regard one has for the statue saves the rat that has got into it. This tender regard for the statue would, with all submission to Koan Tchong, in my opinion, much better have become an Hibernian courtier, than a Chinese one; for it is saying, in very good Irish, that the statue, from regard one has for it, shall be entirely devoured, for fear of being a little damaged or defaced. Whereas I should rather think, that the best way of showing that regard for the statue would be, by saving as much as ever one could of it from the further depredations of the rat; even though it were to cost a limb or two, as is frequently practised upon human bodies. But, to do Koan Tchong justice, I do not impute his reasoning to want of parts; I rather think it was a piece of Ministerial logic, which has been used in other countries besides China. Here the Minister breaks out, and the Minister too, who seems to have no opinion of the distinguishing faculty

of his Prince, when he tries such a piece of sophistry upon him, which, I dare say, he would not have ventured in any other company. For he so closely connects the rat and the statue, and consequently the King and the Minister, that, in effect, he makes them but one flesh, and one would think they grew together like the two Hungarian girls;* by this way of reasoning, whoever attacked this all-devouring rat, *alias* Minister, was an enemy to the statue, *alias* King; and, *vice versâ*, those that were friends to rat and Minister were friends to statue and King.

This indissoluble union would, I own, be most excellent doctrine for a Minister to inculcate, could he find either King or nation weak enough to believe it; but I can never imagine that anything so absurd could be received by the Chinese, who are a wise and sensible people: at least, it could not extend itself beyond the walls of the palace.

Let us now consider the allegory literally. These sacred, painted, tawdry images are erected to the genii of the place: they are the productions of superstition, and, probably, the creatures of the Bonzes, who dub them sacred, and exhibit them as representations, wooden ones, alas! of the Divinity. Sacrilegious rats eat their way into them, and endanger their wooden existence. What is to be done? Why truly they are to devour with impunity, for fear the statue should receive some small damage in the rescue; as if there were not a thousand ways of coming at the rat, with little or no danger to the statue. For instance, shaking

* Two girls from Hungary who, some years previously, had been shown as a sight in London, not unlike the Siamese twins of the present age.

it soundly might probably make the dwelling of the rat so uneasy, that he might be willing to quit it, for fear of something worse afterwards.

There is another obvious expedient that occurs, which is that of sending a cat up after him: but to this, I own, I have some objection myself, because, though the cat would kill the rat, he would possibly remain in his place, and be as unwilling to quit it. But is it possible that the useful art of rat-catching should be unknown to so ingenious a people as the Chinese? If it is, I would advise our East India Company to send them a rat-catcher or two next voyage, for whom they might expect as considerable returns, and advantages, as Whittington is reported to have made by his cat. Though, I am very sorry to say it, the noble art and mystery of rat-catching has greatly declined even here of late; and I should be at a loss to find an honest and skilful artist to recommend to them.

But can one suppose, that the religion and piety of the Bonzes would suffer them to remain indifferent spectators of such sacrilegious outrages; and that they, who can dislodge a devil, cannot get out a rat; unless one has little charity enough to believe, that the Bonzes, by a sort of commutation, are not unwilling to let the rats take sanctuary in their statues, to be rid of them themselves, and so, by an interested and impious connivance, give up their gods to save their bacon?

To come now to the allegorical sense, which Koan Tchong had such a mind to establish. A Minister without virtue or merit gains the favour of his Prince: he ruins everything; one sees it, one laments it, but one does not know how to remedy it. To me the remedy

seems very easy and obvious; take the Minister away from him, and prevent the ruin, that threatened both him and his country. I do not doubt, indeed, but the Minister would, during the operation, cry out, like Koan Tchong; you attack the King, you deface the King, you wound the King through my sides, and would plead the King, as women do their bellies, to respite execution: but, surely, upon examination, a degree of sagacity, much inferior to that of matrons, would be sufficient to bring him in not quick with King, but a distinct and separate body, easily removed, without the least danger to the Sovereign.

Having fully discussed this allegory, I shall conclude with adopting one part of it, which is, that nothing is so much to be dreaded in a Government, as a Minister without virtue or merit, who gains the favour of his Prince; but with entirely rejecting the latter part, that one sees and laments it, but, out of regard to the Prince, one does not know how to remedy it; since that very regard for the Prince should excite one to endeavour it, and common sense points out the means of doing it, if there be but common honesty enough to put them in practice.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1737.

No. 19.

TO THE AUTHOR OF COMMON SENSE.

—“*Voce[m] Comœdia tollit.*”—HOR.
Comedy lifts her voice.

SIR,

As the cause of common sense and the stage are jointly concerned, some observations on the Bill depending at present for the regulation of the latter* cannot be thought improper for your paper; especially since I believe it will appear by them to be ineffectual to the end proposed, and injurious to the poet, the player, and the public.

The end, proposed by this Bill, is the regulation of theatrical entertainments, which, from their excess, fill both town and country with idleness and debauchery; and, from being under no restraint, exhibit to the public encomiums on vice, and laugh away the sober principles of modesty and virtue.

A design of this kind is certainly worthy the care of the legislature; since every one, who thinks in the just mean between libertinism and severity, must be convinced that a well-governed stage is an ornament to the society, an encouragement to wit and learning, and a school of virtue and good manners; while a licentious one is the parent of loose desires, a nursery of vice, effeminacy, and irreligion.

* For the Play-house Bill of 1737, see the Introduction to Lord Chesterfield's Parliamentary Speeches at the commencement of this volume.

But let us examine the present Bill by the end proposed.

Will it tend to a regulation by decreasing the number?

I think it is plain, that it will have the contrary effect; since, while a discretionary power of licensing them remains in any one person whatsoever, a way is left open for APPLICATION, which, it cannot be thought, will be always unsuccessful. And I see no reason why it is not as well worth the charge of a Ministry to send companies of strollers round to the corporations, to entertain them *gratis* with political plays before an election, as it has been to circulate political newspapers upon the like occasion. For it may very well be presumed, that Caleb* hanged in effigy, and dropping limb from limb like Harlequin, will conduce as much to render him unpopular in a country audience, as the wit and satire of a Gazetteer. And no one can doubt, but that common sense will be exposed upon such stages, and ridiculed, for the diversion of a Mayor and Aldermen, with great success. Nor can this conjecture of mine be thought improbable, from any difficulty to supply such a number of inferior play-houses with actors and poetry; since, in the present state of trade, the excise officers may, at their leisure hours, supply the first, and the several ingenious authors of the Gazetteer Club for the other. The miraculous Sir A. B. must have an excellent head for a political pantomime; and Mrs. Osborne herself can condescend to be waggish for the service of the Government.

This scheme, in time, must affect the freedom of election, since a purse-proud Court-candidate might

* Caleb Danvers in the Craftsman.

easily draw into his interest the governing part of most corporations, I mean the women, by this terrible menace, "D—— me, madam, if you do not make Mr. Mayor return me, you shall have no more plays, by "G——."

As it is plain therefore that this scheme must increase the number, will it produce any good effect by any restraint that will probably be laid on the pieces performed?

The answer that will be given to this question is, that they must all undergo my Lord Chamberlain's inspection. Is then every Lord Chamberlain a wit and a critic, just as every Merry Andrew is a physician, by his office? or is it reasonable to suppose that one man can peruse all the dramatic poetry that is produced in this scribbling kingdom of Great Britain; or even in that small retreat of the Muses, where most of these pieces are generated, and from whence, for the future, we must expect a supply? As this is in its nature impossible, my Lord will probably delegate his authority to some of his domestics; the chaplain, for tragedy; the cook, or the porter, may execute the office of comedy-inspector. And when that is the case, besides the abuse of justice, which is always seen in inferior jurisdictions, nobody can suppose these delegates can have equal taste in the politer studies, or be as good judges of wit and morality, as my Lord himself: nor will they be inclined to men of merit in the profession of poetry, who are so little versed in the proper methods of making court to their superiors.

Besides, if the scheme above-mentioned is put into execution, wit and satire will be postponed for party

reflection and abuse. The comic glass, instead of exposing vice and folly, will be made a corrupt use of, to magnify the features of some honest country squire in the opposition into a Papist or a Saracen, to the affright of himself and his neighbours; while the curiosity of the vulgar, and the opportunities of indulging it at these entertainments, will still continue, and have the same tendency to produce idleness and luxury as they have at present; though it may be presumed that the taste for these entertainments will, by this method, gradually decay.

I think I have, by these few observations above, demonstrated that this Bill cannot have its desired effect. I shall now endeavour to prove that it will be injurious to the poet, the player, and the public in general.

It is very well known how difficult it is at present for merit, without interest, to bring any play upon the stage: and will the pride and self-conceit of the manager be abated by this regulation? or, can a poet's temper be brought to submit to strike out whatever offends so many critics, as will have a judicial authority to blot by virtue of this Act? The necessitous indeed will, perhaps with reluctance, comply: but what can be expected from that band, who prefer solid pudding to empty praise? Can it be thought that a man, who has sense and learning enough to write a play fit for the stage, and who has stood the judgment of a play-house monarch and his privy-council of critics, will be induced to cringe to a chaplain, a porter, a cook, or a secretary?

If I might presume to speak my judgment, formed on experience, I scarce believe he would submit to my Lord himself.

Here, then, is a manifest discouragement to that species of learning which instructs youth, and delights in age; which is an ornament to the man of fortune, a comfort and support of necessity; which entertains in the closet, and diverts abroad; shortens the journey of the traveller, and is a cheerful companion in solitude and exile.*

As this is a discouragement to poetry, so it lays such a restraint on the actor, and so subjects him to the arbitrary will of an insolent patentee, that few, I believe, will think it worth their while to leave the law, the counter, or Ireland itself, to get a poor tawdry subsistence on the stage.

If dramatic poesy is, under proper regulations, a benefit, the discouragement of it in general, which, from what has been observed above, will be effected by this Act, must be injurious to the public; and if this Bill should pass into a law, a Wycherley or Congreve will never rise again on the English stage: for there will be always fools enough to fill the licensed play-houses, that delight in farce, noise, and show; and while that is the case, no manager will run the hazard of endeavouring to refine the taste of the vulgar, by complying with that of the learned.

Besides the loss of the little wit still remaining among us, I am afraid that the swarm of insignificant mortals, who are now employed in the study of this kind of poetry, will, upon the disadvantage this Bill will lay them under, desert this only fertile spot of Parnassus, and join in an insurrection with the distillers, or turn from robbing the dead to the plunder of the living.

* Cicero, Orat. pro Archiâ Poëtâ.

I need not here mention the infringement attempted by this Act on the liberty of the press.

But if, notwithstanding these few hasty objections, the wisdom of the Legislature should think proper to pass this Bill, I would beg leave to submit the two following amendments to their consideration.

First, that the strolling companies, licensed, be restrained to some particular number, and not be permitted to act in any borough or corporation.

Secondly, since wit and modesty, morality and religion, ought chiefly to be regarded in these entertainments, that everything destructive of either may be sure to be expunged; and since the fair sex have lately shown so laudable a zeal for wit, that they may have a share in the administration of it; I propose that the Lord Chamberlain's power, given by this Act, be transferred to a Committee of the Maids of Honour and Bishops, who shall act in joint commission in this important affair, since the first are the best judges of wit and modesty, the latter of morality and religion in this kingdom.

Yours,

A. Z.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1737.

No. 25.

IT is the complaint of most men, who have lived any time in the world, that the present age is much degenerated in its morals within the memory of man. I am afraid this complaint is not altogether without foundation. That there has been a gradual decay of public spirit for some years, cannot be denied, and

which owes its original, if I am not very much mistaken, to our party divisions.

There is a particular maxim among parties, which alone is sufficient to corrupt a whole nation, which is, to countenance and protect the most infamous fellows who happen to herd amongst them. There is no man, let his private character be ever so scandalous, that can be of some use to serve a turn, but immediately grows to be a man of consequence with his party.

It is something shocking to common sense, to see the man of honour and the knave, the man of parts and the blockhead, put upon an equal foot, which is often the case amongst parties. In the struggles that happen about elections, when some candidate of a fair character has been set up on one side, how often have you seen the most abandoned knave of the other party put up to oppose him, and both supported with equal zeal! Parties will always find something or other, in the worst of men, to reconcile them to the obnoxious parts of their characters. He that has sense enough to distinguish right from wrong can make a noise; nay, the less sense the more obstinacy, especially in a bad cause; and the greater knave, the more obedient to his leaders, especially when they are playing the rogue. These are the best tools; and such are the qualities necessary for putting in execution the bad measures which the corrupt leaders of parties intend to carry on, if they are uppermost.

Party zeal changes the name of things; black is white, vice is virtue, a bribe in an office is called a perquisite, and the most studied and concerted fraud, that can enter into the head of the most thorough-paced knave, shall be voted a little negligence. In

fine, party merit takes away all blots and stains out of the blackest characters; and he that deserves to be hanged, by all laws human and divine, for his conduct in private life, may, at the same time, be an angel with his party.

Mendax, while he held an office in the state, is detected in a little mean fraud; for Mendax was of a complexion so delicate, and had something in his conscience so scrupulously nice, that he fancied he wronged his family, if he did not play the rogue whenever anything was to be got by it; but, however, Mendax, in a public capacity, has been always true to the troop. The chiefs of the party having met, to consider how to behave with respect to Mendax in this critical juncture, all the men of honour amongst them were for giving him up, and even joining in any punishment that might be laid upon him, in order to convince the world, that they would not protect the man that had wronged his country; but a veteran, who was grown old in all the iniquitous practices of party, and who had acquired authority by his experience, was quite of another opinion. "Mendax," says he, "has always been an active member of the cause: and what have we to do with his morals, or his honour?" adding, "The man that is true to the troop must always be screened, let him be guilty of what he will."

Thus, by the detestable politics of party, Mendax was countenanced and caressed under the infamy of a most scandalous fraud; and lived to do his country more mischief, by the corruption which he afterwards spread through it, than a famine, a plague, or a war, could have done.

If we look back into the history of a few years past, we shall find that the immense estates that have been made, by the numerous fraudulent projects with which this virtuous age has abounded, have been by persons who pretended to be zealous party men, and have gone great lengths in party : nay, some have been so cunning as to shift sides, and go over to the strongest, just before they have resolved to strike some bold stroke, wisely securing a good retreat before they enter upon action ; so that I have often thought, that a strong party is the same thing to a cheat, that a strong island in the West Indies is to a pirate, a place of safety to lay up all he has stolen.

As I have intitled my paper, Common Sense, the public may depend upon it, that I shall not write the sense of a party, because common sense must be free from all prejudice, and party sense is observed to be rarely so. I will farther add, that I take common sense and common honesty to be so near akin, that, whenever I see a man turn knave, I shall not stick to pronounce him a fool. I have the experience of the times in which I have lived, to justify me in this opinion. I never knew a man, that set out with good principles, and afterwards became a prostitute to men in power, but some creature of a little, narrow, mean understanding. A piece of ribbon, or a word added to a name, shall reconcile a fool to the most destructive measures that the most corrupt Minister or Ministers can enter upon : but common sense has some modesty ; it has a sense of shame, and cannot act in direct opposition to truth and honour.

But I am farther of opinion, that, if a writer should at this time expect to make his way in the world, and

to become popular, by running violently into all the prejudices of a party, he would meet with a reception from the public very different from what he expected. Party prejudice is not the same thing it was. The malignity of the distemper is worn out; and it must be a singular pleasure to a man who loves his country, to find that those two odious distinctions of Whig and Tory, with which we formerly reproached one another, are used no more. All men unplaced, and unpensioned, talk and think alike; and we see gentlemen, who were bred up in opposite principles, and, though in other respects men of honour, had imbibed all the prejudices of their respective parties, now meet and shake hands, and, upon comparing notes, wonder that they had ever differed: and what makes it more extraordinary is, that all this should happen without their being reproached, either by their country, or their particular friends, of changing their principles; which shows there is something in an honest and an upright conduct, that will carry it through the world, and support it against all the suggestions that calumny can invent.

I will not say, that it is prosperity that has wrought this great change. I am afraid this union of minds is not owing to a universal content of the nation: the causes of it are too well known to need any explanation; but, be it as it will, it is certain that the cure of any grievances that may fall upon us can come from nothing else but this union. This is not only my opinion; it is certainly the opinion of those whose safety, next to the corruption of the times, depends upon our divisions.

When a nation is divided against itself, how great

must be the providence that must save it from sinking! When the people are broken into parties and factions, worrying and reviling one another, what a fine harvest it yields to the common enemy! If I should be asked, who is that common enemy? I shall only answer, that there are banditti in time of peace as well as in time of war; there are free-booters, who are not regularly listed on either side, and who, while both sides are engaged against each other, will certainly plunder the nation.

I will only say, beware of those who are labouring to keep alive the animosities of party. It is true, they have laboured in vain; and Providence has so confounded their devices, that they have united us by the very methods they took to keep us asunder; but they have not yet given up the game for lost. They are continually throwing out bones of contention; they are raking up the dying embers of party, in hopes of kindling a new flame.

There is a set of men, who are governed by no principles, and have no friends or followers but such as are attached to them for mercenary ends. These assume to themselves the name of a party, though they do not carry so much as the appearance of it: it is they who are for fomenting divisions, in hopes that, when the madness of party shall again seize the people, both sides will by turns fall in with them, in order to be revenged and undo each other, which will save a great deal in bribes; a method of doing business, which must have an end, when there is no money left in the nation. But it happens, that they have been so awkward in concealing their foul play, that all the world has seen through it; and it looks as if

Providence had infatuated their cunning, with a kind intention of putting us upon our guard, and of rousing that ancient spirit of our people which has preserved this nation when any encroachments have been made upon its liberties.

But though there may be no dangerous designs at present, and the whole body of the people may entertain the same opinion of the good intentions and of the great abilities of our present set of Ministers as they really merit, yet it is not amiss to have our eyes about us. Political jealousy is inseparable from the minds of good patriots; it is their duty to be watchful for the public, and suspicious of the designs of men in power. A certain degree of this jealousy is absolutely necessary to be kept up at all times, for the preservation of liberty. This jealousy, I say, is our great security; and it cannot decay till public spirit decays.

The individuals of that great body called *the people*, are so taken up with their several avocations, that they are not always at leisure to examine well the designs of men in power, and to see through those disguises which they endeavour to throw over bad measures; therefore it is the duty of every private man to give the alarm whenever he perceives anything doing which must have a tendency to alter and impair that plan of Government under which we and our ancestors have lived free.—And this we propose shall be partly the business of this paper.

The adversaries, that in all probability will oppose us in this design, are not much to be feared. That paper, which is looked upon as the work of the greatest wits, and most profound politicians of the faction, for they are not to be called a party, might

be excelled by the lowest productions in Grub Street ; yet here you see all the good sense that is amongst them, and it would be reason enough for making the people uneasy, if they should have a notion that the public affairs were to be managed by such hands as publish the most idle, the most inconsistent, and most slavish schemes of politics that the world ever saw.

I cannot help thinking, that they have taken up a notion, that the only qualification of a political writer is a hardy and intrepid manner of asserting what is not, and of denying what is. As to their profligate manner of endeavouring to turn public spirit into ridicule, they have done it with so little wit, that they have not been able to gain the very laughers on their side. Thanks be to their dulness, it rises against their opposition : he that laughs with them, must laugh without a jest ; and therefore, as often as I saw my predecessors employ their wit against those who never used that weapon against them, I own I did not look upon it as very generous in them. Methinks, if I were master of that weapon called wit, I should be as much ashamed of drawing it against an Osborne, or a Walsingham, as I should of drawing a sword against a naked man.

Upon the whole, though I have promised never to be dull with design, yet I would not have the public expect much from me at such times as I shall be drawn into a dispute with that paper, which has a mob of Swiss writers to support it ; it is a Briareus with an hundred hands, but not one head : and as there is neither conduct, nor order, nor discipline, nor honour, amongst them, they will be as easily defeated as any other rabble.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1737.

No. 30.

THOUGH the separation of the Parliament generally suspends the vigour of political altercations, I doubt it creates domestic ones, not less sharp and acrimonious; and, possibly, the individuals of both Houses may find as warm debates at home, as any they have met with during the course of the Session.

Their motion for adjourning into the country is, I believe, seldom seconded by their wives and daughters; and, if at last they carry it, it is more by the exertion of their authority, than by the cogency of their reasoning.

This act of power, so strenuously withstood at first, and so unwillingly submitted to at last, lays but an indifferent foundation of domestic harmony during their retirement; and I am surprised that the Throne, which never fails, at the end of the Session, to recommend to both Houses certain wholesome and general rules for their behaviour and conduct, when scattered in their respective counties, should hitherto have taken no notice of their ladies, nor have made them the least excuse for the disagreeable consequences which result to them from the recess. Nay, even in the female reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, I cannot discover that any advice, or application of this nature, has ever been directed to the fair sex; as if their uneasiness and dissatisfaction were matters of no concern to the peace and good order of the kingdom in general.

For my own part, I see this affair in a very different light; and I think I shall do both my country

and the Ministry good service, if, by any advice and consolation I can offer to my fair countrywomen, in this their dreadful time of trouble and trial, I can alleviate their misfortunes, and mitigate the horrors of their retirement; since it is obvious, that the people in the country, who see things but at a distance, will never believe that matters go right, when they observe a general discontent in every one but the master of the family, whose particular tranquillity they may, possibly, ascribe to particular reasons, and not to the happy state of the public. Besides that, my real concern and regard for the fair sex excites my compassion for them; and I sympathise with them in that scene of grief and despair which the prospect of their six months' exile presents to them.

I own I have been so sensibly touched, as I have gone along the streets, to see, at the one pair of stairs windows, so many fine eyes bathed in tears, and dismally fixed upon the fatal waggons loading at their doors, that I resolved my endeavours should not be wanting to administer to them whatever amusement or comfort I could think of under their present calamity.

The ancient philosophers have left us most excellent rules for our conduct, under the various afflictions to which we are liable. They bid us not be grieved at misfortunes, nor pleased with prosperity; and undeniably prove that those imaginary ills of old age, sickness, the loss of friends, fortune, &c., would really not be ills, if we were but wise enough not to be affected by them. But I have nowhere found in their writings any consolation offered to the fair sex, to support and strengthen them under the rigours of a country life.

Whether this barbarous custom of confining the ladies half the year in the country was not practised among the ancients, whether the case was not looked upon as above comfort or below attention, or whether the Goths and Vandals may not have deprived the learned world of those valuable treatises, I cannot tell: but this is certain, that I know no case of greater compassion, and few of greater consequence, than that of a fine woman hurried not only by her husband, but *with* her husband, from all the joys of London, to all the horrors of the mansion-seat in the country, where, not to mention many other circumstances of this tyranny in one particular, I fear it too often resembles the Mezentian cruelty of tying a living body to a dead one.

I first address myself to those ladies, whose distinguished beauty, delicacy, and accomplishments, justly place them at the head of the pleasures and fashion of the town. Their will is the law, and their example the model of the polite world: possessed, one half of the year, of more than Imperial sway, the other half they groan under the usurped power of their husbands. Nay, even the superior beauty of many ladies, like the superior merit of many illustrious Athenians, has often both caused and prolonged their exile. Can Kings deposed and imprisoned experience a more cruel reverse of fortune than this? Their case is certainly above comfort; and I own I am at a loss what to recommend to them. *Succedanea* there are none; I shall only endeavour to suggest lenitives.

I am not absurd enough, even to hint the usual rural recreations, of fetching a walk, a horse-race, an assize-ball, or a sillabub under the red-cow, which must all of them be exceedingly shocking to their

delicacy. Besides, I know, that at their first arrival in the country they entirely give up all hopes, not only of pleasure, but of comfort, and from a just contempt of whatever they are to see or hear, plunge themselves at once into an august melancholy and a sullen despair, like captive princesses in a tragedy.

I wish I could procure them a six-months' sleep or, annihilation; but as that is not in my power, the best advice I can give them, is to carry down a provision of the tenderest books, which will at once improve their style, nourish all the delicacy of their sentiments, and keep imagination awake.

The most voluminous romances are the most serviceable, and wear the best in the country, since four or five of them will very near hold out the season. Besides that, the pleasing descriptions of the flowery vales, where the tender heroines so often bewailed the absence of their much-loved heroes, may, by the help of a little imagination and an elegant sympathy, render the solitary prospect of the neighbouring fields a little more supportable.

This serious study may sometimes be diversified by short and practical novels, of which the French language furnishes great abundance. Here the catastrophe comes sooner, and nature has its share, as well as sentiments; so that a lady may exactly fit the humour she happens to be in.

If a gentle languor only inspires tender sentiments, she may find, in the clearest light, whatever can be said upon *le cœur et l'esprit*, to indulge those thoughts; or, if intruding nature breaks in with warmer images, she will likewise find in those excellent manuals suitable and corresponding passages. The pleasing tumult

of the senses, the soft annihilation, and the expiring sighs of the dissolving happy pair, may agreeably recall the memory of certain transactions in the foregoing winter, or anticipate the expected joys of the ensuing one.

Some time, too, may be employed, in epistolary correspondence with distressed, sympathizing friends in the same situation, pathetically describing all the disagreeable circumstances of the country, with this just exception only, "that one could bear with it well" "enough for two or three months in the summer, with" "the company one liked, and without the company" "one disliked."

As for the more secret and tender letters, which are to go under two or three directions, and as many covers, the uppermost to be directed by trusty Betty, and by her given into the postman's own hand, they of course furnish out the most pleasing moments of the confinement; and I dare say I need neither recommend them, nor the attentive and frequent perusal of the answers returned to them.

But, as these occupations will necessarily meet with some interruption, and as there will be intervals in the day when thoughts will claim their share, as at dinner with my Lord or his neighbours, or on Sundays at church, I advise that they should be turned as much as possible from the many disagreeable to the few agreeable prospects which the country affords.

Let them reflect that these absences, however painful for the time, revive and animate passions, which, without some little cessation, might decay and grow languid. Let them consider how propitious the chapter of accidents is to them in the country, and what

charming events they may reasonably flatter themselves with, from the effusion of strong beer and port, and the friendly interposition of hedges, ditches, and five-barred gates, not to mention another possible contingency, of their husbands meeting with Actæon's fate from their own hounds, which, whether probable or not, they know best.

With these prospects and these dissipations, I should hope they may pass, or rather kill, the tedious time of their banishment without very great anxiety; but if that cannot be, there is but one expedient more which occurs to me, and which I have often known practised with success, that is, the colic and pains of the stomach, to such a degree as absolutely to require the assistance of the bath. The colic, in the stomach I mean, is a clean genteel distemper, and by no means below women of the first condition, and they should always keep it by them to be used as occasion requires; for as its diagnostics are neither visible nor certain, it is pleadable against husband, neighbours, and relations, without any possibility of being traversed.

As for those ladies who move but in a second sphere in town, their case is far from being so compassionate, their fall from London to the country being by no means so considerable; nay, in some particulars, I am not sure if they are not gainers by it. For they are indisputably in the country, what they never are in town, the first. They give currency to fashions and expressions, they are stared at, admired, and consulted; and the female district forms itself upon their model. They are likewise of a more accommodating temper, and can let themselves down to country recreations; they do not disdain the neighbouring assembly, nor

the Captain of Dragoons who commands at it. They can swallow a glass of red wine and a macaroon in the evening, when hospitably tendered them by the squire's lady, or the parson's wife; and, upon a pinch, can make up a country dance at night, with the help of the butler, the housekeeper, and a couple of chairs.

It is true, these are but condescensions, too, which they would be horribly ashamed of, should they be detected in the fact by any of their London acquaintance; but still, with these helps, the summer goes off tolerably well, till bad roads, bad weather, and long evenings change the scene. Then comes the dire domestic struggle; the lady exposes with satire and contempt the rustic pleasures that detain them in the country; the husband retorts the pleasures of a different nature, which, he conceives, invite her ladyship up to town; warmth ensues, the lady grows eloquent, the husband coarse, and from that time till the day is fixed for going to London, peace is banished the family.

The bath would be of sovereign efficacy in this case too, and, like the waters of Lethe, would wash away the remembrance of these disagreeable incidents; but, if that cannot be compassed, the last resort I can recommend to these ladies is, by the alternate and proper use of clamour and sullenness, invectives and tears, to reduce their husbands to seek for quiet in town.

How useful these my endeavours for the service of my fair countrywomen may prove, I cannot pretend to say; but I hope, at least, they will be acceptable to them, and that in return for my good intentions, they will admit my paper, with their tea-tables, to dissipate some of the tedious moments of their retirement.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1737.

No. 32.

MONSIEUR DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT very justly observes, that people are never ridiculous from their real, but from their affected characters; they cannot help being what they are, but they can help attempting to appear what they are not. A humpback is by no means ridiculous, unless it be under a fine coat; nor a weak understanding, unless it assumes the lustre and ornaments of a bright one. Good-nature conceals and pities the inevitable defects of body or mind, but is not obliged to treat acquired ones with the least indulgence. Those who would pass upon the world talents which they have not, are as guilty in the common course of society, as those who, in the way of trade, would put off false money knowing it to be such; and it is as much the business of ridicule to expose the former, as of the law to punish the latter.

I do not here mean to consider the affectation of moral virtues, which comes more properly under the definition of hypocrisy, and justly excites our indignation and abhorrence as a criminal deceit, but I shall confine myself now to the affectation of those lesser talents and accomplishments, without any of which a man may be a very worthy valuable man, and only becomes a very ridiculous one by pretending to them. Those people are the proper, and, it may be, the only proper objects of ridicule; for they are above fools, who are below it, and below wise men, who are above it. They are the coxcombs Lord Rochester describes

as self-created, and of whom he says, that God never made one worth a groat. Besides, as they are rebels and traitors to common sense, whose natural-born subjects they are, I am justified in treating them with the utmost rigour.

I cannot be of the general opinion, that these coxcombs have first imposed upon themselves, and really think themselves what they would have others think them. On the contrary, I am persuaded that every man knows himself best, and is his own severest censor; nay, I am convinced that many a man has lived and died with faults and weaknesses, which nobody but himself ever discovered. It is true they keep their own secrets inviolate, which makes people believe they have not found it out. Why do we discern the failings of our friends sooner and better than we do other people's, but because we interest ourselves more in them? By the same rule we feel our own still sooner. And possibly, in this case alone, we are kinder to our friends than to ourselves, since I very much question if a man would love his friend so well if he were faultless, and he would certainly like himself the better for being so. If this supposition be true, as I think it is, my coxcombs are both the more guilty and the more ridiculous, as they live in a constant course of practical lying, and in the absurd and sanguine hopes of passing undetected.

Fatuus, the most consummate coxcomb of this or any other age or country, has parts enough to have excelled in almost any one thing he would have applied himself to. But he must excel in all. He must be at once a wit, a lover, a scholar, and a statesman; yet, conscious of the impracticability of the under-

taking, he parcels out his accomplishments, and compounds to have the several branches of his merit admired in separate districts.

Hence, he talks politics to his women, wit to Ministers of State, displays his learning to beaux, and brags of his success in gallantry to his country neighbours. His caution is a proof of his guilt, and shows that he does not deceive himself, but only hopes to impose upon others. Fatuus's parts have undone him, and brought him to a bankruptcy of common sense and judgment; as many have been ruined by great estates, which led them into expenses they were not able to support.

There are few so universal coxcombs as Fatuus, to whom I therefore gave the post of honour; but infinite are the numbers of minor coxcombs, who are coxcombs *quoad hoc*, and who have singled out certain accomplishments, which they are resolved to possess in spite of reluctant nature. Their most general attempts are at wit and women, as the two most shining and glittering talents in the *beau monde*.

Thus Protervus, who has a good serious understanding, contrives to pass almost for a fool, because he will be a wit. He must shine; he admires and pursues the lustre of wit, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, leads him out of his way into all sorts of absurdities. He is awkwardly pert; he puns, twists words, inverts sentences, and retails in one company the scraps he has picked up in another; but still, conscious of his own insufficiency, he cautiously seeks to shine where he hopes he may dazzle, and prudently declines the encounter of the strongest eyes. How often have I seen his unnatural alacrity suddenly confounded, and

shrinking into silence at the appearance of somebody of avowed and unquestioned wit.

Ponderosus has a slow laborious understanding, a good memory, and, with application, might succeed in business; but truly he must be a fine man, and succeed with women. He exposes his clumsy figure by adorning it, makes declaration of love with all the form and solemnity of a proclamation, and ridiculously consumes in revels the time he might usefully employ at the desk. He cannot be ignorant of his ill-success; he feels it, but endeavours to impose upon the world by hinting, in one set of company, his successes in another, and by whispering in public places, with an air of familiarity, such indifferent trifles, as would not justify the woman in refusing to hear them. But how have I seen him skulk at the approach of the real favourite, and betray his consciousness of his affected character! Be it known to Ponderosus, and all those of his turn, that this vanity, besides the absurdity of it, leads them into a most immoral attempt; and that this practical defamation of a woman more justly deserves an action at law, than a coarse word rashly uttered.

Garrulus hopes to pass for an orator, without either words or matter; it is plain he knows his own poverty, by his laborious robbery of authors. He passes the nights in book-breaking, and puts off in the day-time the stolen goods as his own, but so awkwardly and unskilfully, that they are always brought back to their true owners.

Bavius, ballasted with all the lead of a German, will rise into poetry, without either ear or invention: he recites, what he calls his verses, to his female rela-

tions and his city acquaintance, but never mentions them to Pope.

Perplexus insists upon being a man of business, and, though formed, at best, for a letter-carrier, will be a letter-writer; but, conscious that he can neither be necessary nor useful, endeavours to be tolerated by an implicit conformity to men and times.

In short, there are as many species of coxcombs, as there are desirable qualifications and accomplishments in life; and it would be endless to give instances of every particular vanity and affectation, by which men either make themselves ridiculous, or, at least, depreciate the other qualities they really possess. Every one's observation will furnish him with examples enough of this kind. But I will now endeavour to point out the means of avoiding these errors, though, indeed, they are so obvious in themselves, that one should think it unnecessary, if one did not daily experience the contrary.

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything, but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarce any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him, by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind, what conscience is to the heart, the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly, but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education, for they are hard to distinguish, a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and end-

less labour of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will at best be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous. Mankind, in general, have not the indulgence and good-nature to save a whole city for the sake of five righteous, but are more inclined to condemn many righteous for the sake of a few guilty. And a man may easily sink many virtues by the weight of one folly, but will hardly be able to protect many follies by the force of one virtue. The players, who get their parts by heart, and are to simulate but for three hours, have a regard, in choosing those parts, to the natural bent of their genius. Penkethman never acted Cato, nor Booth, Scrub; their invincible unfitness for those characters would inevitably have broke out in the short time of their representation. How then shall a man hope to act with success all his life long a borrowed and ill-suited character? In my mind, Pinkey got more credit by acting Scrub well, than he would have got by acting Cato ill; and I would much rather be an excellent shoemaker, than a ridiculous and inept Minister of State. I greatly admire our industrious neighbours, the Germans, for many things, but for nothing more than their steady adherence to the voice of nature; they indefatigably pursue the way she has chalked out to them, and never deviate into any irregularities of character. Thus many of the first rank, if happily turned to mechanics, have employed their whole lives in the incatenation of fleas, or the curious sculpture of cherry-stones, while others, whose thirst of knowledge leads them to investigate the secrets of nature,

spend years in their elaboratory in pursuit of the philosopher's stone, but none, that I have heard of, ever deviated into an attempt at wit. Nay, even due care is taken in the education of their Princes that they may be fit for something, for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that if their genius does not lead them to be able Princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners.

I will conclude my remonstrance to the coxcombs of Great Britain with this admonition and engagement, that "they disband their affectations, and common sense shall be their friend." Otherwise I shall proceed to further extremities, and single out, from time to time, the most daring offenders.

I must observe, that the word coxcomb is of the common gender, both masculine and feminine; and that the male coxcombs are equalled in number by the female ones, who shall be the subject of my next paper.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1737.

No. 33.

HAVING, in my former paper, censured with freedom the affectations and follies of my own sex, I flatter myself that I shall meet with the indulgence of the ladies, while I consider, with the same impartiality, those weaknesses and vanities to which their sex is as liable as ours, and, if I dare say so, rather more, as their sphere of action is more bounded and circumscribed. Man's province is universal, and compre-

hends everything, from the culture of the earth to the government of it; men only become coxcombs by assuming particular characters for which they are particularly unfit, though others may shine in those very characters. But the case of the fair sex is quite different, for there are many characters which are not of the feminine gender, and, consequently, there may be two kinds of women-coxcombs; those who affect what does not fall within their department, and those who go out of their own natural characters, though they keep within the female province.

I should be very sorry to offend, where I only mean to advise and reform; I therefore hope the fair sex will pardon me, when I give ours this preference. Let them reflect that each sex has its distinguishing characteristic; and if they can with justice, as certainly they may, brand a man with the name of a cott-queen, if he invades a certain female detail, which is unquestionably their prerogative, may not we, with equal justice, retort upon them, when, laying aside their natural characters, they assume those which are appropriated to us? The delicacy of their texture, and the strength of ours, the beauty of their form, and the coarseness of ours, sufficiently indicate the respective vocations. Was Hercules ridiculous and contemptible with his distaff? Omphale would not have been less so at a review or a council-board. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to sooth and soften ours; their tenderness is the proper reward for the toils we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the labours of study and business. They are confined within the narrow limits of do-

mestic offices, and when they stray beyond them they move eccentrically, and consequently without grace.

Agrippina, born with an understanding and dispositions which could, at best, have qualified her for the sordid help-mate of a pawnbroker or usurer, pretends to all the accomplishments that ever adorned man or woman, without the possession, or even the true knowledge of any one of them. She would appear learned, and has just enough of all things, without comprehending any one, to make her talk absurdly upon everything. She looks upon the art of pleasing as her master-piece, but mistakes the means so much, that her flattery is too gross for self-love to swallow, and her lies too palpable to deceive for a moment, so that she shocks those she would gain. Mean tricks, shallow cunning, and breach of faith, constitute her mistaken system of politics. She endeavours to appear generous at the expense of trifles, while an indiscreet and unguarded rapaciousness discovers her natural and insatiable avidity. Thus mistaking the perfections she would seem to possess, and the means of acquiring even them, she becomes the most ridiculous, instead of the most complete of her sex.

Eudisia, the most frivolous woman in the world, condemns her own sex for being too trifling. She despises the agreeable levity and cheerfulness of a mixed company; she will be serious, "that she will;" and emphatically intimates, that she thinks reason and good sense very valuable things. She never mixes in the general conversation, but singles out some one man whom she thinks worthy of her good sense, and in a half voice, or *sotto voce*, discusses her solid trifles in his ear, dwells particularly upon the

most trifling circumstances of the main trifle, which she enforces with the proper inclinations of head and body, and with the most expressive gesticulations of the fan, modestly confessing every now and then, by way of parenthesis, that possibly it may be thought presumption in a woman to talk at all upon those matters. In the meantime, her unhappy hearer stifles a thousand gapes, assents universally to whatever she says in hopes of shortening the conversation, and carefully watches the first favourable opportunity which any motion in the company gives him, of making his escape from this excellent solid understanding. Thus deserted, but not discouraged, she takes the whole company in their turns, and has, for every one, a whisper of equal importance. If Eudisia would content herself with her natural talents, play at cards, make tea and visits, talk to her dog often, and to her company but sometimes, she would not be ridiculous, but bear a very tolerable part in the polite world.

Sydaria had beauty enough to have excused, while young, her want of common sense. But she scorned the fortuitous and precarious triumphs of beauty. She would only conquer by the charms of her mind. An union of hearts, a delicacy of sentiments, a mental adoration, or a sort of tender quietism, were what she long sought for, and never found. Thus nature struggled with sentiment till she was five and forty, but then got the better of it to such a degree, that she made very advantageous proposals to an Irish Ensign of one and twenty: equally ridiculous in her age and in her youth.

Canidia, withered by age, and shattered by infirmities, totters under the load of her misplaced ornaments,

and her dress varies according to the freshest advices from Paris, instead of conforming itself, as it ought, to the directions of her undertaker. Her mind, as weak as her body, is absurdly adorned: she talks politics and metaphysics, mangles the terms of each, and, if there be sense in either, most infallibly puzzles it, adding intricacy to politics, and darkness to mysteries, equally ridiculous in this world and the next.

I shall not now enter into an examination of the lesser affectations (most of them are pardonable, and many of them are pretty, if their owners are so), but confine my present animadversions to the affectations of ill-suited characters, for I would by no means deprive my fair countrywomen of their genteel little terrors, antipathies, and affections. The alternate panics of thieves, spiders, ghosts, and thunder, are allowable to youth and beauty, provided they do not survive them. But what I mean is, to prevail with them to act their own natural parts, and not other people's; and to convince them, that even their own imperfections will become them better than the borrowed perfections of others.

Should some lady of spirit, unjustly offended at these restrictions, ask what province I leave to their sex? I answer, that I leave them whatever has not been peculiarly assigned by nature to ours. I leave them a mighty empire, Love. There they reign absolute, and by unquestioned right, while beauty supports their throne. They have all the talents requisite for that soft empire, and the ablest of our sex cannot contend with them in the profound knowledge and conduct of those *arcana*. But then, those who are deposed

by years or accidents, or those who by nature were never qualified to reign, should content themselves with the private care and economy of their families, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties.

I take the fabulous birth of Minerva, the goddess of arms, wisdom, arts, and sciences, to have been an allegory of the ancients, calculated to show, that women of natural and usual births must not aim at those accomplishments. She sprang armed out of Jupiter's head without the co-operation of his consort Juno, and as such only had those great provinces assigned her.

I confess, one has read of ladies, such as Semiramis, Thalestris, and others, who have made very considerable figures in the most heroic and manly parts of life; but considering the great antiquity of those histories, and how much they are mixed up with fables, one is at liberty to question either the facts or the sex. Besides that, the most ingenious and erudite Conrad Wolfgang Laboriosus Nugatorius, of Hall in Saxony, has proved to a demonstration, in the 14th volume, page 2981, of his learned Treatise, *De Hermaphroditis*, that all the reputed female heroes of antiquity were of this Epicene species, though out of regard to the fair and modest part of my readers, I dare not quote the several facts and reasonings with which he supports this assertion; and as for the heroines of modern date, we have more than suspicions of their being at least of the epicene gender. The greatest monarch that ever filled the British throne, till very lately, was Queen Elizabeth, of whose sex we have abundant reason to doubt, history furnishing us with many instances of the manhood of that princess, with-

out leaving us one single symptom or indication of the woman; and thus much is certain, that she thought it improper for her to marry a man. The great Christina, Queen of Sweden, was allowed by everybody to be above her sex, and the masculine was so predominant in her composition, that she even conformed at last to its dress, and ended her days in Italy. I therefore require, that those women who insist upon going beyond the bounds allotted to their sex, should previously declare themselves in form hermaphrodites, and be registered as such in their several parishes, till when, I shall not suffer them to confound politics, perplex metaphysics, and darken mysteries.

How amiable may a woman be, what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations, her lover, or her husband, in keeping strictly within her character! She adorns all female virtues with native female softness. Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural cheerfulness of mind, tenderness and benignity of heart, which justly endears them to us, either to animate our joys, or soothe our sorrows; but how are they changed, and how shocking do they become, when the rage of ambition, or the pride of learning, agitates and swells those breasts, where only love, friendship, and tender care should dwell!

Let Flavia be their model, who, though she could support any character, assumes none, never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason. Whatever she says or does is the manifest result of a happy nature and a good understanding, though she knows whatever women ought, and, it may be, more than

they are required to know. She conceals the superiority she has with as much care, as others take to display the superiority they have not: she conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in, but in a way of rather avoiding to be distanced, than desiring to take the lead. Are they merry, she is cheerful; are they grave, she is serious; are they absurd, she is silent. Though she thinks and speaks as a man would do, she effeminates, if I may use the expression, whatever she says, and gives all the graces of her own sex to the strength of ours; she is well-bred without the troublesome ceremonies and frivolous forms of those who only affect to be so. As her good-breeding proceeds jointly from good nature and good sense, the former inclines her to oblige, and the latter shows her the easiest and best way of doing it. Woman's beauty, like men's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment, which seldom accompanies a great degree of either: her beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind; she knows the true value of it, and far from thinking that it authorises impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid those errors that are its usual attendants. Thus she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others, for she is loved and esteemed, though envied by all.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1737.

No. 37.

SOMEBODY told the late Regent of France,* that a very silly parish-priest had abused him most grossly in the pulpit; to which the Regent, who was much above resenting the insults of fools, answered very coolly, "Why does the blockhead meddle with me? I am not of his parish."

In this manner I reply to all the anger and indignation, which the grave Mr. Osborne, and the facetious Sir A. B. C. have been pleased to express against me. Cannot they let me alone? I am sure they have nothing to do with common sense. Nay, I even return them good for evil, and do for them what I believe nobody in the kingdom does but myself; for I take in their papers at my own expense. It is true, I find my account in it, for the *Gazetteer* makes me laugh, and the *London Journal* makes me sleep. I take the former in the morning, and the latter at night. Sir A. B. C. and his associates have such an absurd pertness, and so inimitable an alacrity in sinking, that it is impossible not to laugh at first, though, I confess, they are below it, and that it is a little ill-natured into the bargain. But one can no more help it, than one can help laughing at an awkward fellow, who, going to sit down, misses his chair, and falls ridiculously upon his breech; though, to be sure, there is no joke in it, and very probably the poor man has hurt himself too. Mr. Osborne has quite a different effect upon me; his solid uniform

* The Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV.

dulness is the surest soporific I have met with ; and every Saturday night, as soon as I am in bed, my man constantly asks me, "Does your Honour take your *London Journal* to-night?" I never refuse his offer, and, to do him justice, he reads with a slow monotony, so excellently adapted to the performance, that one would think he was the author of it himself.

Thus, after taking these two authors regularly, night and morning, they are carefully laid by in a little closet, where I ultimately take them, as they happen to lie next my hand.

I have lately heard, with concern, that I shall soon be deprived of these benefits, and that my two favourite authors will withdraw their weekly and daily labours from the public, in order to exhibit themselves in other shapes. Mr. Osborne, I am told, has engaged himself to supply the stage with tragedies, and Sir A. B. C. with comedies ; that it may not be said, that the late act of Parliament has prevented the production of excellent dramatic performances, as some of the malcontents pretended it would. Though this will disturb the present regular course of my present laughter, which I must afterwards take by the lump, and in twelvepenny doses, yet I must acknowledge them to be the properest authors to answer the true meaning and intendment of the bill : for I will defy the most inveterate and ingenious malice, even that of the *Craftsman*, to apply anything out of their writings. With what impatience do I long to see the tragic scenes of our Laureat disgraced and eclipsed by Osborne's solid drama ! Yes, Osborne shall snatch the poppies from Cibber's brow, and plant them on his own. I cannot help suggesting, as a friend, to this

hopeful young tragic poet, that there is in the Rehearsal both a sleeping scene, and a yawning one, incomparably well written, which I would advise him to have before his eyes, while he can keep them open.

I condole with the ingenious author of "Love in a hollow tree,"* who must, indisputably, resign the comic scenes to Sir A. B. C.

As I am persuaded these two young writers will have the stage entirely to themselves, I most humbly represent it to the Lord Chamberlain, as a piece of justice, to have their labours equally divided between the managers of the two only theatres now subsisting. The comedy, I believe, must belong to Mr. Rich; for, I presume, Sir A. B. C. after the distinguished zeal he has manifested for the Protestant religion, in opposition to the attempts of Mr. Ward, would by no means aid and abet a person of Mr. Fleetwood's principles of religion.

Having said thus much to my two friends, to whom I give my word I will never say anything more, I cannot conclude, without addressing myself a little to their patron and paymaster. He has certainly parts, a pretty turn to waggery, a little coarse indeed, but yet not without salt; and one must allow him to be what Tully allowed Nævius, "*scurra non parum*

* This comedy, first printed in 1705, was by Lord Grimston, who afterwards became so much ashamed of his performance as to buy up all the copies. Yet he did not succeed in his object, since, during an election contest against him at St. Albans, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who was keen upon the opposite side, caused the play to be reprinted, with a frontispiece of an elephant dancing on a rope. Swift, in his poem "On Poetry," written in 1733, declares, that on Blackmore's death,

"The leaden crown devolved to thee,
"Great poet of the hollow tree!"

facetus" (a buffoon not destitute of some humour). I therefore cannot imagine why he will suffer, much less pay, such blockheads to write for him. I know he will say, they are the best he can get. I admit it, I dare say they are: but then why will he have any? He had much better have none. Sylla bought off a dunce who would be writing for him, and Augustus paid a bad poet in bad verses, as the surest way to prevent any more. If these fellows are to be paid for their zeal, let the honourable person oblige them to throw him their silence into the bargain. Formerly, a Right Reverend or two used to draw their pens in his defence, but of late we have seen nothing from that quarter neither; whether those Reverend persons have too much wit, or too much Bishoprick, to go on, I cannot tell: but this piece of advice I will give him, whenever he can get another author of that kind to write for him, not to *translate* him too soon.

This certainly never happened in any reign, or under any administration, before; for, excepting a late imitation of Horace, by Mr. Pope, who but seldom meddles with public matters, I challenge the Ministerial advocates to produce one line of sense, or English, written on the same side of the question for these last seven years. Has there been an essay in verse or prose, has there been even a distich, or an advertisement, fit to be read on the side of the administration? But on the other side, what numbers of dissertations, essays, treatises, compositions of all kinds in verse and prose, have been written, with all that strength of reasoning, quickness of wit, and elegance of expression, which no former period of time can equal? Has not everybody got by heart satires, lampoons, ballads,

and sarcasms, against the administration? and can anybody recollect, or repeat, one line for it? What can be the cause of this? It cannot be, that those who are able to serve the honourable person despair of being rewarded by him, since the known instances of his liberality to the worst of writers are sure pledges of his profusion to the best. Is it then the rigid virtue, the inflexible honour, of the brightest geniuses of this age, that hinders them from engaging in that cause, for which they would be so amply recompensed? If so, I congratulate the present times, for that was not usually the characteristic of wit, and they were formerly accused of flattery at least, if not of prostitution, to Ministerial favour and rewards.

In all former reigns, the wits were of the side of the Ministers; the Osbornes and the A. B. C.'s against them. And how would the Godolphins, the Somers's, the Halifax's, and the Dorsets, have blushed, to have been the Mæcenæ of such wretched scribblers? But they were not reduced to such an ignominious necessity. They found the best writers as proud to engage in their cause, as able to support it. Even the infamous and pernicious measures of King Charles the Second's reign, as they are now called, were palliated, varnished, or justified, by the ablest pens. By what uncommon fatality then is this administration destitute of all literary support?

One would be apt to suppose, if one did not know the contrary, that there was something in the measures so low, so corrupt, and so disgraceful, that common decency would not suffer wit, or good sense, to appear on that side, but made them, in this case, withstand those temptations, to which heretofore they have too

often yielded. Nay, the misfortune extends still farther: for I am told, that among those very few, who engaged in the measures, and are able to countenance them in two certain places, the best withhold their eloquence, and only swell the numbers by a silent and sullen concurrence. So that, as Pliny observed in his time, *Vota nunc numerantur, non ponderantur* (votes now are counted, not weighed).

As this case is really compassionate in itself, and particularly hard upon us anti-ministerial writers, as we are called, who cannot possibly answer what we do not understand; I will offer what expedients occur to me, for our mutual relief.

I should think Mr. Wreathcock and Mr. Justice, who are both happily returned from transportation, might be of singular use in this distress. The experienced knowledge of the former in the useful parts of the law, and the known skill of the latter in books of all sorts, must qualify them excellently well for political writers; and if they clubbed their talents, they would amply repair the loss of the deceased Francis Walsingham, Esq.; or, at least, they would infinitely exceed any now extant. But, if this cannot be brought about, and the avocations of these two gentlemen will not allow them the leisure to turn authors, the last shift I can think of, and which seems to me the most likely to be put in practice, is for the administration to employ their authors of Acts of Parliament, who answered certain humorous theatrical pieces very effectually last year, with a "Be it enacted,"* and

* In allusion to a thought of Mr. Gay, who addressed a poem to his ingenious and worthy friend, Mr. Lowndes, "author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called *The Land-Tax Bill*." (Note by Dr. Maty.)

who, with a "Be it further enacted," will probably reply next year, with the same spirit and vigour, to all other performances of what kind soever.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1738.

No. 51.

MY ingenious predecessor the Spectator, whom I wish to imitate, but without pretending to equal, bids his fair country-women, "beware the Ides of May," looking upon that season to be as fatal to their virtue, as the Ides of March had formerly proved to Cæsar's life. I am sure I heartily concur with him, in his regard and concern for that beautiful part of our species: but I cannot help differing with him greatly, as to the time and causes of their danger, and thinking that he has left the most critical part of the year unguarded and defenceless. Beware, therefore, ye fair, say I, the Ides of January; and muster up all the collected force of habit, education, and virtue, to withstand the operations of the winter campaign, or you may happen to fall with less decency than Cæsar.

The Spectator founds his apprehensions of the month of May upon three suppositions, all which, with submission, I think groundless. The first is, "that the spirits, after having been, as it were, frozen and congealed by the winter, are then turned loose, and set a rambling."

Surely the spirits may more justly be said to be turned loose, and set a rambling, in January, after a tedious six months' confinement in the country, than

they can be in May, after a four months' evaporation in London. For my own part, I consider January as the regular gaol-delivery of the fair sex. It is then that they come to town, flushed with the health, and irritated with the confinement, of the country. It is then that, with an appetite whetted for pleasure by long abstinence, they taste more exquisitely their regained liberty, and feel all the benefits of their *habeas corpus*. And if ever constitution or resentment can be supposed to have any share in a fine woman's transactions, it is then that their effects are most to be dreaded.

The Spectator's next supposition is, "that the gay prospect of the fields and the meadows, with the courtship of the birds on every tree, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure." What effect this rural scene may have upon a milkmaid I cannot say; but I can never imagine that women of fashion and delicacy can be affected by such objects. The fields and the meadows are their aversion, and the periodical anniversary loves of the birds their contempt. It is the gay London scene, where successive pleasures raise the spirits, and warm the imagination, which prepares the fairest breasts to receive the tenderest impressions.

The last conjecture is, "that a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself upon a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches, which nature has provided, lie useless." This again evidently relates to the ruddy milkmaid; for, not to mention the danger of catching cold upon one of these beds, to anybody above a milkmaid, surely the privacy, conveniency, and security, of a good damask-

bed, or couch, are much stronger temptations to a woman of fashion to recline a little than all the daisies and cowslips in a meadow.

Having thus briefly answered the arguments of my predecessor, or at least shown, that his care and concern were only calculated for the inferior part of the sex; I shall, now, humbly lay before those of superior rank the many "difficulties and dangers," to which the winter exposes them.

I believe I may take it for granted, that every fine woman, who comes to town in January, comes heartily tired both of the country and of her husband. The happy pair have yawned at one another at least ever since Michaelmas, and the two indivisible halves, of man and wife, have been exceedingly burdensome to each other. The lady, who has had full leisure most minutely to consider her other moiety, has either positively or comparatively found out, that he is by no means a pretty man, and meditates indemnification to herself, either by her return to the pretty man, or by enlisting one for the current service of the year. In these dispositions she opens the winter, but at the same time, with firm and steadfast purpose of not transgressing the bounds, or even violating the appearances of virtue. But, alas! how frail are all our best resolves! The lover appears first in the innocent form of value and esteem, his conversation is listened to with attention, and approved of: it grows frequent and particular; how can one help that? Where is the harm of being distinguished by the friendship of a man of sense and fashion? Can it be wondered at, that one converses more with him than with a thousand fools, that would be always plaguing one?

Besides, he says nothing one has reason to take ill, or that would justify one in not being civil to him.

With these early and just distinctions in his favour, the pretty man proceeds, and gains the more ground, as his approaches are the less perceived or apprehended. He is admitted to the toilette, as an agreeable friend and companion, where he improves the morning moments, which I take to be the *molliæ tempora*, so propitious to *tête-à-têtes*: here the conversation insensibly grows more serious, particular applications are made of general topics, sentiments of love and constancy are discussed; the pretty man confesses and laments his unfortunate disposition to both, and wishes to heaven that he knew neither; the lady, not without some emotion, and an awkward smartness, tells him that she believes they will neither of them ever do him any great hurt. This unjust reproach extorts from him what otherwise he could never have had the courage to have said, namely, that "that depends entirely upon her." Here it is out, the ice is broke. What is to be done? The lady now plainly perceives his meaning, which she never before suspected. She flattered herself that he had a friendship and value for her, but she now finds the contrary. She is sorry he has put it out of her power to have any longer that esteem for him which she confesses she once had; but they must never meet any more, if that is to be the language. The lover, for now I may call him so, deprecates her wrath, bids her blame her own beauty and his fate, but pity him, and pressing her hand, which it may be, in her anger, she forgets to pull away, faithfully promises never to hold that language more, if he can help it. Upon this solemn engage-

ment he is forgiven, readmitted, and all danger is looked upon to be over. Short and fallacious security ! for, this point once gained, the besieger, if I may borrow some military metaphors, is most advantageously posted, is in a situation to parley with the garrison, and stands fair for the *horn-work*. Here he can argue the case fully, show the negligence, the injustice, or the oppression of the present governor, offer terms of honour, safety, and better usage, and by persuasions, either bring about a willing surrender, or at least so far abate the vigour of the resistance, as with a little force to make himself master of the place.

Having thus represented the danger, I will now point out the best preservatives I can think of against it, for in this case prevention alone can be used, remedy comes too late.

I therefore recommend to my countrywomen to be particularly upon their guard against the very man whose conquest they most wish for, and to be assured, that the reasons which determine their choice are so many instances of their danger. Let them begin to reflect as soon as ever they begin to find a particular pleasure in his conversation, and let them tremble when they first make him a graver curtesy than they do to other people. But if, when he approaches them, they pull up their gloves, adjust their tucker, and count the sticks of their fan, let them despair, for they are further gone than they imagine. And though they may, for a time, deceive themselves with the notion, that it is his understanding only that engages their attention, they will find at last that man, like the serpent, when he has once got his head in, the rest will soon follow. Friendship and esteem are the

bearded arrows of love, that enter with ease, but, when torn out, leave the wound greater.

A constant dissipation, and hurry of various trifles, is of great use in this case, and does not give leisure to the mind to receive lasting impressions; but beware of select *coteries*, where, without an engagement, a lady passes but for "an odd body."

A course of visiting-days is also an excellent preservative against an attachment. The rigorous sentences of those tremendous tribunals, fulminated by the old and ugly upon the young and fair, and where, as in the Inquisition, the slightest suspicions amount to proofs, must necessarily strike great terror, and inspire wholesome resolutions.

I absolutely prohibit balls, the agitation of country-dances putting the blood into an unusual ferment, too favourable to the partner. Besides, they often encourage, and cause the first squeeze by the hand, which, according as it is taken, is either laid to the violence of the passion, or excused by the impetuosity of the dance. Moreover, there is a certain figure called *setting*, that often occasions a familiar collision, which I have often known ominous, and in its consequences productive of *other figures*.

Masquerades should be used with great care and moderation, for though I do not look upon them as either convenient or necessary for the ratification of mutual love and alliance, I hold them to be exceedingly commodious for the previous negotiations; and there are certain secret articles in those treaties which are better asked, heard, and adjusted between the contracting parties, under a masque than barefaced.

I have no objection to Operas, the innocence of the

composition admitting of no application, and conveying no idea whatsoever. What little inconveniences might be apprehended from the softness and tenderness of the music are amply counterbalanced, *Sopranos* being the objects of the attention and raptures of the ladies. And I have even known this harmless musical attachment stand many a fine woman in great stead.

But I require them to be very cautious in the choice and use of the other theatrical entertainments, and avoid the representation of those dramatic pieces, both tragic and comic, which seem only calculated to soften the heart, and inflame the imagination. What warm and pleasing descriptions of love are our best tragedies filled with! It is commonly what the whole turns upon, and is represented as the only comfort, pleasure, or joy of life. It is described as

"The cordial drop, Heaven in our cup has thrown,
"To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

And can one wonder then, that a lady who does not find this incomparable drop at home, should seek for it elsewhere?

We are told in another place, that

"Life without love is load, and time stands still:
"What we refuse to love to death we give,
"And, then, then only when we love we live."

This at once explains the whole thing to them, and accounts for their being tired of their country *tête-à-têtes* with their husbands, and for their saying so often, "Well! this is not living!" It seems it was all for want of love, an omission which they resolve not to be much longer guilty of.

Mr. Dryden expresses himself with still more energy upon this subject in *Aurengzebe*, and paints it in the warmest and most glowing colours. With him it is the pleasure,

"Where Nature sums up all her joys in one;"

and which

"So fills the senses, that the soul seems fled,
"And thought itself does for the time lie dead."

Must not such lively descriptions as these, independently of certain hints of nature, tempt curiosity to make a trial of the truth? And is it possible not to pity, rather than blame the experiments which a lady is thus strongly prompted to make?

It would be endless to specify the particular plays which I must totally prohibit; but I believe the best and shortest general rule that I can give my countrywomen is absolutely to abstain from all those which they like best.

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COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1788.

No. 54.

"Ne vitam transeant, veluti pecora; quæ natura prona, atque ventri
"obedientia finxit." SALLUST.

TASTE is now the fashionable word of the fashionable world. Everything must be done with taste: that is settled; but where, and what that taste is, is

not quite so certain, for after all the pains I have taken to find out what was meant by the word, and whether those who use it oftenest had any clear idea annexed to it, I have only been able negatively to discover, that they do not mean their own natural taste, but, on the contrary, that they have sacrificed it to an imaginary one, of which they can give no account. They build houses in taste, which they cannot live in with conveniency;* they suffer with impatience the music they pretend to hear with rapture; and they even eat nothing they like, for the sake of eating in taste.

Not for himself, he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats.

It is certain the Commandments, now so much neglected, if not abrogated, might be observed with much less self-denial than these imaginary laws of taste, to which so exact and scrupulous an obedience is paid.

I take taste, when not used for the sensation of the palate, which is its proper signification, to be a metaphor, to express that judgment each man forms to himself of those things which are not contained in any certain rules, and which admit of no demonstration: thus circles and equilateral triangles allow of no taste, they must be as they are; but the colours they are drawn in, or the materials they are made of, de-

* This was the case of a General, who, having applied to an English nobleman, celebrated in his taste for architecture, to direct the building of a house for himself, had one constructed indeed with great elegance and regularity on the outside, but altogether destitute of every convenience for a family to live in. Lord Chesterfield, upon seeing it, told the General, "If I had your house, I would hire the opposite one to live in, and enjoy the prospect." (Note by Dr. Maty.)

pend upon fancy or taste.—In building, there are certain necessary rules founded upon nature, as, that the stronger must support the weaker, &c., but the ornamental and convenient parts are the objects of taste. Hence arises the propriety of the metaphor, because taste in everything is undetermined and personal, as in the palate and all our other senses; nay, even our minds are as differently affected as our palates by the same things, when those things are not of a nature to be ascertained and demonstrated.

However, this right of tasting for one's-self, which seems to be the natural privilege of mankind, is now totally surrendered even in the proper sense of the word; and if a man would be well received in good company, he must eat, though with reluctance, according to the laws of some eminent glutton at Paris, promulgated here by the last imported French cook, wishing all the while within himself, that he durst avow his natural taste for good native beef and pudding.

The absurdity, as well as the real ill consequences of this prevailing affectation, have, I confess, excited my wrath; and I resolved that the nobility and gentry of this kingdom should not go on to ruin their fortunes and constitutions, without hearing at least the representations and admonitions of common sense.

Eating, itself, seems to me to be rather a subject of humiliation than of pride, since the imperfection of our nature appears in the daily necessity we lie under of recruiting it in that manner, so that one would think the only care of a rational being should be, to repair his decaying fabric as cheap as possible. But

the present fashion is directly contrary: and eating, now, is the greatest pride, business, and expense of life, and that, too, not to support, but to destroy nature.

The frugal meal was anciently the time of unbending the mind by cheerful and improving conversation, and the table-talk of ingenious men has been thought worth transmitting to posterity. The meal is now at once the most frivolous and most serious part of life. The mind is bent to the utmost, and all the attention exerted, for what? the critical examination of compound dishes: and if any two or three people happen to start some useful or agreeable subject of conversation, they are soon interrupted, and overpowered by the ecstatic interjections of, excellent! exquisite! delicious! Pray, taste this; you never eat a better thing in your life. Is that good? Is it tender? Is it seasoned enough? Would it have been better so? Of such wretched stuff as this does the present table-talk wholly consist, in open defiance of all conversation and common sense. I could heartily wish that a collection of it were to be published for the honour and glory of the performers; but, for want of that, I shall give my readers a short specimen of the most ingenious table-talk I have lately heard carried on with most wit and spirit.

My Lord having tasted and duly considered the Bechamele, shook his head, and then offered as his opinion to the company, that the garlic was not enough concealed, but earnestly desired to know their sentiments, and begged they would taste it with attention.

The company, after proper deliberation, replied,

that they were of his Lordship's opinion, and that the garlic did indeed distinguish itself too much: but the *maître d'hôtel* interposing represented, that they were now stronger than ever in garlic at Paris; upon which the company, one and all, said, that altered the case.

My Lord, having sagaciously smelt at the breech of a rabbit, wiped his nose, gave a shrug of some dissatisfaction, and then informed the company, that it was not absolutely a bad one, but that he heartily wished it had been kept a day longer. Ay, said Sir Thomas, with an emphasis, a rabbit must be kept. And with the guts in too, added the Colonel, or the devil could not eat it. Here the *maître d'hôtel* again interposed, and said that they eat their rabbits much sooner now than they used to do at Paris. Are you sure of that? said my Lord, with some vivacity. Yes, replied the *maître d'hôtel*, the cook had a letter about it last night. I am not sorry for that, rejoined my Lord; for, to tell you the truth, I naturally love to eat my meat before it stinks. The rest of the company, and even the Colonel himself, confessed the same.

This ingenious and edifying kind of conversation continued, without the least interruption from common sense, through four courses, which lasted four hours, till the company could neither swallow nor utter anything more.

A very great person among the ancients was very properly asked, if he was not ashamed to play so well upon the fiddle? And one may surely with as much reason ask these illustrious moderns, if they are not ashamed of being such good cooks.

It is really not to be imagined with what profound knowledge and erudition our men of quality now treat these culinary subjects; and I cannot but hope that such excellent critics will at last turn authors themselves; nay, I daily expect to see a digest of the whole art of cookery by some person of honour.

I cannot help hinting, by the way, to these accurate kitchen critics, that it does not become them to be facetious and satirical upon those dissertations which ladies sometimes hold upon their dress, the subject being by no means so low nor so trifling.

Though such a degree of affected gluttony, accompanied with such frivolous discourses, is pardonable in those who are little superior to the animals they devour, and who are only *fruges consumere nati*, I am surprised and hurt when I see men of parts fall into it, since it not only suspends the exercise of their parts for the present, but impairs them, together with their health, for the future: and, if fools could contrive, I should think they had contrived this method of bringing men of sense down to them; for it is certain, that when a company is thus gorged, glutted, and loaded, there is not the least difference between the most stupid and the wittiest man in it.

What life in all that ample body say,
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal even in sound divines.

Though an excess in wine is highly blamable, it is surely much more pardonable, as the progressive steps to it are cheerful, animating, and seducing: the melancholy are for a while relieved, the grave are enlivened, and the witty and the gay seem almost in-

spired ; whereas in eating, after nature is once satisfied, which she soon is, every additional morsel carries dulness and stupidity along with it.

Moreover, these glorious toils are crowned with the just rewards of all chronical distempers ; the gout, the stone, the scurvy, and the palsy, are the never-failing trophies of their achievements. Were these honours, like simple knighthood, only to be enjoyed by those who had merited them, it would be no great matter ; but, unfortunately, like baronetship, they descend to and visit their innocent children. It is already very easy to distinguish at sight the puny son of a compound *entremets*, from the lusty offspring of beef and pudding : and, I am persuaded, the next generation of the nobility will be a race of pale-faced, spindle-shanked Lilliputians, the most vigorous of whom will not come up to an abortion of John de Gaunt's. Nor does the mischief even stop here ; for, as the men of fashion frequently condescend to communicate themselves to families of inferior rank, but better constitutions, they enervate those families too, and present them with sickly helpless children, to the great prejudice of the trade and manufactures of this kingdom.

Some people have imagined, and not without some degree of probability, that animal food communicates its qualities with its nourishment. In this supposition it was, that Achilles, who was not only born and bred, but fed up too, for a hero, was nourished with the marrow of lions ; and we all know what a fine lion he turned out at last. Should this rule hold, it must be a melancholy reflection to consider, that the principal ingredient in the food of our principal nobility is essence of swine.

The Egyptians, who were a wise nation, thought so much depended upon diet, that they dieted their Kings, and prescribed by law both the quality and quantity of their food. It is much to be lamented, that those bills of fare are not preserved to this time, since they might have been of singular use in all monarchical governments; but it is reasonable to be conjectured, from the wisdom of that people, that they allowed their Kings no aliments of a bilious or a choleric nature, and only such as sweetened their juices, cooled their blood, and enlivened their faculties, if they had any.

The common people of this kingdom are dieted by laws; for, by an Act passed about two years ago, not less advantageous to the Crown than to the people, the use of a liquor, which destroyed both their minds and their bodies, was wisely prohibited, and, by repeated Acts of Parliament, their food is reduced to a very modest and wholesome proportion. Surely then the nobility and gentry of the kingdom deserve some attention too, not so much indeed for their own sakes, as for the sake of the public, which is in some measure under their care: for if a porter, when full of gin, could not do his business, I am apt to think a Privy Councillor, when loaded with four courses, will but bungle at his.

Suppose, for instance, a number of persons, not over-lively at best, should meet of an evening to concert and deliberate upon public measures of the utmost consequence, grunting under the load and repletion of the strongest meats, panting almost in vain for breath, but quite in vain for thought, and reminded only of their existence by the unsavoury returns of an olio;

what good could be expected from such a consultation? The best one could hope for would be, that they were only assembled for show, and not for use; not to propose or advise, but silently to submit to the orders of some one man there, who, feeding like a rational creature, might have the use of his understanding.

I would therefore recommend it to the consideration of the legislature, whether it may not be necessary to pass an Act to restrain the licentiousness of eating, and assign certain diets to certain ranks and stations. I would humbly suggest the strict vegetable as the properest Ministerial diet, being exceedingly tender of those faculties in which the public is so highly interested, and very unwilling they should be clogged or incumbered.

But I do most seriously recommend it to those who, from their rank and situation in life, settle the fashions, and whose examples will in these sorts of things always be followed, that they will, by their example, which will be more effectual than any law, not only put a stop to, but reform, the ridiculous, expensive, and pernicious luxury of tables; they are the people whom all inferior ranks imitate as far as they are able, and commonly much farther. It is their fatal example that has seduced the gentry, and people of smaller fortune, into this nasty and ruinous excess. Let their example then at last reclaim them; let those who are able to bear the expense, and known not to grudge it, give the first blow to this extravagant folly; let them avow their own natural taste, for nature is in everything plain and simple, and gratify it decently at a frugal and wholesome table, instead of purchasing stupidity and distempers at the expense of their time

and their estates. And they may depend upon it, that a fashion so convenient, as to the fortunes and the constitutions of their fellow-subjects, will cheerfully be followed, and universally prevail, to the great advantage of the public.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1738.

No. 57.

I TOOK my leave some time ago of the daily silly Gazetteers, and promised to take no further notice of them; but then I only promised that impunity to their folly and absurdity. Now, whether they understood that amnesty to extend farther than I meant it, or whether, with the last three or four shillings paid them by Mr. Pounce with a P., they likewise received orders to be saucy and impertinent, I cannot tell; but, be that as it will, they have of late been so impudently personal upon one worthy gentleman,* that I cannot help stepping a little out of my way to give them a kick. Nor is this the greatest provocation they have given me; for, notwithstanding the regard I have for the character of that young gentleman, with whom they are so free, I am more incensed against them for disturbing the ashes of the dead, and for presuming, as they do, to touch Cicero with their impure and unhallowed hands. I therefore begin, by absolutely forbidding them even to mention, directly or indirectly, the name of Cicero, till they have first

* Mr., afterwards Lord Lyttelton. He had been recently assailed by the Gazetteers, both in verse and prose, as a political adherent of Frederick Prince of Wales, and *Cofferer* in his household.

read and understood him in the original ; which, as I take it, amounts to a perpetual prohibition.

I have so much charity for the poor devils, as to believe they would not write at all, if they could help it, and that they would write better if they could. I never looked upon their daily labours as voluntary, but considered them as the production of heads and stomachs equally empty, and I really took in their papers out of charity, for, as to any other use I make of them, I might be supplied cheaper ; but I must tell them that, if they grow personally scurrilous, I shall withdraw my charity, and common sense shall pursue them, though indeed I fear it will never overtake them.

By what I can understand of their papers, they seem to have a great dislike to a certain young gentleman, whom they have sometimes almost called by his own name, and of late by a hard Latin name. I confess it is very natural they should dislike him, nor am I in the least surprised that he should be the object of their satire, when I consider the useful subjects of their panegyrics ; but then I must intimate to them, that they proceed very injudiciously, and do him a service which they little intended. Would they hurt him, they should commend him, for they are very sure that nobody will take their words for anything ; but when such wretched advocates, and profligate panegyrists of corruption, oppression, fraud, and all political immorality, direct their satire at one man, it is marking him out to the public, as a person eminently distinguished by all the opposites of those vices. The execution too of their design is as injudicious, as the design itself. They, somewhere or other, had an imperfect account of one Cicero, who had no mind

that one Cæcilius, a young man, should be the prosecutor of one Verres, an old rogue; and that this same Cicero had told this Cæcilius, that he was too vain and enterprising for so young a man, and wholly unequal to the task he undertook. This they thought was a pure scrap of history for them, and resolved to apply it immediately; when behold the misfortune that always attends ignorance and presumption! all the particular circumstances of that affair made against them, and suggested ugly applications elsewhere. When I saw that they made this young gentleman Cæcilius, I was really afraid for them, and went on with impatience to see whom they would make Verres; but I perceived they had prudently avoided this danger, and wisely, as they thought, dubbed their patron Hortensius, who was a great lover of pictures and statues, and was bribed by a sphynx of curious workmanship and of inestimable value, to appear as the advocate of the most flagitious fellow, and the most infamous cause, that Rome ever knew. He prostituted his eloquence to the defence of peculation and corruption, and, by screening the most infamous of men, became little less so himself. This circumstance is an unlucky one; I leave it with them to consider of.

As to their Cæcilius himself, it is well known to everybody but them, that he was a sham prosecutor, set on by Verres, himself, to prevent a real one. He had been a sharer both of his plunder and of his guilt, and, upon a pretended concerted quarrel between them, offered himself as the properest person to prosecute this affair; but Cicero, who was in earnest, and determined that justice should be done

upon so notorious an offender, discovered and defeated this stratagem, obtained the management of the cause, pushed it with vigour and abilities, and got the criminal condemned. Was the character of Cæcilius really applicable to this young gentleman, were there any hopes that he could ever be brought to screen the most notorious corruption, I dare say, he would meet with the approbation, instead of the censure, of this virtuous society; and I am apt to think, that it is his unlikeness to Cæcilius, and his resemblance to Tully, which have drawn their indignation upon him.

A late very ingenious author has most judiciously observed, in his incomparable and short essay towards a character, &c., that pictures ought to be like the persons they are drawn for, nay, so like, as to be known by their acquaintance: but these wretched rogues are conscious they are such bad painters, that, under the signs they daub, they always write the name. It is sometimes a certain young gentleman, who is tall and lean; at other times it is one who was Cofferer about seventeen years ago; and indeed if it was not for these helps, I, who am their only reader, should be at a great loss to know whom they mean.

I have often wondered what sort of fellows this ingenious society was composed of; for, that their paper is a mosaic work of folly is evident; and I imagine it consists of a parcel of poor devils, who have either failed in their several trades, or who had never parts enough to be bound out, assisted sometimes by what they call *an able hand*, such as a mongrel lawyer, a tattered Reverend, or a facetious clerk of an office; who, by sending them a paper now and then, get them a holiday from their daily drudgery; and here I can-

not help condoling with them for the irreparable loss they have lately sustained, by the untimely and violent death of Mr. Carr,* who, I am told, was reckoned their top hand. So far is certain, that the Under-Sheriff, to whom that unhappy author gave his papers, was so struck with the similitude of style between them and the *Daily Gazetteers*, that he was heard to say, however justly Mr. Carr might have suffered, the administration would still have a great loss of him.

As to those of his fraternity, who still survive and write, I have no more time to lose upon them, than just to say, that when they answer this, if they are ordered so to do, I absolutely bar their supposing it to be written by the gentleman himself, whom it is designed to vindicate. This they have often practised, and seem to think it very cunning, whereas it cannot possibly pass on any mortal; for there is not, certainly, more than one man in the kingdom, whose condition is so bad, that he could not find a friend to write in defence of him, when attacked, without being paid for it.†

Having said thus much to these miserable journeymen, whom the world and I equally despise, I will just drop one word to their paymaster, whoever he may be; which is, that if he either encourages or suffers these scurrilities upon the private concerns and characters of others, who have always scorned to attack him out of his public character, let him strictly examine himself, and his own circumstances, and con-

* He was an attorney, and was concerned in a considerable robbery; for which he was tried, cast, and executed. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

† An allusion to Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister.

sider whether ample returns may not be made him by better pens, and with more truth, than ever were or will be employed on his side.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1738.

No. 89.

SUCH is the uncertainty and unstability of the things of this world, that there is scarce any event which ought to surprise us, or anything new to be said upon it. The greatest empires, and best modelled governments, have been suddenly overturned by unexpected occurrences of unlucky and unforeseen accidents. Notwithstanding which, when one sees great and sudden revolutions happen, one cannot help falling into trite observations, which a thousand events of the same kind had suggested to thousands of people before.

I confess this happened to me lately, when I heard that Operas were no more, and that too at a time when the vigour and success, with which a subscription was carried on, both by the great and the fair, seemed to promise them in their fullest lustre. "Shall the Kings and the Ministers of the earth," cried I, "be surprised when their best-concerted schemes are defeated; schemes which it is generally the common interest of mankind to defeat? and must we behold, unmoved, the fatal catastrophe of that great design, which the common pleasures of mankind seemed engaged to support?" Many other reflections occurred to me, which, though I thought new at the time, I am since persuaded were made by the Assy-

ians, the Medes, the Persians, and others, upon the subversion of their several empires; and therefore I shall not trouble my readers with them.

But I came at last to consider, as I always do, how far, and in what manner, this great event might possibly affect the public, and whether the cessation of Operas would prove a national loss or a national advantage: for public diversions are by no means things indifferent; they give a right or a wrong turn to the minds of the people, and the wisest government in the world, I mean, to be sure, our own, thought so not above two years ago, and prudently subjected all our public entertainments to the wisdom and care of the Lord Chamberlain, his licenser, or his licenser's deputy-licenser.

Was I to follow the examples of the greatest historians, I should search into, and assign, the causes of this revolution, and might possibly affirm, with more certainty than they commonly do, that the unskilfulness of the composers, the immoderate profit of the performers, the partialities of the governors, and the influence of foreign mistresses, naturally produced this event. But I wave, at present, these reflections, in order to consider the effects of music in general.

Music was held in great esteem among the ancients, particularly the Greeks, who looked upon it as the necessary part of the education of their youth, and thought the due regulation of it worthy the care of their laws; insomuch, that Timotheus was condemned by a decree of the Lacedæmonians, for introducing innovations in their music, and corrupting the true established taste. Which decree Boëtius has preserved to us in the original. It says, that Timotheus

of Miletum, being come into their town, had shown great disregard to the ancient music, and the ancient lyre; that he had multiplied the sounds of one and the strings of the other; and that, instead of the plain, expressive manner of singing, he had invented a fantastical new one, where he had introduced the chromatic, &c. He was therefore publicly reprimanded by the Ephori, and his lyre was ordered to be altered.

This is not to be wondered at, considering the astonishing effects which the best historians assure us music had in those days, and of which I shall give some instances.

The Pyrrhic tune, as is well known, had such a martial influence, that, in a very little time, it set the audience a-fighting, whether they would or not. This tune, by the way, must have infinitely exceeded our best modern marches, which, by what I have been able to observe in Hyde Park, rather sets our army a-dancing than a-fighting. I ascribe this difference wholly to the unskilfulness of our modern composers; for I will never believe that my countrymen have not as much potential courage in them as the Greeks, if properly excited. I therefore wish the Pyrrhic tune had been transmitted down to us, to have been used in proper places, and upon proper occasions.

The Phrygian music inclined as much to love; and Quintilian tells us that Pythagoras, having observed a young man so inflamed by this Phrygian modulation that he was going to offer violence to a lady of condition, immediately ordered the instruments to play in a graver measure, called the spondee, which instantly checked the gallant's desires, and saved the lady's chastity. A strong instance this of the force of

music, and the sagacity of the philosopher! though by the way, if that Phrygian movement had the same effect upon the lady, which it had upon the gentleman, the philosopher's interposition might possibly be but unwelcome. Our Operas have not been known to occasion any attempts of this violent nature; which I likewise impute to the effects of the composition, and not to any degree of insensibility or modesty in our youth, who, it must be owned, give a fair hearing to music, and whose short bobs seem admirably contrived for the better reception of sounds.

Dion Chrysostomus informs us, that the musician Timotheus, playing one day upon the flute before Alexander the Great, in the movement called *Ortios*, that Prince immediately laid hold of his great sword, and was with difficulty hindered from doing mischief, restrained, no doubt, by some prudent and pacific Minister. And Mr. Dryden, in his celebrated Ode upon St. Cecilia's Day, represents that hero alternately affected, in the highest degree, by tender or martial sounds, now languishing in the arms of his courtesan, *Thaïs*, and anon furious, snatching a flambeau, and setting fire to the town of *Persepolis*. This we have lately heard set to music by the great Mr. Handel, who, for a modern, certainly excels in the *Ortios*, or warlike measure. But we have some reason to think that the impressions, which it was observed to make upon the audience, soon gave way to the Phrygian or lascivious movement.

I am apt to believe that in music, as in many other arts and sciences, we fall infinitely short of the ancients. For I take it for granted, that we should be open to the same impressions, if our composers had but the skill

to make them. However, though music does not now cause those surprising effects which it did formerly, it still retains power enough over men's passions to make it worth our care: and I heard some persons, equally skilled in music and politics, assert that King James was sung and fiddled out of this kingdom by the Protestant tune of Lillybullero; and that somebody else would have been fiddled into it again, if a certain treasonable Jacobite tune had not been timely silenced by the unwearied pains and diligence of the administration.

The bag-pipe, I am credibly informed, has been known to have a wonderful effect upon our countrymen the North Britons, and to influence whole clans; which I am the more inclined to believe, because I have really seen it do strange things here.

The Swiss, who are not a people of the quickest sensations, have at this time a tune, which, when played upon their fifes, inspires them with such a love of their country, that they run home as fast as they can: which tune is therefore, under severe penalties, forbid to be played, when their regiments are on service, because they would instantly desert. Could such a tune be composed here; it would then be worth the nation's while to pay the piper; and one could easily suggest the proper places for the performance of it; for instance, it might be of great use, at the opening of certain assemblies, where prayers have already proved ineffectual; and the Serjeant-at-Arms and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod should be instructed to play it in perfection. The band of Court music would of course execute it incomparably, where it would doubtless have all the effect which

could be expected. I would therefore most earnestly recommend it to the learned Dr. Green, to turn his thoughts that way. It is not from the least distrust of Mr. Handel's ability, that I address myself preferably to Dr. Green: but Mr. Handel, having the advantage to be by birth a German, might probably, even without intending it, mix some modulations in his composition, which might give a German tendency to the mind, and therefore greatly lessen the national benefit I propose by it.

How far the polite part of the world is affected by the cessation of Operas, I am no judge myself; but I asked a young gentleman of wit and pleasure about town, whether he did not apprehend that he should be a sufferer by it in his way of business, for that I presumed those soft and tender sounds soothed and melted the fairest breasts, and fitted them to receive impressions? He answered me very frankly, that, as far as he could judge, the loss would be but inconsiderable to their profession; that some years ago, indeed, the taste of music, being expressive and pathetic, had inspired tender sentiments, and softened stubborn virtue; but the fashion being of late for both the composers and the performers only to show what tricks they could play, had rather taught the ladies to play tricks too, than made the proper impressions upon them, and that he oftener found them tired than softened at the end of an Opera. But he confessed that they might happen to miss the Opera books a little, because, as most of his profession could make a shift to read the English version at least, they found, in those incomparable dramas, sentiments proper for all situations, which might not otherwise have occurred

to them, and which, by emphatical signs and looks, they could apply to the proper objects; insomuch that he had often known very pretty sentimental conversations carried on through a whole Opera by these references to the book.

Having thus shown the power and effects of music both among the ancients and the moderns, and the good and ill uses which may be made of it, I shall submit it to persons wiser than myself, what is to be done in this important crisis. I look upon Operas to have been the great national establishment of music, and I am persuaded that innumerable sects will rise from their ruins, and break into various conventicles of vocal and instrumental, which, if not attended to, may prove of ill consequence. But in this, as in everything else, I put my trust in the wisdom of the Ministers, who daily show that nothing is above their skill or below their care. Kingdoms and gin-sellers tremble at their fleets, and their informers. Terrible abroad and lovely at home, they put me always in mind of that beautiful description which Tasso gives of one of his heroes:*

Se'l vedi fulminar, nell' arme, avvolto
Marte lo stimi; Amor se scopre il volto.

If you were to see him, says he, glittering in his armour, and in all the thunder of war, you would take him for Mars, the god of it; but when that is over, and he lays by his helmet, you would think him the god of love.

* Of Rinaldo. See canto i. stanza 58.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1738.

No. 93.

EVERY age has its fashionable follies, as well as its fashionable vices; but, as follies are more numerous than vices, they change oftener, and every four or five years produce a new one. I will indulge my fellow-subjects in the full enjoyment of such follies as are inoffensive in themselves and in their consequences. Men, as well as children, must have their playthings: but when *hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala* (these trifles lead on to real evils), I shall take the liberty to interpose, represent, and censure.

Fashion, which is always at first the offspring of little minds, and the child of levity, gains strength and support by the great number of its relations, till at length it is received and adopted by better understandings, who either conform to it to avoid singularity, or who are surprized into it, from want of attention to an object which they look up as indifferent in itself, and so dignify and establish the folly.

This is the case of a present prevailing extravagancy, I mean the absurd and ridiculous imitation of the French, which is now become the epidemical distemper of this kingdom: not confined to those only from whom one expects no better, but it has even infected those whom one should have thought much above such weaknesses; and I behold with indignation the sturdy conquerors of France shrunk and dwindled into the imperfect mimics, or ridiculous *caricaturas*, of all its levity. The *travesty* is universal; poor England produces nothing fit to eat, or drink, or wear. Our clothes, our furniture, nay our food too, all is to

come from France; and I am credibly informed, that a poulterer at Calais now actually supplies our polite tables with half their provisions.

I do not mean to undervalue the French; I know their merit; they are a cheerful, industrious, ingenious, polite people, and have many things in which I wish we did imitate them. But, like true mimics, we only ape their imperfections, and awkwardly copy those parts which all reasonable Frenchmen themselves condemn in the originals.

If this folly went no farther than disguising both our meats and ourselves in the French modes, I should bear it with more patience, and content myself with representing only to my country folks, that the one would make them sick, and the other ridiculous: but when even the materials for the folly are to be brought over from France too, it becomes a much more serious consideration. Our trade and manufactures are at stake, and what seems at first only very silly, is in truth a great national evil, and a piece of civil immorality.

There is surely some obedience due to the laws of the land, which strictly prohibit the importation of these fooleries; and, independently of those laws, there is a strong obligation upon every member of a society from which he himself receives so many advantages. These are moral duties, if I know what moral duties are, but I presume they are awkward ones, and not fit to restrain the unbounded fancy of fine gentlemen and fine ladies, in their dress and manner of living; and it is, certainly, much more reasonable that our trade should decay, and our manufactures starve, than that people of taste and condition

should content themselves with the wretched produce of their own country.

Methinks there is something very mean in being such avowed plagiaries, and I wonder the British spirit will submit to it. Why will our countrymen thus distrust themselves? Let them exert their own genius and invention, and I make no doubt but they will be able to produce as many original extravagances as all the Marshals of France can do. How much more glorious would it be for those ladies who establish the fashion here, to consider at the same time their own dignity, and the public good! Let them not servilely copy or translate French edicts, but let them enact original laws of their own. I look upon the birth-day clothes of a fine woman to be the statute of dress for that year: and, by the way, the only statute which is complied with. I therefore humbly entreat, that it may be enacted in English. Seriously, if three or four ladies, at the head of the fashion, would but value themselves upon being clothed entirely with the manufactures of their own country, and from the plenitude of their own power pronounce all foreign manufactures ungenteel, awkward, and frippery, the legions who dress under their banner would soon be as much ashamed of dressing against their country as they are now of being thought even natives of it. This would be moreover the real imitation of the French, who like nothing but their own.

What I have said with relation to my fair countrywomen holds equally true as to my fine countrymen, to whom I cannot help hinting, over and above, that they make very ridiculous Frenchmen, and might be very valuable Englishmen. Every nation has its

distinguishing mark and characteristic. If we have a solidity which the French have not, they most certainly have an elasticity which we have not; and the imitation is equally awkward. Horace justly calls imitators *servum pecus* (slavish cattle); and, to do him justice, he is himself an original. If my countrymen would be thought conversant with Horace, as they most of them would be, I am sure they will find in him no instance of foppery, luxury, or profusion.

We have heard with satisfaction that some considerable persons in this kingdom, from a just and becoming concern for our distressed tradesmen and manufacturers, discountenance, as far as possible, this pernicious folly. And though I make no doubt but, at the end of this long mourning,* by which trade has suffered so immensely, some measures will be taken to this effect elsewhere, this would be the most likely way of eradicating the evil, and as it is by no means unprecedented to annex certain conditions to the honour and privilege of subjects appearing in the presence of their sovereign, surely none can be juster nor more reasonable than that they should contribute to the good of their country.

But the mischief does not stop here neither; for now we are not content with receiving our fashions and the materials for them from France, but we even export ourselves in order to import them. The matter, it seems, is of too great consequence to trust to hear-say evidence for; but we must go ourselves to view those great originals, be able to say, of our own knowledge, how such a glutton eats, and how

* On account of Queen Caroline, who had died on the 20th of November in the previous year.

such a fool dresses, and return loaded with the prohibited tinsel and frippery of the *palais*.* Half the private families of England take a trip, as they call it, every summer to Paris; and I am assured that near four hundred thousand pounds have been remitted thither in one year to supply this extravagancy. Should this rage continue, the Act of Parliament, proposed in one of Mr. Congreve's comedies, to prohibit the exportation of fools, will in reality become necessary. Travelling is, unquestionably, a very proper part of the education of our youth; and, like our bullion, I would allow them to be exported. But people of a certain age beyond refining, and once stamped here, like our coin, should be confined within the kingdom. The impressions they have received make them current here, but obstruct their currency anywhere else, and they only return disguised, defaced, and probably much lessened in the weight.

The sober and well-regulated family of a country gentleman is a very valuable part of the community; they keep up good neighbourhood by decent hospitality, they promote good manners by their example, and encourage labour and industry by their consumption. But when once they run French, if I may use the expression, and are to be polished by this trip to Paris, I will venture to assure them, that they may, from that day, date their being ridiculous for ever afterwards. They are laughed at in France for not

* The place where the Courts of Justice and Parliament are held at Paris, answering to Westminster Hall. Milliners and toymen are allowed to have shops and stalls; and know how to dispose of their trinkets to young lawyers, foreigners, and other persons, whom curiosity or idleness draws to this place. (Note by Dr. Maty in 1777.)

being like the French ; they are laughed at here for endeavouring to be like them ; and, what is worse, their mimicking their luxury brings them into their necessity, which ends in a most complete imitation indeed, of their mean and servile dependance upon the Court.

I could point out to these itinerant spirits a much shorter, less expensive, and more effectual method of travelling and Frenchifying themselves ; which is, if they would but travel to *Old Soho*, and stay two or three months in *le quartier des Grecs* ; * lodgings and *légumes* are very cheap there, and the people very civil to strangers. There too they might possibly get acquainted with some French people, which they never do at Paris ; and, it may be, learn a little French, which they never do in France neither : and I appeal to any one who has seen those venerable personages of both sexes of the refugees, if they are not infinitely more genteel, easier, and better dressed in the French manner, than any of their modern English mimics.

As for our fair countrywomen in particular, they are so valuable, so beautiful a part of our own produce, and in which we so eminently excel all other nations, that I can by no means allow of their exportation : they are surely, if I may say so, much more valuable commodities than wool or fuller's-earth, the exportation of which is so strictly prohibited by our

* The place where most of the descendants of the French refugees then lived. Their chapel, in which divine service was, and still continues to be performed, according to the rites of the church of England, had formerly belonged to a congregation of Greeks, and has given its name to all the *environs* of Soho Square. (Note by Dr. Maty in 1777.)

laws, lest foreigners should have the manufacturing of them; which reasoning holds stronger, upon many accounts, in this case, than in the two others.

Let it not be urged, that the loss arising from these follies is but a trifling object with relation to our trade in general. This, for aught I know, might have been true some years ago: but such is the present unhappy state of our trade, that I doubt no object is now a trifling one, or below the attention of every individual. After six and twenty years' peace, we labour under every one of the taxes which subsisted at the conclusion of the last expensive war, without reckoning some new ones laid on since; while other nations, gradually eased of that burthen, under-work and under-sell us in every foreign market. The last valuable part of our trade, how has it been attacked for these many years! and how has it been protected! It would be unreasonable to expect that the administration, ingrossed by much greater cares, should attend to so trifling a consideration as trade; nor can one wonder that it has entirely escaped the attention of Parliament, when one considers, that so many affairs of a much higher nature have, of late, so advantageously employed them. But it therefore becomes more peculiarly the care of every individual; and if, from the reformation only of those follies here mentioned, five or six hundred thousand pounds a year may be saved to the nation, which I am convinced is the case, how incumbent is it upon every one to sacrifice a little private folly to so much public good! It may at least be a reprieve to our trade and manufactures from that ruin which, at best, seems to be too near them; and possibly too the examples of some private people may,

at least, shame others, whose more immediate care it ought to be, into some degree of attention to what they have so long seemed to neglect.

COMMON SENSE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1739.

No. 103.

SIR,

I HAVE lately read, with the greatest satisfaction, the account, printed in our public papers, of the signal victory obtained by his Majesty's Hanoverian troops over the Danes, notwithstanding the great inequality of the numbers, the Danes being at least thirty, and the Hanoverians at most five hundred men; the Danes having, moreover, the important fortress of Steinhorst to protect, and the counsels of Counsellor Wedderkop to direct them.*

* Here follows a more serious account of this trifling transaction, extracted from the *Further Vindication of the Case of the Hanover Troops*, a pamphlet in which both Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Waller were concerned:—

"It was in this situation of Europe, that Hanover with the same
"avaricious itch upon it, found an opportunity to purchase a certain
"reversionary right to the poor little Bailiwick of Steinhorst, upon
"the extinction of the male line of Messieurs de Wedercop. To this
"end a treaty was concluded between His Majesty and the Duke of
"Holstein, June 14, 1738, whereby the Duke transfers to him all his
"rights and claims to that Bailiwick for 30,000 crowns. Unluckily
"Denmark pretended to the same rights and claims which had thus
"been assigned by Holstein, together with yet other new-acquired
"titles, derived from certain transactions which had passed between
"that Court and the Wedercops. And finding that Hanover, with-
"out any regard to these pretensions, designed to be the first occupier,
"not only sent a detachment of thirty dragoons, who got possession
"of it, but immediately published a Manifesto, setting forth their
"rights, &c. Upon this the Regency of Hanover, in support 'of the
"rights and honour of the King of Great Britain,' as is set forth in
"their information, despatched two hundred Hanoverians to dislodge

As the best account of this great action is in the Daily Gazetteer of the 25th of December last, which nobody reads, I will, for the satisfaction of the curious, transcribe it from thence.

"Hanover, December the 12th, O.S. On the 4th instant, a detachment of Hanoverians, consisting of five hundred men, with two field-pieces, marched to take possession of the territory of Steinhorst, which belongs to the Privy Counsellor, Wedderkop, where in were posted thirty dragoons in the service of the King of Denmark. The Colonel who commanded the detachment no sooner arrived, but he sent a Lieutenant to the Danish Captain in the castle, to acquaint him that he was come with orders to take possession of it, and, if he refused, to turn him out by force. The Danish Captain having answered the Lieutenant, that he was commanded to repel force by force, the two officers had such high words, that they drew their swords and fought a duel, in which the Danish Captain was killed on the spot, and the Lieutenant mortally wounded. The Hanoverian Colonel having advanced with his troops in the *interim*, to begin the attack, a very smart skirmish ensued, wherein several soldiers were killed on both sides. The Danes then drew up their draw-bridges and retired into the castle, where they defended themselves a while; but the Hanoverians having, by the means of great hooks, plucked down the Danes. A fray ensued in which three Hanoverians, the Danish officer, and one soldier fell. This was followed by a long and curious paper-war, which continued, to the no small diversion of Europe, till all was happily adjusted by a treaty concluded at Hanover, March 5, 1739, N.S."

"the bridges, they entered the castle and took possession of it, by virtue of an instrument drawn up by a lawyer and a scrivener, whom they had sent for from Hamburg for that purpose."

This action is, in my mind, as great an instance of prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and moderation as any we read of in antiquity. Considering the strength of the castle, and the number of the garrison, it was certainly prudent to send no less than five hundred men to attack it. The Colonel shows his generosity, in the first place, by sending a very civil message to the commanding officer, to let him know he was come to take possession of the castle, and to turn him out by force; and then the ardor of his courage, by not staying for an answer, but beginning the attack in the *interim*. After he had possessed himself of the fortress, by his hooks, and other warlike instruments, he declines the right of conquest, which he might undoubtedly have insisted upon, but quiets the possession by virtue of an instrument prepared by a lawyer and scrivener whom he had sent for from Hamburg for that purpose.

This important fortress, together with the estate about it, I am assured, is worth, as to the *dominium utile*, no less than a thousand pounds a year, and inestimable as to the *dominium supremum*, as it is a check to the Northern Powers: but, the title being pretty intricate and doubtful, his Majesty bought it a pennyworth of the Duke of Holstein, the last time he visited his German dominions, paying, I think, no more than thirty thousand pounds for it.

I have met with some timorous people, who appre-

hend ill consequences from this affair. The King of Denmark, say they, incensed at this treatment, will certainly throw himself into the arms of France, which has, for some time, been endeavouring to engage him, as well as other Northern Powers, provisionally in her interests, to facilitate her future schemes of power and greatness. Nay, more, say they, the King of Denmark may probably resent this upon Hanover itself, and march a considerable body of troops there; in which case Hanover will cry out murder, call upon England for help, and we may be obliged to send more fleets to the Baltic, and be engaged in a war upon account of a disputed possession, too inconsiderable even for a law-suit. But those who talk in this way, are but shallow politicians, and have not an adequate notion of the strength and importance of our foreign dominions, or of the goodness of those troops. On the contrary, it seems evident to me, that the King of Denmark will think twice before he engages in measures disagreeable to that state, whose strength, courage, and conduct, he has of late so sensibly experienced; but, should he take any rash and inconsiderate step, Hanover alone is more than a match for him, and England neither can nor will be engaged in that quarrel; and especially at a time that our expenses and fleets are employed, in obtaining ample reparation for our merchants, and future security for our trade, which, it may be, is not quite yet accomplished.

Upon this occasion, give me leave, sir, to suggest to you my thoughts upon the lustre and advantage which England receives from being so happily annexed to his Majesty's German dominions, in answer to the

vulgar prejudices too commonly entertained against them.

While England was unconnected with any dominions upon the Continent, we had only our fleets to prevent and resist insults from other powers; whereas, by our happy union with Hanover, we have a body of above twenty thousand men, most excellent troops, to act whenever we think proper, without the least danger or expense to England, by which too particularly we bridle the North.

The Duchy of Bremen is of infinite advantage to England, as it supplies us with great quantities of linen, both for home consumption and re-exportation, to the great ease of our linen manufacturers, who would otherwise be obliged to make ten times the quantity they do now.

Hanover may be likewise of use to us by its example, since there cannot be a stronger instance of the advantages arising to a country, from a wise and frugal administration, than the great improvement of that Electorate, under the successive governments of his late and his present Majesty.

The whole revenues of the Electorate, at the time of his late Majesty's accession to the throne of these realms, did not amount to more than three hundred thousand pounds a year; and yet soon afterwards the considerable purchases of Bremen and Verden were made for above five hundred thousand pounds sterling. Not long after this, the number of troops in the Electorate was raised much above what it was before thought able to maintain, and has continued ever since upon that high establishment.

Since his present Majesty's accession to the Elec-

torate, several acquisitions have also been made; and the very last time his Majesty visited those dominions, he bought in, at the price of above a hundred thousand pounds, the revenues of the postage of the Electorate, which was an hereditary grant to the Counts of Platen; and in August last his Majesty concluded the purchase, and paid above thirty thousand pounds for the fortress and estates of Steinhorst. So that upon the whole, notwithstanding that the expenses for the current service of the year equal, at least, the revenue of the Electorate, yet, by a prudent and frugal management, a million sterling at least has been laid out, over and above, in new acquisitions.

If such frugal means had been pursued, we should have been in a better condition than we now are. I cannot help recommending to the administration, here, to follow the example of their German brethren, to have spirit enough to act, and frugality enough to put the nation in a condition of doing it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ANGLO-GERMANICUS.

III.

OLD ENGLAND,

OR THE CONSTITUTIONAL JOURNAL;

BY JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM, OF COVENT GARDEN, ESQ.

UPON the fall of Sir Robert Walpole in 1742, a part of the late Opposition to his government greatly disapproved the course pursued by his successors. They complained that there was no reformation of the system—that only the men and not the measures had been changed.

Lord Carteret, above all, as favouring the King's Hanoverian partiality, became the aim of their attacks. To give more effect to these views, the paper called "Old England" was commenced in February 1743, and soon made considerable noise. As to Lord Chesterfield's share in it the following is Dr. Maty's statement:—"Lord Chesterfield owned himself repeatedly to his chaplain, the present Bishop of Waterford, author of the first number; and I think there can be no doubt but that the third came from the same hand."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1743.

No. 1.

It has generally been the custom with our hebdomadal and diurnal authors to preface their works with an account of their birth, parentage, and education, the company they keep, and several other curious particulars relating to their own persons; but, as I am of opinion, that it is more proper for a writer to endeavour to recommend his business than his person to the public, I shall inform my reader of the one, and leave him to indulge the pleasure of conjecture as to the other.

We are told by critics, that definitions ought to be conceived in as plain, concise terms as possible. The world naturally expect that a public writer should, at his outset, acquaint them with his principles, views, and motives of writing; therefore I intend, in compliance with this expectation, to acquaint my reader in very plain terms, with those several particulars. This is fair: if he likes the definition of each, he will be curious to know the several propositions deduced from them, and, perhaps, be prevailed on to encourage the doctrine arising upon the whole. If, on the other hand, he should dislike them, there is but little harm done; he knows what he is to expect, and will hereafter save both himself and me the

mortification of any farther interviews with one another.

All experience convinces me, that ninety men out of one hundred, when they talk of forming principles, mean no more than embracing parties, and, when they talk of supporting their party, mean serving their friends; and the service of their friends implies no more than consulting self-interest. By this gradation, principles are fitted to party, party degenerates into faction, and faction is reduced to self. For this reason, I openly declare that I think no honest man will implicitly embrace any party, so as to attach himself to the persons of those who form it. I am firmly of opinion, that, both in the last and present age, this nation might have been equally well served either by Whigs or Tories; and, if she was not, it was not because their principles were contrary to her interest, but because their conduct was inconsistent with their principles.

To extend this view a little farther, I am entirely persuaded that, in the words, *our present happy establishment*, the happiness mentioned there is that of the subjects; and that, if the establishment should make the Prince happy, and the subjects otherwise, it would be very justly termed our present unhappy establishment. I apprehend the nation did not think King James unworthy of the Crown, merely that he might make way for the Prince of Orange; nor can I conceive that they ever precluded themselves from dealing by King William in the same manner as they had done by King James, if he had done as much to deserve such a treatment. Neither can I in all my search find, that, when the Crown was settled in an

hereditary line upon the present Royal Family, the people of Great Britain ever signed any formal instrument of recantation, by which they expressed their sorrow and repentance of what they had done against King James, and protested that they would never do so by any future Prince, though reduced to the same melancholy necessity. I farther think the people settled the Crown upon the family of Hanover, neither from any opinion which they entertained of infallibility in all the future Princes which that illustrious House was to produce, nor from their being persuaded that the Crown of this Kingdom, in right of blood, belonged to that House, but because they thought that the government of those Princes bade fairest to make themselves happy. They thought, that Princes of that House, having fewer connections with any interest upon the Continent destructive to that of Great Britain, would be more independent, and less incumbered with any foreign concern, and, consequently, more at liberty to act for the interest of this nation. From these considerations, as a subject of Great Britain, and as an honest man, I think myself bound, even in my individual capacity, to oppose all schemes destructive of those effects, which I, in my conscience, believe were the reasons that induced this free people to raise the head of the family of Hanover, from being the youngest Elector in Germany, to be one of the most powerful Princes in Europe. I think, that there can be no treason equal to that of a Minister, who would advise his Majesty to sacrifice his great concerns to his little ones; because, as I think his Majesty's virtues have firmly riveted him in the hearts of his subjects, he is as sure

of the Crown of England as of the Electorate of Hanover; and therefore every measure in favour of the latter, in prejudice of the former, is the blackest treason, both against the King and the people.

Such are my principles with regard to the general system of our constitution and government; as to the particular propositions to be deduced from these principles, they will be the subject of after-disquisition.

I am next to account for the views of my writing. I had always observed, of the late very wicked Ministers, that, though they did many infamous scandalous things, and put up with many gross affronts in favour of foreign considerations; yet, I will do them the justice to say it, the odium arising from their measures always fell upon their own persons; and whatever the secret springs of their conduct might have been, yet we never saw the safety and profit of Hanoverian dominions, made in Parliament itself, the immediate, open, and avowed cause of sacrificing the nearest and the dearest interests of this nation. Questions indeed were carried for Hessian troops, for extravagant subsidies, for inconsistent treaties, and the like; but they never had the impudence, the insolence, or the wickedness, to bring Hanover and Great Britain, as two parties, before the bar of their own corruption, and then to pass a verdict, by which the latter was rendered a province to the former. It is against such, as can be found wicked enough to do this, that this paper is undertaken; it is undertaken against those who have found the secret of acquiring more infamy in ten months, than their predecessors, with all the pains they took, could acquire in twenty years. It is intended to vindicate the honour of the

Crown of Great Britain, and to assert the interest of her people against all foreign considerations; to keep up the spirit of virtuous opposition to wicked people; to point out the means of completing the great end of the Revolution; and, in short, to give the alarm upon any future attacks that may be made, either open or secret, of the Government upon the constitution.

I am now to speak of the motives for an undertaking of this kind: these are many, but some of them perhaps not quite so proper to be committed to the public. We have seen the noble fruits of a twenty years' Opposition blasted by the connivance and treachery of a few, who, by all ties of gratitude and honour, ought to have cherished and preserved them to the people: but this disappointment ought to be so far from discouraging, that it should lend spirit and life to a new Opposition. The late one laboured their point for a much longer term of years, and against many greater difficulties, than any Opposition at present can be under any apprehensions of encountering.

They became a majority, from a minority of not above eighty-seven or eighty-eight in all; they fought against an experienced General and a national purse; and the questions they opposed were more plausible in their nature, and less dangerous in their consequences, than any that have yet fallen within the system of their blundering successors. At present, the friends of their country, who have already declared themselves, have advantages which their predecessors could never compass, even after twenty years' hard labour.

I know, that the conduct of those, who sneaked, and abandoned their principles, upon the late change of Ministry, is sometimes made use of as an argument

why all Opposition must be fruitless, since all mankind, say they, employ it only as a means of their preferment, or the instrument of their revenge. This argument is in point of fact absolutely false, and in point of reasoning extremely inconclusive. To prove it false in fact, I need but appeal to an understanding reader's own memory ; let him recollect the characters of those, who betrayed their party upon the late change, the light in which they stood with the public, and the estimation they held with their friends. Whoever shall take the pains to do this will own, that the part they acted could be no surprise upon the discerning part of mankind. In all parties and bodies of men, even less numerous than those who formed the late Opposition, there have always been found, and it has been always understood there are, men, whose virtue is too weak to stand the first shock either of temptation or danger : when such men give way, they leave a party stronger, because its rottenness is removed.

They, who fell off upon the late turn, are of two sorts ; such as were never suspected of having virtue to resist temptation, and such as were never thought of consequence enough to deserve it. The surprise, therefore, is not that some fell, but that so many stood. But then how melancholy is the consideration, when we reflect, that there is a possibility, that the great concerns of the nation both at home and abroad may, by such an alteration of affairs, fall into the hands of those who were either the reproach or scum of their party ? What a prospect must this nation have, if in the most decisive conjuncture, as to the liberties of Europe, the management of foreign concerns should fall into the hands of a person of the following character ?

A man,* who, when in the Opposition, even his sincerity could never beget confidence, nor his abilities esteem ; whose learning is unrewarded with knowledge, and his experience with wisdom ; discovering a haughtiness of demeanour, without any dignity of character ; and possessing the lust of avarice, without knowing the right use of power and riches. His understanding blinded by his passions, his passions directed by his prejudices, and his prejudices ever hurrying into presumption ; impatient even of an equal, yet ever requiring the correction of a superior. Right as to general maxims, but wrong in the application ; and therefore always so intoxicated by the prospect of success, that he never is cool enough to concert the proper measures to attain it.

Should a man, I say, of such a character as this, ever come to be at the head of Foreign affairs, the nation must be in greater danger than it was in any time of the late administration, because her ruin will be more swift, disgraceful, and irretrievable. One might easily form a contrast to this character, and yet not deviate from a living resemblance. I could point out a person,† without any other merit but the lowest species of prostitution, enjoying a considerable post, got by betraying his own party, without having abilities to be of use to any other : one, who had that plodding mechanical turn, which, with an opinion of his steadiness, was of service to the Opposition, but can be of none to a Ministry : one, whose talents were so low, that nothing but servile application could preserve him from universal contempt, and who, if he

* Lord Carteret, then Secretary of State.

† Probably Mr. Sandys, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer.

had persevered all his life in the interests of his country, might have had a chance of being remembered hereafter as a useful man. If there are such characters as those now existing, it is at least of some consolation to men of sense and virtue, that, if their inclinations lead them to views destructive of the interests and constitution of Great Britain, yet their abilities and reputation with all mankind are too mean for them to continue so long in power as to be able to copy the late Minister in procuring a safe retreat for his crimes.

Having said thus much, I declare that this paper shall cease as soon as the motives on which it is undertaken have ceased; but till then, it shall be carried on with all the spirit which is consistent with decency, law, and the principles of this constitution. While the writers in it keep to these, they are determined to fear no consequences; because nothing can arise so melancholy to their own private interest, as an attempt to crush the liberty of writing must be to those of the public. JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM.

OLD ENGLAND,

OR THE CONSTITUTIONAL JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1743.

No. 3.

I SCARCE know a more delicate and difficult situation, than that of an author at his first appearance in public. He presents himself without introducer or credentials. He is his own ambassador, sent by him-

self to speak of himself and for himself; in which case it is almost impossible for him not to say either too little or too much. But the difficulties of a weekly author, or an author by retail, are still greater, as they are perpetual; for even should he get through his first audience with success, and be graciously received, the least slip in his subsequent conduct undoes the whole, and he is disgraced. He is bound over, as it were, from week to week, to his good behaviour; and a hundred thousand judges, not all of them learned or impartial as the twelve, are to determine whether he has forfeited his recognizances or not.

Aware of these dangers, I should not have encountered them, had not a full conviction of my own superior merit assured me that I was safe from them all. Armed with wit, judgment, erudition, and every other eminent qualification, I rush into the world, secure, like one of Homer's heroes, in armour given him by all the gods. I would not have said thus much of myself, for, I thank God, I am as free from vanity as ever any author was, and what I have said every author thinks, but that, as yet, I have nobody else to say it for me, and it was absolutely necessary that the public should not be ignorant of so important a truth. The first impression is often decisive; and the generality of mankind choose to take an opinion ready-made, even from the party interested, rather than be at the trouble of forming one of their own. In a very little time, the unanimous voice of my readers will, I dare say, render any farther intimations of this kind unnecessary.

As I foresee that this paper will occasion many questions, I shall here give the answers beforehand to

such of them as occur to me, that the curious may know what they have to expect for the future.

"What is this new paper, this Constitutional Journal?" says some solid politician, whose unerring judgment has never suffered him to stray out of the beaten road of fact and dates. "Has it matter and sound reasoning? or is it only a paper of wit and fancy, for the amusement of the frivolous? Is it Whig or Tory; for, or against, the Court? I will know a little more of it before I take it in." To this I answer and engage, that it shall have the most material of matter, and the most reasonable of reasoning. As to Whig and Tory, I know no real distinction between them; I look upon them as two brothers, who, in truth, mean the same thing, though they pursue it differently; and therefore, as Martia did in the like case, I declare myself for neither, yet for both. As to for, or against the Court, I only answer it shall be constitutional, and directed with regard to the Court, as Trajan desired his sword might be, for him, or against him, as he deserved it.

"Here is a new paper come out, I am told," says some vigorous Minister. "It is treason to be sure, but is it treason within or without the law? can I get at it? I do not like the title on it, especially at this time." With humble submission, I beg leave to assure his Lordship, that I shall not write treason, because I never think treason. This Royal Family has not a more faithful and loyal subject in the kingdom than myself; and if I may borrow an expression I have long admired, it is under this Royal Family alone that I think we can live free, and that I hope we are determined to live free. His Lordship shall most

certainly never get at me, till it is criminal to be an Englishman; should that ever happen, indeed, he may possibly have the satisfaction of condemning me to a wheel-barrow in the mines of the Hartz.*

"This Jeffrey Broadbottom, this Constitutional Journal, is certainly levelled at us," says a conscious sullen apostate patriot to his fallen brethren in the Pandæmonium. "It is ten to one but it is written by some of our old friends, and then we shall have all our former speeches, pamphlets and declarations, turned upon us, and our past conduct set over against our present. I wish we could buy it off; as soon as ever I can find out the author I will, for I have some reason to be pretty sure that there is no man who is not to be bought;" and then

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

Pray why do you think my paper is levelled at you? has your expiring conscience in its last words told you so? and has the same authority informed you that I am to be bought? You are mistaken in both. You may happen, indeed, sometimes to hitch-in a paper, but you must be much more considerable than you are before you become the principal object of one; and you must stay till you are trusted with the disposal of money, and till I love it as well as you do, two things which will never happen, ere you will be able to buy me.

"What is this new paper, this broad-bottom journal, I think they call it," says a fine woman in the genteel languor of her morning conversation with some fine gentleman of distinguished taste and politeness:

* In the Electorate of Hanover.

“Is it like the ‘Tatlers’ and ‘Spectators’? has it wit or humour? or is it only upon those odious politics that one hears of all day long? in short, will it do with one’s tea in a morning?” “Not with your tea,” replies the fine gentleman, “but incomparably well with your ale, if you ever take any; not that I have read it yet, but to say the truth, the title does not promise well. Jeffrey Broadbottom and John Trott seem to be synonymous terms. I dare say, there is nothing of what the French call *enjouement* in it; and I take it to be a kind of heavy hot loaf, to stay the stomachs of hungry politicians in a morning.” Have a little patience with me, ye illustrious rulers of the *beau monde*, ye tremendous judges, whose decisions are the final decrees of fashion and taste. I know your importance too well not to engage your favour if possible: though I shall be often, what you never are, serious, I shall be sometimes, what you are always, trifling. My lazy and my idle hours shall be sacred to the amusement of yours; lighter subjects shall sometimes engage your attention, and unbend mine; and the events of the polite world shall fill up the intervals of the busy one.

The universal question will be, who is the author, or supposed author, of this paper? To which if I do not give an answer at present, I must beg leave to be excused; being determined at present to shine like phosphorus in the dark, and scatter my light from the impenetrable recess of my own closet. I will, for a time at least, enjoy the sensible pleasure of unsought and unsuspected praise, and of hearing, wherever I go, my labours applauded, and severally ascribed to the most eminent wits and politicians of the age; as

they certainly will be, till I think proper to declare myself, and vindicate the glory due to me alone.

Having thus given not only an account, but some samples, of what the public may expect from me hereafter, I shall conclude this paper with a friendly and disinterested piece of advice to such of my fellow-subjects as are desirous of information, instruction, or entertainment. Secure my paper in time, for the demand will soon be too great to be complied with; and those who take it in first shall, as in justice they ought, have the preference afterwards. Mr. Purser, my printer, assures me it is impossible to print off above one hundred and ninety-three thousand of these papers in a week; a very small proportion to the number of those who will be solicitous to read them: for reckoning the people of this kingdom at eight millions, and deducting half that number for young children, blind people and men of quality, who either cannot or do not choose to read, there will remain four millions of reading souls, of whom three millions eight hundred and seven thousand cannot have the satisfaction of reading this paper at the first hand, but must wait with patience, for the future editions. I do not say this from any sordid view of interest, which I am infinitely above; for I most solemnly protest that I desire nothing for myself, and that the immense profits of this paper shall be all distributed among my friends, the printer, the publisher, compositor, press-men, flys and devils, without quartering myself upon any one of them, or requiring anything from them contrary to their former conduct, honour, or conscience.

JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM.

IV.

THE WORLD.

THIS paper owed its origin to Edward Moore, the ingenious author of the *Fables for the Female Sex*, and of the tragedy of the *Gamester*. As editor of the *World* he assumed the fictitious name of Mr. Fitz-Adam. It was not long ere numerous correspondents, known and unknown, tendered him their aid. Indeed, as is boasted by himself in the dedication of one of his volumes to Mr. Soame Jenyns, the *World* became "the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public." Lord Chesterfield was one of these; but, as he sent his first paper to Mr. Dodsley the publisher without any notice from whom it came, it received, as Dr. Maty tells the story, but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its inconvenient length. Fortunately, however, Lord Lyttelton happening to call at Mr. Dodsley's, this paper was shown to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing, of the noble author. Mr. Moore, being informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discerned its merits, and not only published it without further delay, and at some unusual expense, but introduced it with the following graceful apology and compliment:—

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1753.

No. 18.

"THE following letter had appeared earlier in the *World*, if its length, or what at present happens to be the same thing, its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of its beauties; but, after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is, as the human soul is imagined to be by some ancient philosophers, *totus in toto, et totus in quolibet parte*. I have, therefore, changed the form of my paper, choosing rather to present my readers with an extraordinary half-sheet, than to keep from them any longer what was sent me for their instruction. At the same time I must beg leave to say, that I shall never think myself obliged to repeat my complaisance, but to those of my correspondents, who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of wit."

TO MR. FITZADAM.

SIR,

I CONSIDER you as supplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to stop the progress of crimes by punishing them; your paper seems calculated to check the course of follies by exposing them. May you be more successful in the latter, than the law is in the former!

Upon this principle I shall lay my case plainly before you, and desire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may seem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can assure you, sir, that it is a very serious one to me, notwithstanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family-interest, my election encumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged by a good place which I have got since, to live in town, and in all the best company, nine months in the year. I married suitable to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good humour on her part, joined to good-nature and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at

Westminster school, in learning the words of two languages long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design; but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. "My dear," said she, "I think you do very right to send George abroad; for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while: but, since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take that opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing, very little farther than to our own house in the north; we shall save money by it, for everything is very cheap in France; it will form the girl, who is of a right age for it; and a couple of months, with a good French, and dancing, master, will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortunes. Several of my acquaintance, who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will amuse and even improve us; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech, which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation, than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. "Ay, dear papa," said she, "let us go with brother to Paris; it will be the

"charmingest thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille;* in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back; do, dear papa, let us go."

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first; and I foresaw a thousand inconveniences in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, "that I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated, but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it; that I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels, but that I had lately seen many women of hers become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me with saying, "For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many a woman in stead of a fortune." "Nay, to be sure," added my wife, "the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why

* Marcel, the most famous dancing-master at that time at Paris. He is often mentioned in Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

“she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously
“married, as Lady Betty Townly, or the two Miss
“Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes.”
I found by all this that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French; insomuch that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English, which now in a manner overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured, as well as I could, to avert this impending folly by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find everything in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been

lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people; when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit. He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him, that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, "No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *honnêtement*." This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear that, child?" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, my dear, but now that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion, and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten

our stay, and lessen our follies, as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remises* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain English is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings; and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelest shops, in order to fit them out to appear *honnêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish Abbé, and an Irish Captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon, who studied midwifery at the *Hôtel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that Sir Harbottle Bumper and Sir Clotworthy Guzzledown with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Neuilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days, the several mechanics, who

were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation, for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating-room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like Christians." "And strollers too," replied I; "for such have I seen at Southwark-fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!" "Very serious, depend upon it, my dear," said my wife; "and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither," continued she; "Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty." As I found that the name of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and, addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, "I perceived that there was a painter now in Paris who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves." To this they both answered at once, "That red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none." "But how do you like my *pompon*, papa?" continued my daughter: "is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's." "It may, child, for anything that

“I know; because I do not know what part of all
“this frippery thy *pompon* is.” “It is this, papa,”
replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and
showing me, in the middle of her hair, a complication
of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers, and ribands,
stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and
placed awry. “But what hast thou done to thy hair,
“child,” said I; “is it blue? is that painted too by
“the same eminent hand, that coloured thy cheeks?”
“Indeed, papa,” answered the girl, “as I told you
“before, there is no painting in the case; but what
“gives my hair that bluish cast is the grey powder,
“which has always that effect upon dark-coloured
“hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully.”
“Grey powder, child!” said I, with some surprise:
“grey hairs I knew were venerable; but till this mo-
“ment I never knew that they were genteel.” “Ex-
“tremely so, with some complexions,” said my wife;
“but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it.”
“You are much in the right, my dear,” replied I,
“not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.”
This, which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed
to be a second part of the *Sysigambis*, was not kindly
taken; my wife was silent all dinner-time, and, I
vainly hoped, ashamed. My daughter, drunk with
dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation to her-
self, till the long-wished-for moment of the Opera
came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect
upon the extravagancies, which I had already seen,
and upon the still greater, which I had but too much
reason to dread.

From this period, to the time of our return to Eng-
land, every day produced some new and shining folly,

and some improper expense. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent servant and fit for everything, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel, French maid is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which jumbled together compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous, by being translated into French; and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expense, and consequently my debt, increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. D.

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them, that of all French ragouts there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite, as an English lady served up to him *à la Française*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow, the certain consequence of paint, to an artificial one of red. And, lastly, I propose it to their consideration, whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1735.

No. 24.

I SHALL not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the

learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for these last sixteen centuries; but at the same time I will do justice to my contemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved, and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve, than pretended to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account; they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill: he was a god, and divinity was his *NOSTRUM*. But how prodigiously have my ingenious contemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What *nostrums*, what specifics, have they not discovered! Collectively considered, they insure not only perfect health, but, by a necessary consequence, immortality; insomuch that I am astonished, when I still read in the weekly bills the great number of people, who choose to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures, not only advertised, but attested, in all the newspapers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the most uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceased friend or neighbour, before they give the last parting howl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine

children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with, and censure, those of our contemporaries, who, either from obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expense, not only all distempers, but even old age and death itself! The *RENOVATING ELIXIR* *infallibly restores pristine youth and vigour, be the patient ever so old and decayed*, and that without loss of time or business; whereas the same operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the first discharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate, who for many years has been afflicted with the *POSTEROMANIA*, or rage of having posterity, a distemper very common among persons of that sort, ought he not, I say, to be ashamed of having no issue male to perpetuate his illustrious name and title, when, for so small a sum as three-and-sixpence, he and his lady might be supplied with a sufficient quantity of the *VIVIFYING DROPS*, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and barrenness in women, though of never so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the moderns, in the art of healing, is the infallible cure of the king's-

evil, though never so inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful King, the right heir of Adam; for that is essentially necessary. The ancients were unacquainted with this inestimable secret, and even Solomon the son of David, the wisest of Kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our British Solomon, King James the First, a son of David also,* was no stranger to it, and practised it with success. This fact is sufficiently proved by experience; but if it wanted any corroborating testimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable history of England, asserts, and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text, that he knew SOMEBODY, who was radically cured of a most obstinate king's-evil, by the touch of SOMEBODY.† As our sagacious historian does not even intimate that this SOMEBODY took anything of the other SOMEBODY for the cure, it were to be wished that he had named this SOMEBODY, and his place of abode, "for the benefit of the poor,"‡ who are now reduced, and at some expense, to have recourse to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Besides, I fairly confess myself to be personally interested in this inquiry, since this SOMEBODY must

* Lord Chesterfield here alludes to the scandal respecting Queen Mary and David Rizzio, which, however, the best and most judicious historians have deemed an utter calumny. Even Hume, so far from partial to the fame of the Scottish Queen, allows of Rizzio that "the opinion of his criminal correspondence with Mary might seem of itself unreasonable, if not absurd."

† This unlucky note, which Mr. Carte was over-persuaded by some of his friends to insert, eventually destroyed the credit of a history of which great expectations had been formed. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

‡ A common phrase at that time in the announcement of new books. It is ridiculed with much humour by Dean Swift in his ironical tract,—"Mr. Collins's Discourse of Free-thinking; put into English, by way of abstract, for the use of the poor."

Necessarily be the right heir of Adam, and consequently I must have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy discoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of sympathy—not to the wound itself, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now, at least in my own opinion, fully proved the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to some other particulars, in which my contemporaries will as justly claim, and I hope be allowed, the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his *Divine Legation of Moses*, very justly observes that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters, but at the same time he very candidly allows that it was a very troublesome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas; as it depended in a great measure on the writer's skill in drawing, an art little known in those days; and as a stroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the most dangerous consequence in religion, business, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters, but then he removed it too much; for these letters or marks being the same throughout, and fixed alphabetically, soon became generally known, and prevented that secrecy, which in many cases was to be wished for. This inconvenience suggested to the ancients the invention of cryptography and steganography, or a mysterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but corresponding parties,

who had the key, could decipher the matter. But human industry soon refined upon this too; the art of deciphering was discovered, and the skill of the decipherer baffled all the labour of the cipherer. The secrecy of all literary correspondence became precarious; and neither business nor love could any longer be safely trusted to paper. Such for a considerable time was the unhappy state of letters, till the BEAU MONDE, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from some of their inconveniences. Lovers in general made use of it, controversial writers commonly, and Ministers of state sometimes, in the most important dispatches. It was writing in such an unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, that the corresponding parties themselves neither understood, nor even guessed at, each other's meaning; which was a most effectual security against all the accidents, to which letters are liable by being either mislaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long pursued, was also attended with some inconveniences. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniences, by a happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, and as conducive to the dispatch, the clearness, and at the same time the secrecy, of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodsley lately brought me a sample of it, upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do

upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady, with very red cheeks and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French courtesy. This evidently appears to stand for MADAM, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page, was painted a very fine well-dressed gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy, or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands instead of these many words, "I have the honour to be, with the tenderest and warmest sentiments, madam, your most inviolably attached faithful humble servant." The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls, corals, suns, and stars, were intermixed with chains, bearded shafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a sheet of paper, I confess, seems to me to be a complete letter; and I would advise all fine gentlemen, whose time I know is precious, to avail themselves of this admirable invention; it will save them a great deal of time, and perhaps some thought; and I cannot help thinking, that, were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tenderest sentiments of their hearts, or the most shining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or

delicacy to those types and symbols of the lady's conquest, and their own captivity and sufferings.

These blank letters, if I may call them so, when they convey so much, will mock the jealous curiosity of husbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire, to elicit the supposed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards pass for a piece of innocent pleasantry.

The dullest of my readers must, I am sure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the subject of letters, and with much less trouble, and much more secrecy, propriety, and elegance, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate skill and fancy may, in a very short time, have reams of ready-painted paper by him, to supply the demands of the statesman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodsley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own interest, to encourage every useful invention, is at this time learning to paint with most unwearied diligence and application: and I make no doubt, but that, in a very little time, he will be able to furnish all sorts of persons with the very best ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed against providing any for the two learned professions of the law and physic, which I apprehend would lie upon his hands: one of them being already in possession, to speak in their own style, of a more brachygraphical, cryptographical, and steganographical secret in writing their WARRANTS; and the other not willingly admitting brevity in any

shape. Otherwise what innumerable skins of parchment and lines of writing might be saved in a marriage-settlement, for instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, *LAWFULLY TO BE BEGOTTEN* of that happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to propriety of birth and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by an happy *pleonasmus*, always to take before, and be preferred to, the younger! But this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible, that the Government may possibly object that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly. But, as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected; and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the Jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the Government from this new and excellent invention.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

No. 25.

I HAVE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to

her what she has lost. But to a mind like hers, so elevated, so harmonized, time and the consciousness of so much purity of intention will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act, which she appears to mention with so tender regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

“TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

“SIR,

“I HAVE not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize, I mean that admirable short and secret method of communicating one's ideas, by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

“I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and

“assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of divine honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century: sentiments from which, I thank Heaven, I have never deviated. From a sympathising softness of soul, how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! how have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! and how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some fans of my own painting to some ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent, with unblemished delicacy, the unhappy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphaë. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, sir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is

“the noblest and most generous sentiment of the
“human breast? O! that the false heart of the dea
“deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had
“been but as pure! The traitor was quartered, with
“his troop of dragoons, in the town where I lived.
“His person was a happy compound of the manly
“strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a
“lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at
“first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of
“Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it
“seems, pleased him as much. He sought and ob-
“tained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and
“soon after by his words, he declared his passion to
“me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence,
“too plainly spoke mine. Good gods! how tender
“were his words! how languishingly soft his eyes!
“with what ardour did he press my hand; a trifling
“liberty, which one cannot decently refuse, and for
“which refusal there is no precedent! Sometimes he
“addressed me in the moving words of Varanes,
“sometimes in the tender accents of Castalio, and
“sometimes in the warmer language of Juba, for he
“was a very good scholar. In short, sir, a month
“was not past, before he pressed for what he called
“a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very
“thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy
“of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with
“custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged
“love, and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the
“man I tenderly loved the proof he required of my
“passion. I yielded, it is true, but it was to senti-
“ment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason
“to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure:

“and within the year, the perfidious wretch convinced
“me that it had been merely sensual: for, upon the
“removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a
“cold leave of me, and contented himself with say-
“ing, that in the course of quarters he hoped to have
“the pleasure, some time or other, of seeing me again.
“You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of
“soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess, than
“I can express, the agonies I felt, and the tears I
“shed upon this occasion: but all in vain; vain as
“the thousand tender letters which I have written to
“him since, and to which I have received no answer.
“As all this passed within the course of ten months,
“I had but one child, which dear pledge of my first
“and only love I now maintain, at the expense of
“more than half of what I have to subsist upon
“myself.

“Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion,
“and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer
“of my petition, which is, that you will be pleased to
“recommend me to the public, with all that authority
“which you have so justly acquired, for a share of
“this new and beneficial branch of trade, I mean no
“farther than the just bounds to which the female
“province may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross all
“the rest, with my best wishes. Though I say it, I
“believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of
“delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already
“a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical and
“emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every
“situation in which a woman of sense, virtue, and
“delicacy can find herself. I indulged my fancy in
“painting them, according to the various dispositions

“of mind which my various fortunes produced. I
“think I may say without vanity, that I have made
“considerable improvements in the celebrated map of
“the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the
“banks of the gentle and crystalline Tender with
“several new villages and groves, and added expres-
“sion to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs and
“tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my
“happier moments, of hearts united and crowned,
“fluttering Cupids, wanton Zephyrs, constant and
“tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and
“tuberoze, and shady groves. These will require very
“little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the
“transported situation of growing loves. For the
“forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I
“too fatally sympathise, I have tender willows droop-
“ing over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of
“mournful cypress and solemn yew. In short, sir, I
“either have by me, or will forthwith provide, what-
“ever can convey the most perfect ideas of elegant
“friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimental passion.
“But I think it necessary to give notice, that if any
“ladies would express any indelicate ideas of love, or
“require any types or emblems of sensual joy, they
“must not apply to,

“Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“PARTHENISSA.”

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

No. 29.

SIR,

I TROUBLED you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that, by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had run stark French, and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered : but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the clothes that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies, may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them ; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn, of an only son, which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my son I had conformed to the common custom of this country, perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon ; and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months' stay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man, though not for a young lady, to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions of other countries ; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could con-

veniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good sense, good nature, and good manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, what follows will inform you.

During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and the good nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

"Rome, May 3rd, 1753.

"SIR,

"IN the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and
"the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to
"write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing
"things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple
"of Pisa: it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life,
"it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble
"down. I met with a great many of my countrymen,
"and we live together very sociably. I have been

“here now a month, and will give you an account of
“my way of life. Here are a great many agreeable
“English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as
“smart bucks as any in England. We constantly
“breakfast together, and then either go and see sights,
“or drive about the outlets of Rome in chaises; but
“the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow
“well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-
“house, where there is a very good billiard-table, and
“very good company. From thence we go and dine
“together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then,
“after a cheerful glass of claret, for we have made a
“shift to get some here, we go to the coffee-house
“again; from thence to supper; and so to bed. I do
“not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old
“Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, sniveling,
“cringing dogs, and I verily believe that our set could
“thrash forty of them. We never go among them;
“it would not be worth while: besides, we none of us
“speak Italian, and none of those Signors speak
“English: which shows what sort of fellows they are.
“We saw the Pope go by the other day in a procession,
“but we resolved to assert the honour of Old Eng-
“land; so we neither bowed, nor pulled off our hats,
“to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad
“here; and, to say the truth, I have not had one
“thorough good meal's meat since I left England.
“No longer ago than last Sunday, we wanted to have
“a good plum-pudding: but we found the materials
“difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an Eng-
“lish footman to make it. Pray, sir, let me come
“home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better
“for seeing all these outlandish places and people.

"But if you will not let me come back, for God's
 "sake, sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you
 "sent with me. He is a considerable expense to you,
 "and of no manner of service to me. All the Eng-
 "lish here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thin-
 "k himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me
 "to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign lan-
 "guages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not
 "to live and die in Old England, and as if good Eng-
 "lish acquaintance would not be much more useful to
 "me than outlandish ones. Dear sir, grant me this
 "request, and you shall ever find me

"Your most dutiful son,

"G. D."

The following is a very honest and sensible letter,
 which I received at the same time from my son's
 governor.

"Rome, May 3rd, 1753.

"SIR,

"I THINK myself obliged in conscience to inform
 "you, that the money you are pleased to allow me, for
 "my attendance upon your son, is absolutely thrown
 "away; since I find, by melancholy experience, that
 "I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried
 "all possible methods to prevail with him to answer,
 "in some degree at least, your good intentions in
 "sending him abroad; but all in vain: and, in return
 "for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or in-
 "sulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French
 "dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat
 "my frogs; and sometimes I am *Mounseer ragout*,
 "and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman.

"I daily represent to him, that, by sending him
"abroad, you meant that he should learn the lan-
"guages, the manners, and characters of different
"countries; and that he should add to the classical
"education which you had given him at home, a
"knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy man-
"ners of a man of fashion, which can only be ac-
"quired by frequenting the best companies abroad.
"To which he only answers me with a sneer of con-
"tempt, and says, 'so be like ye, ha!' I would have
"connived at the common vices of youth, if they had
"been attended with the least degree of decency or
"refinement; but I must not conceal from you, that
"your son's are of the lowest and most degrading
"kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent
"manner. I have never been able to persuade him
"to deliver the letters of recommendation which you
"procured him; he says, he does not desire to keep
"such company. I advised him to take an Italian
"master; which he flatly refused, saying that he
"should have time enough to learn Italian when he
"went back to England. But he has taken, of him-
"self, a music master to teach him to play upon the
"German flute, upon which he throws away two or
"three hours every day. We spend a great deal of
"money, without doing you or ourselves any honour
"by it; though your son, like the generality of his
"countrymen, values himself upon the expense, and
"looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make
"so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and
"scoundrels, speaks of them, and, if he spoke to
"them, would treat them as such.

"If I might presume to advise you, sir, it should

"be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you
"that your son's morals and manners will be in much
"less danger under your own inspection at home, than
"they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to
"keep worse English company in England than he
"now keeps here. But, whatever you may think fit
"to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist
"upon my own dismissal, and upon leave to assure
"you in person of the respect with which I have the
"honour to be,

Sir,

"Your, &c."

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice, and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my fortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant and constant reader,

R. D.

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be

singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children, by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were bred up tame, fondled, and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1753.

No. 49.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither sour nor silly enough yet to be a snarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or despise the present age because it is the present. I cannot, like many of my contemporaries, rail at the wonderful degeneracy and corruption of these times, nor, by sneering compliments to the ingenious, the sagacious moderns, intimate that they have not common sense. I really do not think

that the present age is marked out by any new and distinguished vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to suspect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day; and that men, from the time of my great progenitor down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thousand other conspiring causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good humour and indulgence of mine to my contemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals, both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the superiority of my parts, which everybody must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But, whatever may be the true cause, which probably neither my readers nor I shall ever discover with precision, this at least is certain, that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of being extremely well with me, but, if I dare say so, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are smoothed and softened by manners, and though they exist as they ever have done, yet the former are become less barbarous and the latter less rough; insomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age, independently of that interested consideration, that it is rather better to be still alive than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and con-

temporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to or rewarded than mine : and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence so much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a-week, though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family ; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the Ministers that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit ; and, having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that they have no such intentions : such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected to be, by any considerable borough or county, to repre-

sent them in the next Parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Christian religion, against the Ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a Pentateuch name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful times, savours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who I own has some influence over me, the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage, for every man may be said to be ill used who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit, which I feel and lament, I cannot however call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy; nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies, and, in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind, but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word HONOUR, in its proper signification, doubtless implies the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mean moral obligations, which the laws require, or can punish the violation of. A TRUE MAN OF HONOUR will not content himself with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse, he forgives where he may

with justice resent, and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which, being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of HONOUR have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, HONOUR meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of HONOUR, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of HONOUR is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable MAN OF HONOUR.

A Gentleman,* which is now the genteel synonymous term for a MAN OF HONOUR, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for, and rather desirous of, single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrong-headedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his HONOUR, and more of a GENTLEMAN.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected

* A gentleman is every man, who with a tolerable suit of clothes, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary. (Note by the author.)

nor accused of it: for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest HONOUR.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate HONOUR, because, as Sir John Brute* very justly observes, *he wears a sword*.

By the laws of HONOUR, he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for, as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of HONOUR.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint; for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match: but then he may with great HONOUR defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with HONOUR, but even with some degree of LUSTRE, be in the same Session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures, and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion: for in that case the point of HONOUR turns singly upon the *quantum*.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears that there are but two things which a man of the nicest HONOUR may not do, which are, declining single com-

* In *The Provoked Wife* of Vanbrugh.

bat, and cheating at play. Strange! that VIRTUE should be so difficult, and HONOUR, its superior, so easy to attain to!

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them: and thus, often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors, which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be MEN OF HONOUR upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours, upon the stage, this modish character of a MAN OF HONOUR, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences

would be more numerous, and his matter more ~~at-~~
tended to. Besides,

"Segniûs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
"Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
"Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

P. S.—To prevent mistakes, I must observe th~~at~~at there is a great difference between a MAN OF HONOR~~UR~~ and a PERSON OF HONOUR. By PERSONS OF HONOR~~UR~~ were meant, in the latter end of the last century, b~~ad~~ad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but j~~ust~~ust not fools enough to prefix their names in great lett~~ers~~ers to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even t~~he~~he plays, with which they entertained the public. B~~ut~~ut now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclips~~se~~se our performances by the distinguished and superi~~or~~or excellency and lustre of theirs; the meaning at pres~~ent~~ent of a PERSON OF HONOUR is reduced to the simp~~le~~le idea of a PERSON OF ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

No. 90.

AN old friend, and fellow-student of mine at the University, called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposium. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, "You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies." "Nothing less than the divine Plato," said I, "that amiable philosopher—" "With whom," interrupted my friend, "Cicero declares that he would rather be

"in the wrong, than in the right with any other."
"I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him
to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, wherever I
understand him, for I confess I do not everywhere,
I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His
Symposion more particularly engages and entertains
me, as I see there the manners and characters of the
most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest
city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the
moderns, I much question whether an account of a
modern Symposion, though written by the ablest
hand, could be read with so much pleasure and im-
provement." "I do not know that," replied my
friend; "for though I revere the ancients as much as
you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as
pigmies, when compared to those giants, yet if we
come up to or near them in anything, it is in the
elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse."

I was the more surprised at this doubt of my
friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed
to, and superstitiously maintained all the articles of
the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he
was serious? He answered me "that he was: that,
in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love
too fine and too long; and that, if I would but let
him introduce me to the Club of which he was an
unworthy member, he believed I should at least
entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in
favour of the moderns." I thanked my friend for
his kindness, but added, that in whatever society he
was an unworthy member, I should be still a more
unworthy guest; that, moreover, my retired and do-
mestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engage-

ments of a Club, as my natural taciturnity among strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. "You mistake me," answered my friend; "every member of our Club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby to become a member of it; and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company; but, on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers." "But I have another difficulty," answered I, "and that I doubt a very solid one, which is, that I drink nothing but water." "So much the worse for you," replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle most academically; "you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases—" "Which I presume," interrupted I, "is as much as he can." "That is just as it happens," said he: "sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings, but for my own part, I choose to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting-up late, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the Club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. "Your precaution," said he, "is a prudent one, and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when among them. You must know then, that our Club consists of at least forty

"members when complete. Of these many are now
"in the country; and, besides, we have some vacan-
"cies, which cannot be filled up till next winter.
"Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I do not know
"why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a
"good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor
"Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as
"we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried
"home, and never spoke more. Those whom you
"will probably meet with to-day are, first of all,
"Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true
"fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty
"classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and im-
"paired his constitution by sitting up late, and drink-
"ing your thin sharp wines. He is still what you
"call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited
"and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and
"cheerful, as soon as he has warmed his stomach with
"about a bottle of good claret.

"Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-
"country Baronet, of a good estate, and one who was
"beforehand in the world, till, being twice chosen
"knight of the shire, and having in consequence got
"a pretty employment at Court, he ran out consider-
"ably. He has left off house-keeping, and is now
"upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, hon-
"estest fellow living; and though he is a man of very
"few words, I can assure you he does not want sense.
"He had an University education, and has a good no-
"tion of the classics. The poor man is confined half
"the year at least with the gout, and has besides an in-
"veterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man
"can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain

"meat, and very little of that; he drinks no thin
"wines, and never sits up late, for he has his full dose
"by eleven.

"Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer,
"though but a Lieutenant-Colonel of Foot. Between
"you and me, he has had great injustice done him,
"and is now commanded by many, who were not born
"when he came first into the army. He has served
"in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar, and would have
"been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regi-
"ment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear
"him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive,
"but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to
"be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he
"is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I im-
"pute to his drinking your Champagnes and Burgun-
"dies. He got that ill habit abroad.

"Sir George Plyant is well-born, has a genteel for-
"tune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure
"one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-
"natured, that he seems to have no will of his own.
"He will drink as little or as much as you please, and
"no matter of what. He has been a mighty man
"with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the
"whip still. He is our newsmonger, for being a gen-
"tleman of the Privy-Chamber, he goes to Court
"every day, and consequently knows pretty well what
"is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we
"shall not keep him long, for he seems far gone in a
"consumption, though the doctors say it is only a
"nervous atrophy.

"Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and
"an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks;

“but he is no flincher, and sits every man’s hand out at the Club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way, for a paralytical stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

“Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the Government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our Club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him, but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the Colonel call him pleasantly enough *a vessel of election*.

“The last and least,” concluded my friend, “is your humble servant such as I am; and, if you please, we will go and walk in the Park till dinner-time.” I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John’s College in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the Church, and had just got a fellowship in the College, when his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided

long in College, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning, that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his having once drunk water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend: "I am very much mistaken," said he, as we were walking in the Park, "if you do not thank me for procuring you this day's entertainment, for a set of worthier gentlemen, to be sure, never lived." "I make no doubt of it," said I, "and am therefore the more concerned, when I reflect, that this Club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called an hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them who does not labour under some chronical and mortal distemper." "I see what you would be at," answered my friend; "you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine: but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man." I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I

knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the Club-room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposium shall be the subject of my next paper.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

No. 91.

My friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner, but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the *World*." The word *author* instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me, for people who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a live author. The gentlemen received me in common with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I, on my part, respectfully muttered some of those nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner with what they called a *cool tankard*, in which they successively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprised, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest Mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon

and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the Colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We sat down without ceremony; and we were no sooner sat down, than everybody, except myself, drank everybody's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed, with surprise, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprise ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of Doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The Colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, Doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above, or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin." The Doctor good-humouredly thanked the Colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where he owned that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But, alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn, for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned

for Sir Tunbely, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they had drunk the day before; it had not "silkeness, went rough off the tongue," and his Lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with "Benecarlo, or some of those black wines." This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbely reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and, in fine, threatening him with a migration of the Club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away, and attested heaven and earth, that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before, and, as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil!" said the Colonel with warmth, "it is your d—— rough chaos* wine." Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all," interrupted the Doctor, "let us even drink it *up* then; or, if that will not do, since we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us take up for once with the *vile Sabinum*. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer

* Cahors.

"stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the Doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this, some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the Doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the Doctor, if he really preferred port to lighter wines? To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature, and port is in a manner mother's milk to me, for it is what my *Alma Mater* suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the Doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbely, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, "Why, what can we do?" "Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good." "But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the Baronet. "One cannot go home at five o'clock." "That depends a great deal upon use," said I. "It may be so, to a certain degree," said the Doctor. "But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?" "Why, Doctor," said I, "as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquors, I do not want to raise them."

Here we were interrupted by the Colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and the Champagne, swearing that the former was ropy,

and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, "Confusion to the town of Bristol and the Bottle-Act." It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champagnes, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass-bottles, and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding that it was scandalous; and the whole company agreed, that the new Parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an Act the very first Session; but, if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents. "To be sure," said the Colonel. "What a d—— rout they made about the repeal of the Jew-Bill, for which nobody cared one-farthing! But, by the way," continued he, "I think everybody has done eating, and therefore had not we better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table?" To this the company gave an unanimous *aye*. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprised at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, no; but asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, no. "Then pray," replied I, "why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?" My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment, as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dishclouts, put upon the table, when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the Chairman as to daylight. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the Chairman, who added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine. I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his Majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did ; that hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank, and the King's state of health, and that, till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service if he should ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal, and, though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company, and I overheard the Colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, " This author is a very odd dog."

My friend was ashamed of me ; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud, " Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities which " you have contracted by living so much alone." From this moment, the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no further notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for, though to say the

truth, without expecting, some of that festal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share; instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements in love and wine; the Colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries, which he had made that day at Court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass; the Doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order, as, "Sir, the bottle stands with you; Sir, you are to name a toast; that has been drunk already; here, more claret!" &c. In the height of all this convivial pleasantry, which I plainly saw was come to its zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

No. 92.

THE entertainment, I do not say the diversion, which I mentioned in my last paper, tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that, notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I

could not reduce them to method. I shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's Club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible, and invisible charm, for I confess I saw none, to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till, dipping accidentally into Monsieur Pascal, I read, upon the subject of hunting, the following passage. "What, unless "to drown thought," says that excellent writer, "can "make men throw away so much time upon a silly "animal, which they may buy much cheaper in the "market? It hinders us from looking into ourselves, "which is a view we cannot bear." That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one, of hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed too, that if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the soaker's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of "drowning thought, and "hindering him from looking into himself, which is a "view he cannot bear?"

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not! In one of these predicaments must that man be, who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself

for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies, for refuge from his folly or his guilt, to the company of his fellow-sufferers, and to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very truly, that no man can plead, in defence of swearing, that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural, vice. The child, when he first tastes strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust, but is insensibly brought first to bear, and then perhaps to like, them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the Coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches, who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead in their pockets to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *felo de se*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The soaker jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction, and, as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot allege in his defence, that he has not warning, since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow-soakers, the

fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greedily guzzles; for I defy all those honest gentlemen, that is, all the hard drinkers in England, a numerous body I doubt, to produce one single instance of a soaker, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking; but though they have not yet any of the most distinguished characteristics of their profession about them, though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a *hemiplegia*, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout, though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear, I will venture to affirm, that the health they boast of is at best but an awkward state between sickness and health; if they are not actually sick they are not actively well, and you will always find some complaint or other inadvertently dropped from the triumphant soaker, within half an hour after he has assured you that he is *neither sick nor sorry*. My wife, who is a little superstitious, and perhaps too apt to point out and interpret judgments, otherwise an excellent woman, firmly believes, that the dropsy, of which most soakers finally die, is a manifest and just judgment upon them; the wine they so much loved being turned into water, and themselves drowned at last in the element they so much abhorred.

A rational and sober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of spirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then these sallies will be short and not frequent;

whereas the soaker is an utter stranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either.

His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the numbing, stupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating, qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be lost upon him. The more he drinks, the duller he grows; his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible; till at last *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian,* speaking of the English, who were then in possession of Aquitaine, the promised land of Claret, says, *ils se saoulerent grandement et se divertirent moult tristement à la mode de leur païs*.

A very skilful surgeon of my acquaintance assured me, that, having opened the body of a SOAKER, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and vessels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had swallowed, so as to render the circulation of the blood absolutely impossible, and the folds of the stomach so stiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the body of the deceased to a Siphon, so choked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which seemed to me a just one, and I shall for the future typify the SOAKER by the Siphon, suction being equally the business of both.

* Froissart.

An object, viewed at once, and in its full extent, will sometimes strike the mind, when the several parts and gradations of it, separately seen, would be but little attended to. I shall therefore here present the society of Siphons with a calculation, of which they cannot dispute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be surprised when they see the gross sums of the wine they suck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they lose, in the course of seven years only.

I reckon that I put a staunch Siphon very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one with another. This in seven years amounts to four thousand four hundred and ten bottles,* which makes twenty hogsheads and seventy bottles.

Supposing this quantity to cost only four shillings a bottle, which I take to be the lowest price of Claret, the sum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds.

Allowing every Siphon but six hours a-day to suck his two bottles in, which is a short allowance, that time amounts to six hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours, one full quarter of his life for the above-mentioned seven years. Can any rational being coolly consider these three gross sums, of wine, and consequently distempers swallowed, of money lavished, and time lost, without shame, regret, and a resolution of reformation?

I am well aware, that the numerous society of Siphons will say, like Sir Tunbelly, "What would 'this fellow have us do?' To which I am at no loss

* This calculation is defective, the number of bottles drunk in that time amounting to 5110. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

for an answer. Do anything else. Preserve and improve that reason, which was given you to be your guide through this world, and to a better. Attend to, and discharge your religious, your moral, and your social duties. These are occupations worthy of a rational being, they will agreeably and usefully employ your time, and will banish from your breasts that tiresome listlessness, or those tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in vain, to fly. Is your retrospect uncomfortable? Exert yourselves in time to make your prospect better, and let the former serve as a back-ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds, according to your several educations and capacities. There are several useful books suited to them all. True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure the truest.

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonymous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Cheerful abroad, because happy at home; and thus happy, because virtuous!

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

No. 98.

IT gives me great pleasure that I am able, in this day's Paper, to congratulate the polite part of my fellow-subjects of both sexes, upon the splendid revival of that most rational entertainment, an Italian opera. Of late years it had seemed to sicken, so that I greatly feared that the unsuccessful efforts which it made from time to time, were its convulsive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have still too many protectors and protectresses of the liberal arts, to suffer that of music, the most liberal of them all, to sink for want of due encouragement.

I am sensible that Italian Operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greatest wits, and viewed in one light only, perhaps not without some reason. But as I consider all public diversions singly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confess I respect the Italian Operas as the most innocent of any.

The severe Monsieur Boileau justly condemns the French Operas, the morals of which he calls

"Morale lubrique
"Que Lully rechauffa des sons de sa musique."

But then it must be considered that French operas are always in French, and consequently may be understood by many French people, and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of

poetry and harmony of sounds, and may probably inspire too tender, if not voluptuous sentiments. Can the Italian Opera be accused of anything of this kind? Certainly not. Were what is called the poetry of it intelligible in itself, it would not be understood by one in fifty of a British audience; but I believe that even an Italian of common candour will confess, that he does not understand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing, for should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his sounds to the sense: whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately, among the Kings, Queens, heroes, and heroines, his ADAGIOS, his ALLEGROS, his PATHETICS, his CHROMATICS, and his JIGGS. It would also have been a restraint upon the actors and actresses, who might possibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but seem, by turns, to be angry and sorry in the two first acts, and very merry in the last scene of the last, they are sure to meet with the deserved applause.

Signor Metastasio attempted some time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw some sense into his Operas, but it did not take: the consequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would stop.

The whole skill and judgment of the poet now consists in selecting about a hundred words, for the Opera vocabulary does not exceed that number, that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. These words excite ideas in the hearer, though they

were not the result of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, stretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is succeeded by *navicella*, that soothing idea gives way to the boisterous and horrid one of a skiff, that is, a heart tossed by the winds and waves upon the main ocean of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears, at the end of the second, or beginning of the third act, indicate captivity; and when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *questi ceppi*, are really very moving, and inspire a love of liberty. Can anything be more innocent, or more moral, than this musical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action, but where, on the contrary, the most generous sentiments are, however imperfectly, pointed out and inculcated?

I was once indeed afraid, that the licentiousness of the times had infected even the Opera, for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an easy-chair. Tempted by so much beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *stole a pair of gloves*. I confess I dreaded the consequences of this bold step, and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated Signor Senesino. But all went off very well, for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

Another good effect of the Italian Operas is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours, the whole audience, though passionately fond of music, being so tired before they are half, and so

sleepy before they are quite, done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh spirits that night.

Having thus rescued these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ridicule which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed, and do justice to the Virtuosi and Virtuosas who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that *VIRTÙ* among the modern Italians signifies nothing less than what *VIRTUS* did among the ancient ones, or what *VIRTUE* signifies among us; on the contrary, I might say that it signifies almost everything else. Consequently those respectable titles of *Virtuoso* and *Virtuosa* have not the least relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that those persons, endowed some by nature, and some by art, with good voices, have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of seven notes, a study that must unquestionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them most agreeable and instructive companions, and as such, I observe that they are justly solicited, received, and cherished by people of the first distinction.

As these illustrious personages come over here with no sordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacer a la nobilita Inglese*, that is, to oblige the English nobility, they are exceedingly good and condescending to such of the said English nobility, and even gentry, as are desirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's speaking, dine, sup, or pass the whole day with people of a certain condi-

tion, and perhaps sing or play, if civilly requested. Nay, I have known many of them so good as to pass two or three months of the summer at the country-seats of some of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and mansion-house, to my lady and her daughters. I have been assured by many of their chief patrons and patronesses, that they are all *the best creatures in the world*; and from the time of Signor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have constantly heard the several great performers, such as Farinelli, Carestini, Monticelli, Gaffarielli, as well as the Signore Cuzzoni, Faustina, &c., much more praised for their affability, the gentleness of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their musical skill or execution. I have even known these, their social virtues, lay their protectors and protectresses under great difficulties, how to reward such distinguished merit. But benefit-nights luckily came in to their assistance, and gave them an opportunity of insinuating, with all due regard, into the hands of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a considerable bank-bill, a gold snuff-box, a diamond-ring, or some such trifle. It is to be hoped, that the illustrious Signor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many instances he experienced of British munificence, for it is certain that many private families *still remember them*.

All this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But, however, as the best things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I shall now suggest two; the one of a public, the other of a private, nature. I would by all means welcome these respect-

able guests, but I would by no means part with them, as is too soon and too often the case.

Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thousand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themselves, and purchase estates in land in their own countries; and others are seduced from us, by the pressing invitations of some great potentate to come over to superintend his pleasures, and to take a share in his counsels. This is not only a great loss to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our musical commerce considerably against us. I would therefore humbly propose, that immediately upon the arrival of these valuable strangers a writ of *ne exeat regnum* should be issued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no virtuoso, whose voice is below a *contralto*, shall be taken to the country-seat of any family whatsoever; much less any strapping fiddler, bassoon, or bass viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or, if he does, sings a rough tenor or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious, but at least the appearances are not edifying.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

No. 100.

I HEARD the other day, with great pleasure, from my worthy friend Mr. Dodsley, that Mr. Johnson's English dictionary, with a grammar and history of our language prefixed, will be published this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I had long lamented, that we had no lawful standard of our language set up, for those to repair to, who might choose to speak and write it grammatically and correctly : and I have as long wished that either some one person of distinguished abilities would undertake the work singly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themselves, or be formed by the Government into a society for that purpose. The late ingenious Dr. Swift proposed a plan of this nature to his friend, as he thought him, the Lord Treasurer Oxford, but without success ; precision and perspicuity not being in general the favourite objects of Ministers, and perhaps still less so of that Minister than any other.

Many people have imagined, that so extensive a work would have been best formed by numbers of persons, who should have taken their several departments, of examining, sifting, winnowing (I borrow this image from the Italian *Crusca*), purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their respective funds into one joint stock. But, whether this opinion be true or false, I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson, for having undertaken and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man ; but, if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnson, already published, we have good reason to believe, that he will bring this as near to perfection, as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expressed. I therefore recommend the previous peru-

sal of it to all those, who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I suppose, are all those who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their present size and perfection to very small beginnings. Some private gentlemen at Florence, and some at Paris, had met at each other's houses, to talk over and consider their respective languages: upon which they published some short essays, which essays were the embryos of those perfect productions, that now do so much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which seems not to be the soil where, of late at least, letters have either prospered or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spanish language, in six large volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a sort of disgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no such standard of our language; our dictionaries at present being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs, word-books, than dictionaries in the superior sense of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiscriminately together, in-somuch that the injudicious reader may speak, and write, as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgarly, as he pleases, by and with the authority of one or other of our word-books.

It must be owned that our language is at present in a state of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized, from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may

have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary foreign ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a Dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare, that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship. Nay more; I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my Dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair; but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume that obedience can never be expected, when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite it.

I confess that I have so much honest English pride, or perhaps prejudice, about me, as to think myself more considerable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament, of my native country. I have, therefore, a sensible pleasure in reflecting upon the rapid progress, which our language has lately made, and still continues to make, all over Europe. It is frequently spoken, and almost universally understood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the most civilized parts of Germany; and it is studied as a learned language,

though yet little spoke, by all those in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

The spreading the French language over most parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almost an universal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the success of his arms first opened the way to it; though at the same time it must be owned, that a great number of most excellent authors, who flourished in his time, added strength and velocity in its progress. Whereas our language has made its way singly by its own weight and merit, under the conduct of those leaders, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addison, &c. A nobler sort of conquest, and a far more glorious triumph, since graced by none but willing captives!

These authors, though for the most part but indifferently translated into foreign languages, gave other nations a sample of the British genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleased and excited a general desire of seeing the originals; and both our authors and our language soon became classical.

But a grammar, a dictionary, and a history of our language, through its several stages, were still wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. Johnson's labours will now, and, I dare say, very fully, supply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther spreading of our language in other countries. Learners were discouraged by finding no standard to resort to, and consequently thought it incapable of any. They will be undeceived and encouraged.

There are many hints and considerations relative to

our language, which I should have taken the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Johnson, had I not been convinced that they have equally occurred to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the necessary attention. I mean the genteeler part of our language, which owes both its rise and progress to my fair countrywomen, whose natural turn is more to the copiousness, than to the correction of diction. I would not advise him to be rash enough to proscribe any of those happy redundancies, and luxuriances of expression, with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly submit to wear them. In this case the task will be so difficult, that I design, as a common friend, to propose in some future paper, the means which appear to me the most likely to reconcile matters.

P. S.—I hope that none of my courteous readers will upon this occasion be so uncourteous, as to suspect me of being a hired and interested puff of this work; for I most solemnly protest, that neither Mr. Johnson, nor any person employed by him, nor any bookseller or booksellers concerned in the success of it, have ever offered me the usual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine: nor has even Mr. Dodsley, though my publisher, and, as I am informed, deeply interested in the sale of this dictionary, so much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

No. 101.

WHEN I intimated in my last paper some distrust of Mr. Johnson's complaisance to the fairer part of his readers, it was because I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and severity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman. And indeed I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, banish and attain many of the favourite words and expressions, with which the ladies have so profusely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the most formidable, because the most lovely, part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a system of tyranny, and he himself, like the last Tarquin, run the risk of being deposed. So popular and so powerful is the female cause! On the other hand, should he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate, and incorporate into our language, those words and expressions, which, hastily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what severe censures might he not justly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not understand complaisances of that nature!

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cause of my fair fellow-subjects, I shall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnson those arguments which, upon this occasion, may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromise which I shall humbly offer and conclude with.

Language is indisputably the more immediate prov-

ince of the fair sex: there they shine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, especially in the vituperative way, stun all opposition, and beat away, in one promiscuous heap, nouns, verbs, moods, and tenses. If words are wanting, which indeed happens but seldom, indignation instantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five syllables, that never met one another before, hastily and fortuitously jumbled into some word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language less obliged to that soft and amiable sex, their love being at least as productive as their indignation. Should they lament in an involuntary retirement the absence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new sounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiousness flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical licence extended! Even in common conversation, I never see a pretty mouth opening to speak, but I expect, and am seldom disappointed, some new improvement of our language. I remember many expressive words coined in that fair mint. I assisted at the birth of that most significant word FLIRTATION, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureate* in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiscerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term synonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnson, that flirtation is short of coquetry, and intimates only the first hints

* Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate since 1730; he died in 1757.

of approximation, which subsequent coquetry may reduce to those preliminary articles that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I was also a witness to the rise and progress of that most important verb, TO FUZZ, which, if not of legitimate birth, is at least of fair extraction. As I am not sure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnson's literary retirement, I think myself obliged to inform him, that it is at present the most useful, and the most used word in our language, since it means no less than dealing twice together with the same pack of cards, for luck's sake, at whist.

Not contented with enriching our language by words absolutely new, my fair countrywomen have gone still farther, and improved it by the application and extension of old ones to various and very different significations. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into shillings for pocket-money, to be employed in the several occasional purposes of the day. For instance, the adjective *vast*, and its adverb *vastly*, mean anything, and are the fashionable words of the most fashionable people. A fine woman, under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing in truth where to place them properly, is *vastly* obliged, or *vastly* offended, *vastly* glad, or *vastly* sorry. Large objects are *vastly* great, small ones are *vastly* little; and I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box that was produced in company to be *vastly* pretty, because it was *vastly* little. Mr. Johnson will do well to consider seriously to what degree he will restrain the various and extensive significations of this great word.

Another very material point still remains to be considered, I mean the orthography of our language, which is at present very various and unsettled.

We have at present two very different orthographies, the *pedantic* and the *polite*; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other singly upon the justness and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Johnson will endeavour to establish the former, and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as music, is better performed by book than merely by the ear, which may be variously affected by the same sounds. I therefore most earnestly recommend to my fair countrywomen, and to their faithful or faithless servants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to surrender, as well for their own private as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of mis-spelling which they have so long enjoyed, and so vigorously exerted. I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice of auricular orthography, of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning.

A very fine gentleman wrote a very harmless innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving an account of some trifling commissions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the mistake of a servant, delivered to, and opened by her husband, who, finding all his attempts to understand it unsuccessful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correspondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was secretly carried on. With

the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the most injurious terms with her supposed infidelity. The lady, conscious of her own innocence, calmly requested to see the grounds of so unjust an accusation, and being accustomed to the auricular orthography, made shift to read to her incensed husband the most inoffensive letter that ever was written. The husband was undeceived, or at least wise enough to seem so, for in such cases one must not peremptorily decide. However, as sudden impressions are generally pretty strong, he has been observed to be more suspicious ever since.

The other accident had much worse consequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the decisive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's business, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover signified to the lady the house and street *where*; to which a tender answer from the lady assented, and appointed the time *when*. But, unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's auricular orthography, the lady mistook both house and street, was conveyed in a hackney-chair to a wrong one, and, in the hurry and agitation which ladies are sometimes in upon these occasions, rushed into a house where she happened to be known, and her intentions consequently discovered. In the meantime the lover passed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and disappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealousy.

Such examples really make one tremble; and will,

I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects and their adherents to adopt, and scrupulously conform to, Mr. Johnson's rules of true orthography by book. In return to this concession, I seriously advise him to publish, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel Neological dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the *beau monde*. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow to show their erudition. Surely then my countrywomen, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers, of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I make no question but that, under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteelest houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies' dressing rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting-bag, and Signior Di-Giardino's incomparable concertos; and even sometimes in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German flute, their powder-mask, and their four-horsewhip.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

No. 105.

As I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons, to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.

Native, artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful Nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a greater number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to their poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Liotard,* that he lately refused a fine woman to

* A celebrated limner in crayons, very faithful to nature; who after having travelled in several parts of the world, and received great encouragement in England, is now retired to his own country, Geneva. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

draw her picture, alleging that he never copied any body's works but his own and GOD ALMIGHTY'S.

I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of self-painting, I had almost given it a harder name, and I am sorry to say that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in its several degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior class of women, who always ape their betters, made use of a sort of rough cast, little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the casual profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these, paint occasionally, either in size or oil, which, at sixpence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision.

As for the transcendant and divine powder, with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reserved for the ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few pin-money can keep a face in it as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same number of pearls whole might be more acceptable to some lovers, than it is in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error, which, gross as it is, they too fondly entertain. They flatter themselves that this artificial

not discoverable, or distinguishable from native white. But I beg leave to assure them, that, however well-prepared the colour may be, or however skilful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately discovered by the eye at a considerable distance, and by the nose upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day, at the Coffee-house, Captain Phelim M'Manus complaining, that when warm on the face, it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus, offensive to three of the senses, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with a friend, he said that, in his opinion, a woman who painted white gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by fortifying it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But, I confess, I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the consequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they lose both *operam et oleum*. I have observed that many of the sagacious landlords of this great metropolis, who let lodgings, do, at the beginning of the winter, new vamp, paint and stucco the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eyes of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But, alas! those outward repairs will never tempt people to inquire within. The cases are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preserve, in the latter they disgust and destroy.

In order, therefore, to put an actual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the

reputations of my beautiful fellow-subjects, I here give notice, that if, within one calendar month from the date hereof (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand), I shall receive any authentic testimonies—and I have my spies abroad—of this sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of Nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents. This may, perhaps, at first sight seem a bold measure, and actions of scandal and defamation may be thought of. But I go upon safe ground; for, before I took this resolution, I was determined to know all the worst possible consequences of it to myself, and therefore consulted one of the most eminent counsel in England—an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whose opinion I shall here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly as I was able, he stroked his chin for some time, picked his nose, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very best opinion. "By publishing the names at full-length in your paper, I humbly conceive," said he, "that you avoid all the troublesome consequences of *inuendos*. But the present question, if I apprehend it aright, seems to be, whether you may thereby be liable to any other action, or actions, which, for brevity's sake, I will not here enumerate. Now, by what occurs to me off-hand, and without consulting my books, I humbly apprehend that no action will lie against you; but, on the contrary, I do conceive, and indeed take upon me to affirm, that you may proceed against these criminals, for such I will be bold to call them, either by action or indictment—the crime being of a public and a heinous nature.

"Here is not only the *suppressio veri*, which is highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. An *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, would certainly lie; but, however, I should certainly prefer an indictment upon the statutes of Forgery, 2 Geo. II. cap 25, and 7 Geo. II. cap. 22; for forgery, I maintain it, it is. The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a jury, of whom one moiety will doubtless be plasterers; so that it will unquestionably be found." Here my counsel paused for some time, and hemmed pretty often; however, I remained silent, observing plainly, by his countenance, that he had not finished, but was thinking on. In a little time he resumed his discourse, and said, "All things considered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would advise you to bring your indictment upon the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I., cap. 22, which is a very fine penal statute." I confess I could not check the sudden impulse of surprise which this occasioned in me, and interrupting him perhaps too hastily, "What! sir," said I, "indict a woman upon the *Black Act* for *painting white*?" Here my counsel, interrupting me in his turn, said with some warmth, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many others, have not sufficiently considered all the beauty, good sense, and solid reasoning of the law. The law, sir, let me tell you, abhors all refinements, subtleties, and quibblings upon words. What is black or white to the law? Do you imagine that the law views colours by the rule of optics? No, God forbid it should. The law makes black white, or white black, according to the rules of justice. The law considers the meaning, the intention, the *quo animo* of all actions, not their external modes.

“Here a woman disguises her face with white, as the Waltham people did with black, and with the same fraudulent and felonious intention. Though the colour be different, the guilt is the same in the tending of the law. It is felony without benefit of clergy, and the punishment is death.” As I perceived that my friend had now done, I asked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myself convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but soon returned, by reflecting upon our long acquaintance and friendship.

This, I hope, will be sufficient to make such of my fair countrywomen as are conscious of their guilt, seriously consider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I shall not proceed against them with the utmost rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our last musical drama, who strings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I shall, therefore, content myself with publishing the names of the delinquents as above-mentioned; but others may possibly not have the same indulgence; and the law is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers—of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow Nature—our honest and faithful guide, and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her are attended with ridicule, many with guilt. The woman, to whom Nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man, to whom Nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it. They both defeat their own pur-

poses, and are in the case of the valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755. No. 111.

It is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly understood by everybody, as they require neither study nor experience. All people therefore decide peremptorily, though often variously, upon both.

All sects, severally sure of being in the right, intimate, at least, if not denounce, damnation to those who differ from them, in points so clear, so plain, and so obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not less an enthusiast than any of them, though upon his own principles he cannot damn, because he knows to demonstration that there is no future state, would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics, the sects are as various and as warm: and what seems very extraordinary is, that those who have studied them the most, and experienced them the longest, always know them the least. Every administration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and secret of business in their hands; and not less than six millions of their fellow-subjects (for I only except very young children), are willing and able to discover, censure, reform, and correct their errors, and put them in the right way.

These considerations, among many others, deter-

mined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not instruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone must be the object of an humble weekly author of a sheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is absolutely necessary for a certain degree of dignity, either in man or book. A system of ethics, to be respected as it ought, requires at least a quarto; and even moral essays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in less than a thick octavo. But should I, in my ignoble state of a fugitive sheet and a half, presume with a grave face to censure folly, or with an angry one to lash vice, the porter of every well-bred family in town would have orders to deny me; and I should forfeit my place at the breakfast-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally served up. But if, by the introduction of that wit and humour, which I believe my enemies must allow me, I can without offence to the politer part of my readers slide in any useful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity: for I will be witty whenever I can, and instructive whenever I dare; and when my scattered leaves shall, like the Sibyl's, come to be collected, I believe I may without vanity assert, that they will be, at least, as good oracles.

But in this design too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to those which discouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for everybody has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at least their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of Nature, not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himself so disinherited by Nature as

not to have some share of them? Nay, those, if such there are, who are modest enough to think themselves cut off with a shilling, husband that twelvepence with care, and frugally spend their penny upon occasion, as sly wags, and dry jokers.

In this universal profusion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help distrusting a little the success, though by no means the merit, of my own: for I have interior conviction, that no man in England has so much. But tastes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I should hope that my candid readers will have the same regard for my opinion, which they have for most of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon trust, especially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth*.

The better to take my measures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progress and reception of my paper through the several classes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is first received by the porter, who, yawning, just casts his half-open eyes upon it, for it comes out so early as between ten and eleven; but, finding neither the politics nor the casualties of the week in it, throws it aside, and takes up in its stead a daily newspaper, in which all those matters are related with truth and perspicuity.

From thence it is sent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfast-table. She receives it in pretty much the same manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily Advertiser, where she turns with impatience to the advertisements, to see what invitations are thrown out

by single gentlemen of undoubted characters, to agreeable young women of unblemished reputations, to become either their wives or their companions. And, by a prudent forecast, she particularly attends to the premiums so frequently offered for a fine wholesome breast of milk.

When it is introduced into my Lady's dressing-room, it undergoes a severer examination: for, if my Lord and Lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngest, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to use her to read at sight. If my Lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of property, in the last resort, gives a favourable nod, and says, *it is well enough to-day*, my Lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my Lord, with an air of distaste, calls it *poor stuff*, my Lady discovers it to be *horridly stupid*. The young family are unanimously of opinion, that the name of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and inquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontispiece; by which, if anybody could tell them, they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior class, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable, trial. My merits and demerits are freely discussed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The mistress of the house, though she detests scandal, wishes, for example's sake only, that I would draw the characters, and expose the intrigues, of the fine folks. The master wonders that I do not give the Ministers a rap; and concludes that I receive hush-money. But all agree in saying facetiously and pleasantly enough, that the WORLD does not inform them how the

WORLD goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at least the twopence a-week that it costs.

In the city, for my paper has made its way to that end of the town upon the supposition of its being a fashionable one in this, I am received and considered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age are, by the ladies, supposed to be levelled at particular persons, or at least discovered to be very applicable to such and such of the QUALITY. They are also thought to be very pat to several of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and shrewd hints of the kind greatly embellish the conversation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that opulent metropolis, who do not themselves buy, but borrow my paper of those who do, complain that, though there is generally room sufficient at the end of the last page, I never insert the price of stocks nor of goods at Bear-key. And they are every one of them astonished how certain transactions of the Court of Aldermen on one hand, and of the Common Council on the other, can possibly escape my animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties, to which a poor weekly author is exposed. However, I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other respect do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient to flatter the vanity of a

good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and stifle those growing sentiments in my own breast, by reflecting upon the other circumstances that tend to my humiliation. I must confess that the present fashion of curling the hair has proved exceedingly favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpose, may contribute, more than its merit, to the sale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn, requires, I am assured, fourscore curls in distinct papers, and those curls must be renewed as often as the head is combed, which is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are sufficient for that purpose, and amount only to eightpence, which is very little more than what the same quantity of plain paper would cost. Taking it therefore all together, it seems not inconsistent with good economy to purchase it at so small a price. This reflection might mortify me as an author; but, on the other hand, self-love, which is ingenious in availing itself of the slightest favourable circumstances, comforts me with the thought, that, of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now published, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

No. 112.

A LATE noble author* has most justly and elegantly defined custom to be, "The result of the passions and

* Probably Lord Bolingbroke; although the Editor is not able to point out the passage in his writings.

“prejudices of many, and of the designs of a few ; the
“ape of reason, who usurps her seat, exercises her
“power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead.”

This definition enables us to account for the various absurd and wicked customs which have severally and successively prevailed in all ages and countries, and also for those which unfortunately prevail in this: for they may all be traced up to the passions and prejudices of the many, and the designs of a few.

It is certain, however, that there has not been a time, when the prerogative of human reason was more freely asserted, nor errors and prejudices more ably attacked and exposed by the best writers, than now. But may not the principle of inquiry and detection be carried too far, or at least made too general? And should not a prudent discrimination of cases be attended to?

A prejudice is by no means necessarily, though generally thought so, an error. On the contrary, it may be a most unquestioned truth, though it be still a prejudice in those who, without any examination, take it upon trust, and entertain it by habit.

There are even some prejudices, founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged ; their effects being more beneficial to society, than their detection can possibly be.

Human reason, even when improved by knowledge, and undisturbed by the passions, is not an infallible, though it is our best, guide: but, unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by passion, it becomes the most dangerous one; constituting obstinate wrong-headedness, and dignifying, nay almost sanctifying, error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them, much better than half reasoning?

The power of the Magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good, examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society, than the most learned, theological, philosophical, moral, and casuistical, dissertations. As for instance:

An honest cobbler in his stall thinks and calls himself a good honest Protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish-church on Sundays. Would it be honest, would it be wise, to say to this cobbler, "Friend, you only think yourself a member of the Church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection. But study the ablest controversial writers of the Popish and Reformed Churches; read Bel-larmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet; and then you may justly call yourself, what in truth you are not now, a Protestant."

Should our mender of shoes follow this advice, which I hope he would not, a useful cobbler would most certainly be lost, in a useless polemic, and a scurvy logician.

It would be just the same thing in morals. Our cobbler received from his parents that best and shortest of all Christian and moral precepts, "Do as you would be done by:" he adopted it without much examination, and scrupulously practised it in general,

though with some few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But should some philosopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, assure this cobbler, "That his honesty was mere prejudice and habit, because he had never sufficiently considered the relation and fitness of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that, if he would carefully study the Characteristics, the Moral Philosopher, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that subject, he might then, and not till then, justly call himself an honest man;" what would become of the honesty of the cobbler after this useful discovery, I do not know: but this I very well know, that he should no longer be MY cobbler.

I shall borrow him in two instances more, and then leave him to his honest, useful, homespun prejudices, which half-knowledge and less reasoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aside.

My cobbler is also a politician. He reads the first newspapers he can get, desirous to be informed of the state of affairs in Europe, and of the street-robberies in London. He has not, I presume, analysed the interests of the respective countries of Europe, nor deeply considered those of his own: still less is he systematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a subject. But his heart and his habit supply those defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and prosperity of Old England; he will fight for it, if there be occasion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wished that there were in this country six millions of such honest and zealous, though uninformed, citizens?

All these unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobbler, though prejudices in him, are in themselves undoubted and demonstrable truths, and ought therefore to be cherished even in their coarsest dress. But I shall now give an instance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the result of error, and which yet I believe no man in his senses would desire should be exposed or removed.

Our honest cobbler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; and, in that persuasion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from physical principles, I am apt to believe that one Englishman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal strength and size with himself, I should however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that useful and sanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poitiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from these; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that gave birth and sanction to the most absurd, extravagant, impious, and immoral customs.

Honour, that sacred name, which ought to mean the spirit, the supererogation of virtue, is, by custom, profaned, reduced, and shrunk to mean only a readiness to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatsoever blast this fashionable character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what should banish a man from all society, recommends him in general to the best. He may, with great honour, starve the tradesmen, who by their in-

dustury supply not only his wants, but his luxury ; he may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or sister ; he may, in short, unboundedly gratify every appetite, passion, and interest, and scatter desolation round him, if he be but ready for single combat, and a scrupulous observer of all the moral obligations of a gamester.

These are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for satire to lash, for the rigour of the law to punish, and (which would be the most effectual of all) for fashion to discountenance and proscribe. And these shall in their turns be the subjects of some future papers.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

No. 113.

THE custom of DUELLING is most evidently "the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of a few ;" but here the definition stops ; since, far from being "the ape of reason," it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice ; nor will I labour to show how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable fitness of things. Viewed on the criminal side, it excites horror ; on the absurd side, it is an inex-

haustible fund of ridicule. The guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOUR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c., to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins they established the honourable and noble science of HOMICIDE, dignified, exalted, and ascertained TRUE HONOUR, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, HONOUR, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights,

moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was sanctified by the Church, and the Churchmen were occasionally allowed the honour and pleasure of it; for we read of many instances of DUELS between men and priests. Nay, it was, without appeal, the infallible test of female chastity. If a Princess, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of a little incontinency, some brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, stood forth in her defence, and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If, by his activity, skill, strength and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but, if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas, otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other, of the BRAVE and the FAIR: for indeed in those days it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to choose a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about Covent Garden, where the BRAVE in the kitchen are always within call of the FAIR in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expense of the law were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the Gospel knocked off; HONOUR ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary DUEL between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this DUEL are to be found in Father Monfaucon.

A gentleman of the Court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour, though by the way he really had murdered the man, he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the King for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The King, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought, the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in Europe, the science of HOMICIDE was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its jurisdiction; on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of HONOUR were

considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished, and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each, was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour, though not so painful to the part kicked, than a kick with a thick shoe; and, in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of HONOUR.

In the present degenerate age, the fundamental laws of HONOUR are exploded and ridiculed, and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust, decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want, courage. But, if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me, when I say, that my future inquiries and researches after truth shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of Guards.

There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity; and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the INSTITUTES OF HONOUR.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great HONOUR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice HONOUR likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of HONOUR, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR,

"I FIND by your letter that you do me the justice
"to believe, that I have the true notions of honour
"that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never
"give you reason to change your opinion. As I en-
"ertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that
"you will not desire that we should meet upon un-
"equal terms, which must be the case were we to meet
"to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-
"and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed
"twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly
"the mark that you are; but, besides this, you are
"active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to
"you, that, from this day forwards, we severally en-
"deavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I

“to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen
“stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impa-
“tient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy
“of the good opinion which you are pleased to ex-
“press of,

“SIR,

“Your very humble servant.

“P.S.—I believe it may not be amiss for us to
“communicate to each other, from time to time, our
“gradations of increase or decrease, towards the de-
“sired medium, in which, I presume, two or three
“pounds more or less, on either side, ought not to be
“considered.”

This, among many more cases that I could mention,
sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the
necessity, of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding
to, the practice, rules, and statutes, of single combat,
as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.
I grant that it would probably make the common law
useless; but little, trifling, and private interests ought
not to stand in the way of great, public, and national
advantages.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

No. 114.

THE notion of BIRTH, as it is commonly called and
established by custom, is also the manifest result “of
“the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a
“few.” It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled
together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is

and the weakest prop, of which means anything. It means a long and tedious life, whose industry or good conduct, or perhaps whose guilt, has endeavored to live useless to society, and to preserve their pride and their patrimony. It is an extravagant notion, this chimerical adoration of blind chance, where prudence cannot even pretend to have the least share. That which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, custom all over Europe has deified, and at the same time has sacrificed good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

The great distinction between people of BIRTH, and people of NO BIRTH, will probably puzzle the minds and inquiries of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries. Even in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they will have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some BORN, but the much greater number UNBORN. The fact will appear so *incredible*, that it will certainly be *disputed*: the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the University of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that University with an oration in the Theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of

explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of GREAT BIRTH, NOBLE BIRTH, and NO BIRTH AT ALL.

Great and illustrious BIRTH is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and, when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the Conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But, if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the Heralds Office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this GREAT BIRTH is graced with a Peerage, so much the better, but, if not, it is no great matter, for, being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment, that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

NOBLE BIRTH implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

BIRTH, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot possibly say how far, but negatively it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not

BORN, or at least in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But Baronets, Knights, and Esquires, have the honour of being BORN.

I must confess that, before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between BIRTH and NO BIRTH; and, having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled, tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information, to my late worthy and curious friend the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals, lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of Nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all vulgar error, in which, however, the nobility and gentry prided themselves, but that, in truth, she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary, which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural, and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true account, confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still, not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by ad-

dressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious BIRTH, and descended, *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it, insomuch, that, upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner :

“I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not, for nobody
“is, ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which, by
“authentic records, I can trace to King Alfred, some
“of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins,
“and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite
“inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection.
“Let people of NO BIRTH laugh as much as they
“please at these notions, they are not imaginary ;
“they are real ; they are solid ; and whoever is WELL-
“BORN, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a trades-
“man, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people,
“may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar
“virtues, but, take my word for it, the more refined
“and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and
“magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble-
“blood. What shall animate a tradesman or mean-
“born man to any great and heroic virtues ? Shall
“it be the examples of his ancestors ? He has none.
“Or shall it be that impure blood, that rather stag-
“nates than circulates in his veins ? No, ANCIENT
“BIRTH and NOBLE BLOOD are the only true sources of
“great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes,
“who, we observe, never degenerate, except in cases of
“mis-alliances with their inferiours. Are not the pedi-
“grees of horses, cocks, &c., carefully preserved, as
“the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and cour-

"age? I repeat it again, BIRTH is an inestimable
"advantage, not to be adequately understood but by
"those who have it."

My friend was going on, and, to say the truth, growing dull; when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH, and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, "That is not a necessary consequence neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of "pre-Adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an "absurd one."

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing power of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.*

* Pride of birth was on many other occasions the butt of Lord Chesterfield's wit. "I am now grown," writes Horace Walpole, "to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

No. 120.

Most people complain of Fortune, few of Nature; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such, is the common expostulation with Fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty, of such and such others, is a reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The truth is, that Nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit, natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially, if I may use that pedantic word, many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one

"the portraits of his ancestors two old heads inscribed, *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*; the ridicule is admirable." (To Sir H. Mann, September 1, 1750.)

man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of Nature, how few listen to her voice! how few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from Nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones; for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, "that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not." Affectation is the only source, and at the same time the only justifiable object, of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry; which, perhaps, is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it. Even some people's VICES are not their own, but affected and adopted, though at the same time unenjoyed, in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward, as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the University, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where

he was often drunk and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine Destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the libertine *destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the libertine *destroyed* seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the libertine, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that, for my own part, I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that our people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom, because Nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon everything, because Nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world,

be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which, at his age, nature points out to him: he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modestly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*, which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept, not to himself, whom he marries and owns, because *the poor girl was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made an honest woman.*

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herself so, or at least very *likeable*, still. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increase even with her years, and are doubly exerted in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcase. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire; their language, however inelegant, is intelligible, and the half-pay Captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. He tenderly prefers her, though not without some hesitation, to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as

Mr. Pope has very justly observed ; it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved.

I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De la Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it. Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM, and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly, and exclusively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted nor remembered ; FOLLY supplied its place, and those, who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1755.

No. 146.

I HAVE so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the Parliament, which I consider, and I believe they do so too, as the general jail-delivery of the several counties of the United Kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares ; they still share them : I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts

of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman, of the highest rank and fashion, torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there exposed to the incursions of the neighbouring knights, squires, and parsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs, and horses? The metropolis was at once the seat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence how great the fall! how dreadful the prison! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-room at the mansion seat, sublimely sullen, like a dethroned Eastern monarch. Some few books, scattered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no consolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag speaks her painful leisure. Insensible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are sent away for being so abominably noisy. Her dress is even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one; for I confess that this image struck me so strongly, dwelt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

The prorogation of the Parliament last spring was the fatal fore-runner of this summer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had some thoughts of preparing a short treatise of consolation, which I would have presented to my fair countrywomen, in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I must own that I found the attempt greatly above my strength; and an inadequate consolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the

mind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched, as every modest modern should do, the ancients, in order to say in English whatever they had said in Latin or Greek upon the like occasion; but, far from finding any case in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly consulted Cicero, upon that exile which he bore so very indifferently himself; but, to my great surprise, could not meet with one single word of consolation, addressed or adapted to the fair and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher seems to have had either a contempt for, or an aversion to, the fair sex; for it is very observable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single period addressed directly and exclusively to them; whereas I humbly presume that an old woman wants at least as much, if not more, comfort, than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry their virtue along with them, if they please.

However, though I could administer no adequate comfort to my fair fellow-subjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there must have been, during this suspension, I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a manner, of existence, a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that sinking fund to the discharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current service of the ensuing year. I would not be misunderstood; I mean only the pay-

ment of debts of honour, contracted at commerce, bragg, or faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of sentiment, and even to affect their countenances upon the approach of a creditor. As for shop-debts, to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and such-like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; somehow or other those people will shift for themselves, or, at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I will also advise those fine women, who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town, but, on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come, when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions, which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And, therefore, I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But, above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more

easily do at first, since it is to be presumed that, during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredation these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation: but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers, who may know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaster and stucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whitest artificial, skin; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting, but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names, which, however, I declined: but, if I thought it could be of any use, I could easily present them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, a member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-known physical experiment. The shining glass-tube, says he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather, probably a white one, to close contact; but the same feather, from the moment that it is taken off the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application; but avert the omen, my dear countrywomen!

Another, who seems to have some knowledge of chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of *succedaneum* to the various greasy, glutinous, and per-

nicious applications so much used of late. It is as follows.

Take of fair clear water *quantum sufficit*; put it into a clean earthen or china bason, then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener, as occasion may require.

I own the simplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair countrywomen. It is free from all the inconveniences and nastiness of all other preparations of art whatsoever. It does not stink, as all others do; it does not corrode the skin, as all others do; it does not destroy the eyes, nor rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the transactions of a *tête-à-tête*, as most others do.

Having thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely countrywomen during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wish them a good journey to London. May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis, which six months ago they quitted with tears!

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.*

No. 148.

CIVILITY and GOOD-BREEDING are generally thought, and often used as, synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

* Lord Chesterfield, being at Bath, showed one of his last *Worlds* to his friend General Irwine, who dined with him almost every day. The General, in the course of the conversation, mentioned good-breeding,

GOOD-BREEDING necessarily implies CIVILITY; but CIVILITY does not reciprocally imply GOOD-BREEDING. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's is a short, but, I believe, a true definition of CIVILITY: to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is GOOD-BREEDING. The one is the result of good-nature, the other of good-sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-sense.

Flattery is the disgrace of GOOD-BREEDING, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. GOOD-BREEDING is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

CEREMONY is the superstition of GOOD-BREEDING, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of GOOD-BREEDING, as I

as distinguished from mere civility, as a subject that deserved to be treated by him. His Lordship at first declined it; but on his friend's insisting, and urging the singular propriety of its being undertaken by a man who was so perfect a master of the thing, he suddenly called for pen and ink, and wrote this excellent piece off-hand, as he did all the others, without any rasure or interlineation. The paper, ever after, went by the name of General Irwine's paper. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance; for what is GOOD-BREEDING at St. James's, would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the homespun CIVILITY of that village would be considered as brutality at Court.

A cloistered pedant may form true notions of CIVILITY; but if, amidst the cobwebs of his cell, he pretends to spin a speculative system of GOOD-BREEDING, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

GOOD-BREEDING, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of GOOD-BREEDING, and must necessarily be so, otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. GOOD-BREEDING alone re-

strains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expense of sincerity, but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend GOOD-BREEDING, thus profaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of GOOD-BREEDING must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect GOOD-BREEDING, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere CIVILITY, as far as CIVILITY is, and to a certain degree it is, an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. "If my countrymen," says he, "are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest." It is certain that their GOOD-BREEDING and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that GOOD-BREEDING were in

general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours, that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who, by their rank and fortune, are called to adorn Courts, ought at least, not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand GOOD-BREEDING with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorise familiarity; but then GOOD-BREEDING must mark out its bounds, and say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and, at last, if I may use the expression, wholly slatterned away by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is GOOD-BREEDING less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but GOOD-BREEDING alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my

countrywomen, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty, or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though GOOD-BREEDING cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

No. 151.

I WAS lately subpoenaed, by a card, to a general assembly at Lady Townly's, where I went so awkwardly early, that I found nobody but the five or six people who had dined there, and who, for want of hands enough for play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing, till something better should offer. Lady Townly observed, with concern and impatience, "That people of fashion now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficulties, to make the parties properly." "That, no doubt," said Manly, "is to be lamented; and the more so, as it seems to give your Ladyship some concern: but, in the meantime, for want of something better to do, I should be glad to know the true meaning of a term that you have just made use of, *people of fashion*. I confess, "I have never yet had a precise and clear idea of it;

“and I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*, whatever *people of fashion* may be. I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion*?”

These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers, occasioned a general silence of above a minute which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered, for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term which they had never understood: for a little reflection frequently produces those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying, “One well knows who are meant by *people of fashion*, though one does not just know how to describe them; they are those that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain sort.” —“They certainly are so,” interrupted Manly; “but the point is of what sort? If you mean by people of a certain sort, yourself, which is commonly the meaning of those who make use of that expression, you are indisputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at least, ought to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion*. But, pray, must all *women of fashion* have all your accomplishments? If so, the myriads of them which I had imagined from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful.” “Without having those accomplishments which you so partially allow me,” answered Belinda, “I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion*; a character, which I cannot think requires an uncommon share of talents or

"merit." "That is the very point," replied Manly, "which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to question you a little more particularly. You have some advantages, which even your modesty will not allow you to disclaim, such as your birth and fortune: do they constitute you a *woman of fashion*?" As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair pertly interposed, and said, "Neither to be sure, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, we must look for it in that inestimable treasure of useful knowledge, the Peerage of England; or, if wealth, we should find the very best at the Bank, and at Garraway's." "Well then, Bellair," said Manly, "since you have taken upon you to be Belinda's sponsor, let me ask you two or three questions, which you can more properly answer than she could. Is it her beauty?" "By no means neither," replied Bellair; "for, at that rate, there might, perhaps, be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the city, or, with a fat amber necklace in the country: prodigies, as yet unheard-of and unseen." "Is it then her wit and good-breeding?" continued Manly. "Each contributes," answered Bellair; "but both would not be sufficient, without a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a something or other that I feel better than I can explain."

Here Dorimant, who had sat all this time silent, but looked mischievous, said, "I could say something."—"Ay, and something very impertinent, according to custom," answered Belinda; "so hold your tongue, I charge you." "You are singularly charitable, Belinda," replied Dorimant, "in being so sure that I was going to be impertinent, only because I was

"going to speak. Why this suspicion of me?" "Why! because I know you to be an odious, abominable creature, upon all subjects of this kind." This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who, on a sudden, and with her usual vivacity, cried out, "I am sure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are: they are just the reverse of your *odd people*." "Very possible, madam," answered Manly, "and therefore I could wish that you would give yourself the trouble of defining *odd people*; and so, by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of *people of fashion*." "Ay, that I can very easily do," said Harriet. "In the first place, your *odd people* are those that one never lets in, unless one is at home to the whole town." "A little more particular, dear Harriet," interrupted Manly. "So I will," said Harriet, "for I hate them all. There are several sorts of them. Your prudens, for instance, who respect and value themselves upon the unblemished purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, censure the most innocent freedoms, and suspect the Lord knows what, if they do but observe a close and familiar whisper between a man and a woman, in a remote corner of the room. There are, besides, a sober, formal, sort of married women, insipid creatures, who lead domestic lives, and who can be merry, as they think, at home, with their own and their husband's relations, particularly at Christmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbits, to beggar and perpetuate their families. These are very *odd women*, to be sure; but deliver me from your severe and august dowagers, who are

"the scourges of *people of fashion*, by infesting all public places, in order to make their spiteful remarks. One meets them everywhere, and they seem to have the secret of multiplying themselves into ten different places at once. Their poor horses, like those of the sun, go round the world every day, baiting only at eleven in the morning, and six in the evening, at their parish-churches. They speak as movingly of their *poor late lords*, as if they had ever cared for one another; and, to do them honour, repeat some of the many silly things they used to say. Lastly, there are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans of distinction, who live together by twos and threes, who club their stocks for a neat little house, a light-bodied coach, and a foot-boy—" And," added Bellair, "quarrel every day about the dividend." "True," said Harriet, "they are not the sweetest tempered creatures in the world; but, after all, one must forgive them some malignity, in consideration of their disappointments. Well, have I now described *odd people* to your satisfaction?" "Admirably," answered Manly; "and so well, that one can, to a great degree at least, judge of their antipodes, *the people of fashion*. But still there seems something wanting; for the present account by the rule of contraries, stands only thus: that *women of fashion* must not care for their husbands, must not go to church, and must not have unblemished, or at least unsuspected reputations. Now, though all these are very commendable qualifications, it must be owned, they are but negative ones, and consequently there must be some positive ones necessary to complete so amiable a character." "I was

"going to add," interrupted Harriet, "which, by the way, was more than I engaged for, that *people of fashion* were properly those who set the fashions, "and who gave the tone of dress, language, manners, "and pleasures, to the town." "I admit it," said Manly; "but what I want still to know is, who gave them power, or did they usurp it? for, by the nature of that power, it does not seem to me to admit of a succession by hereditary and divine right." "Were I allowed to speak," said Dorimant, "perhaps I could both shorten and clear up this case. But I dare not, unless Belinda, to whom I profess implicit obedience, gives me leave." "Even let him speak, Belinda," said Harriet; "I know he will abuse us, but we are used to him." "Well, say your say, then," said Belinda. "See what an impertinent sneer he has already." Upon this, Dorimant, addressing himself more particularly to Belinda, and smiling, said,

"Then think

"That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,
"Unless commanded, would have died in silence."

"O, your servant, sir," said Belinda; "that fit of humility will, I am sure, not last long; but how ever go on." "I will, to answer Manly's question," said Dorimant, "which, by the way, has something the air of a catechism. Who made these *people of fashion*? I give this short and plain answer; they made one another. The men, by their attentions and credit, make the *women of fashion*; and the women, by either their supposed or real favours, make the *men* such. They are mutually necessary

"to each other." "Impertinent enough of all con-
 science," said Belinda. "So, without the assistance
 of you fashionable men, what should we poor women
 be?" "Why faith," replied Dorimant, "but *odd*
women, I doubt; as we should be but odd fellows
 without your friendly aid to fashion us. In one
 word, a frequent and reciprocal collision of the two
 sexes is absolutely necessary, to give one that high
 polish which is properly called *fashion*." "Mr.
 Dorimant has, I own," said Manly, "opened new
 and important matter; and my scattered and con-
 fused notions seem now to take some form, and tend
 to a point. But, as examples always best clear up
 abstruse matters, let us now propose some examples
 of both sorts, and take the opinions of the company
 upon them. For instance, I will offer one to your
 consideration. Is Berynthia a *woman of fashion* or
 not?" The whole company readily, and almost at
 once, answered, "Doubtless she is." "That may be,"
 said Manly, "but why? For she has neither birth
 nor fortune, and but small remains of beauty."
 "All that is true, I confess," said Belinda; "but
 she is well-dressed, well-bred, good-humoured, and
 always ready to go with one anywhere." "Might
 I presume," said Dorimant, "to add a title, and
 perhaps the best, to her claims of *fashion*, I should
 say that she was of Belville's creation, who is the
 very fountain of honour of that sort. He dignified
 her by his addresses; and those who have the good
 fortune to share his reputation"—"Have," said Be-
 linda with some warmth, "the misfortune to lose
 their own." "I told you," turning to Harriet,
 "what would happen if we allowed him to speak:

"and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms, asserted, that a woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* till she has lost her reputation." "Fye, Belinda, how you wrong me!" replied Dorimant. "Lost her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head; I only meant mislaid it. With a very little care she will find it again." "There you are in the right," said Bellair, "for it is most certain that the reputation of a *woman of fashion* should not be too muddy." "True," replied Dorimant, "nor too limpid neither; it must not be mere rock-water, cold and clear; it should sparkle a little." "Well," said Harriet, "now that Berynthia is unanimously voted a *woman of fashion*, what think you of Loveit? Is she or is she not one?" "If she is one," answered Dorimant, "I am very much mistaken if it is not of Mirabel's creation."—"By *writ*, I believe," said Bellair, "for I saw him give her a letter one night at the Opera." "But she has other good claims too," added Dorimant. "Her fortune, though not large, is easy; and nobody fears certain applications from her. She has a small house of her own, which she has fitted up very prettily, and is often *at home*, not to crowds indeed, but to people of the best fashion, from twenty, occasionally down to two; and let me tell you, that nothing makes a woman of Loveit's sort better received abroad, than being often *at home*." "I own," said Bellair, "that I looked upon her rather as a genteel led-captain, a postscript to *women of fashion*." "Perhaps too sometimes the cover," answered Dorimant, "and if so, an equal. You may joke as much as you please upon poor Loveit, but she is the best-

"humoured creature in the world; and I maintain her to be a *woman of fashion*; for, in short, we all roll with her, as the soldiers say." "I want to know," said Belinda, "what you will determine upon a character very different from the two last, I mean Lady Loveless: is she a *woman of fashion*?" "Dear Belinda," answered Harriet hastily, "how could she possibly come into your head?" "Very naturally," said Belinda; "she has birth, beauty, and fortune; she is well-bred." "I own it," said Harriet; "but still she is handsome without meaning, well-shaped without air, genteel without graces, and well-dressed without taste. She is such an insipid creature, she seldom comes about, but lives at home with her Lord, and so domestically tame, that she eats out of his hand, and teaches her young ones to peck out of her own. Odd, very odd, take my word for it." "Ay, mere rock-water," said Dorimant, "and as I told you an hour ago, that will not do." "No, most certainly," added Bellair; "all that reserve, simplicity, and coldness, can never do. It seems to me rather that the true composition of *people of fashion*, like that of Venice treacle, consists of an infinite number of fine ingredients, but all of the warm kind." "Truce with your filthy treacle," said Harriet; "and since the conversation has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor women, I think we have a right to insist upon the definition of you *men of fashion*." "No doubt of it," said Dorimant; "nothing is more just, and nothing more easy. Allowingsome small difference for modes and habits, the *men* and the *women of fashion* are in truth the counterparts of each other: they fit like tallies, are

"made of the same wood, and are cut out for one
"another."

As Dorimant was going on, probably to illustrate his assertion, a *valet-de-chambre* proclaimed in a solemn manner, the arrival of the Duchess Dowager of Matadore and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by Lord Formal, Sir Peter Plausible, and divers others of both sexes, and of equal importance. The lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, with the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with slams, honours, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other such rational demonstrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, with my head full of that most extraordinary conversation, which I had just heard, and which, from having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more and retained the better. I went straight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the present edification of my readers. But, as it has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and complete system of ethics, founded upon these principles of *people of fashion*; as, in my opinion, they are better calculated than many others, for the use and instruction of all private families.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

No. 189.

WE are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language which answers to their word *police*, which, therefore, we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me that we have any one word in our language, I hope not from the same reason, to express the ideas which they comprehend under their word, *les mœurs*. *Manners* are too little, *morals* too much. I should define it thus; *a general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero, in his Offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what the Greeks signified by their word (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *τὸ πρεπόν*.

The thing, however, is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken; it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occasion I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But, as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise, that, notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate, and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true,

must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted, that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire, as far as possible, to enjoy them exclusively, and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents scandal and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its superiority; but, according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, home-spun notions of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them, and, in my opinion, it may be full as

well it never should; for, as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half *per cent.* in the general transactions of life, which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he would, as it is to be presumed he would, bear a good price at the Court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but, if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe, by the by, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I should presume, desirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of

the devil, and less of the gallows, than their masters, it seems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only in their respective stations: but take away those checks and restraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments, which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These attentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise, indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value, upon which, however, there is no loss; so that, upon the whole, this commerce skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fair fellow-subjects, for whom I have the tenderest and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, most earnestly to recommend to them the strictest observance of

this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank cannot have too many real vices ; but, at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest, not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs ; but, on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not upon an average find herself a loser. There are, indeed, some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance ; so that, with regard to such husbands singly this *decorum* were useless : but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, backed with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned that, of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay, perhaps, the highest violation possible, of the *decorum* in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity ; if unfortunate, of debt ; and, in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still much

more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at bragg or commerce, almost make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the sweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which, though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, seemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage, which will arise to my fair countrywomen of distinction from the observance of this *decorum* is, that they will never want some creditable led-captain to attend them at a minute's warning to Operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who, by neglecting the *decorum*, had slatterned away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged upon those emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to represent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty if not fifty *per cent.* in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of awkward fellows with good estates, and who, not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their estates and titles.

These are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook must be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I should presume that *tête-à-têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington-gardens, the two Parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself that I have, the solid enjoyments of vice, with the useful appearances of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that just praise which Horace gives to the Author, *qui miscuit utile dulci*, or, in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

No. 196.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best-natured people in the world. *They are a little hasty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and, while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do: but then, as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did.* This panegyric of these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English to this: that they are good-natured when they are

not ill-natured ; and that when, in their fits of rage, they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are ; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or destroyed ? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good-nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule, which, by the way, would be followed by universal applause, than run the least risk of being irreparably mischievous.

I know it is said in their behalf, that this impulse to wrath is constitutionally so sudden and so strong, that they cannot stifle it, even in its birth : but experience shews us, that this allegation is notoriously false ; for we daily observe that these stormy persons both can and do lay those gusts of passion, when awed by respect, restrained by interest, or intimidated by fear. The most outrageous furioso does not give a loose to his anger in presence of his Sovereign, or his mistress ; nor the expectant heir in presence of the peevish dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The soliciting courtier, though perhaps under the strongest provocations from unjust delays and broken promises, calmly swallows his unavailing wrath, disguises it even under smiles, and gently waits

for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a passion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one solid excuse to be alleged in favour of these people; and, if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, because it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confess themselves mad, as they most unquestionably are: for what plea can those that are frantic ten times a-day, bring against shaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when so many much more harmless madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam, for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been assured by the late ingenious Doctor Monro, that such of his patients who are really of a good-natured disposition, and who, in their lucid intervals, were allowed the liberty of walking about the hospital, would frequently, when they found the previous symptoms of their returning madness, voluntarily apply for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do if at liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good-nature, they would make the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the *Menagiana* a very pretty story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury, to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned

for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and show "yourself the wiser of the two."

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light unballasted heads are very apt to be upset by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appreciate things wrong, and think everything of importance, but what really is so: hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the same half-hour fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason, and, if you attempt to reason with them, they think you rally them, and resent the affront. They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. Far be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will. But, at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess, that in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius, a most unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound, are most irascible animals,

and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprising and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace, which, by the way, every man is till the authority of a magistrate can be procured, should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them in the meantime in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty, for such there are, are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another and very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people, who, having just fortunes sufficient to live idle, and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious that they have no right to any. They construe everything into a slight, ask explanations with heat, and misunderstand them with fury. "Who are you? What are you? Do you know who you speak to? I will teach you to be silent to a gentleman," are their daily idioms of speech, which frequently end in

assault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-house and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who, at their first setting out into the world, or in the army, have simulated a passion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of *spirit*, which word is falsely looked upon as synonymous with courage. They dress and look fierce, swear enormously, and rage furiously, seduced by that popular word, *spirit*. But I beg leave to inform these mistaken young gentlemen, whose error I compassionate, that the true spirit of a rational being consists in cool and steady resolution, which can only be the result of reflection and virtue.

I am very sorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the species, than my brother authors. Criticism, censure, or even the slightest disapprobation of their immortal works, excite their most furious indignation. It is true, indeed, that they express their resentment in a manner less dangerous both to others and to themselves. Like incensed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by these shafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the distance from whence they fly. Those which are discharged, as by much the greatest numbers are, from great heights, such as garrets or four-pair-of-stairs rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but those which are let off from a first or second floor, are apt to occasion a little smarting, and sometimes festering, especially if the party wounded be unsound.

Our GREAT CREATOR has wisely given us passions, to rouse us into action, and to engage our gratitude to

him by the pleasures they procure us; but, at the same time, he has kindly given us reason sufficient, if we will but give that reason fair play, to control those passions; and has delegated authority to say to them, as he said to the waters, "thus far shall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own severest tormentor; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either religious or moral duties. What would be his case, if his unforgiving example, if I may use such an expression, were followed by his ALL-MERCIFUL MAKER, whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow-creatures!

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1756.

No. 197.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the assertions of some reputable authors, both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: every age has degenerated; and, from the fall of the first man, my unfortunate ancestor, our species has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worse, for about six thousand years.

Considering this progressive state of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worse with us at present; since, geometrically speaking, the human ought by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, which are neither of them supposed to have dwindled or degenerated considerably, except in a very few instances: for it must be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to those of

✓/ Dodona, our breed of horses to that of the Centaurs,
and our breed of fowls to that of the Phoenixes.

But is this really the case? Certainly not. It is only one of those many errors which are artfully scattered by the designs of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of—*these sad times! this degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender and final farewell bidden every day to unrewarded and discouraged public spirit, arts, and sciences, are the common-place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity, of the human heart, that can more easily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear contemporary and contiguous, merit. Men of these mean sentiments have always been the satirists of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whistle all day long.

As it has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or if I could not, to expose, the vices of the human heart, it shall be the object of this day's paper to examine this strange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age. I shall prove it to be forged, and, consequently, null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would say that human nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying; that is, the same in substance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent causes, of which perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, severally contribute to change

those modes; but in all climates, and in all ages, we discover through them the same passions, affections, and appetites, and the same degree of virtues and vices.

This being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endless to bring instances to prove, from the histories of all times and of all nations, I shall, by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the designing, proceed to explain the reasons, which I have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and, like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though, perhaps, in a less degree: but it is, however, certain that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That Emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an Emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his first Minister, was both a patron and a poet: he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no small encouragement for panegyric. Those were times indeed for genius to display itself! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now—*O tempora! O mores!* One must, however, do justice to the authors who thus declaim against their own times,

by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judgment, if they have any, that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, till brought very low, indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men, who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy, of the present age. These are the consummate volunteer, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who, at a modest computation, amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business, and burthen of *employments*, for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst, the most incapable, the most corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of everything but their own interest. *Where are now your Cecils, and your Walsinghams?* Those who ask that question could answer it, if they would speak out, *Themselves*: for they are all that, and more too.

I slept the other day, in order only to inquire how my poor country did, into a coffee-house, that is, without dispute, the seat of the soundest politics in this great metropolis, and sat myself down within ear-shot of the principal council-table. Fortunately for me, the president, a person of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had just begun to speak. He stated, with infinite perspicuity and knowledge, the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation

of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the Continent, calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on, and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated, would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying, *Things were not carried on in this manner in Queen Elizabeth's days; the public was considered, and able men were consulted and employed. Those were days!* "Aye, sir, and nights too, I presume," said a young fellow who stood near him, "some longer and some shorter, according to the variations of the seasons; pretty much like ours." Mr. President was a little surprised at the suddenness and pertness of this interruption; but, recomposing himself, answered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man, "I did not mean astronomical days, but political ones." The young fellow replied, "O then, sir, I am your servant," and went off in a laugh.

Thus informed and edified, I went off too, but could not help reflecting in my way upon the singular ill-luck of this my dear country, which as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted. But these reflections were soon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I observed crowding into a public-house. Among them

I discovered my worthy friend and tailor, that industrious mechanic, Mr. Regnier. I applied to him, to know the meaning of that concourse; to which, with his usual humanity, he answered, "We are the master-tailors who are to meet to-night to consider what is to be done about our journeymen, who insult and impose upon us, to the great detriment of trade." I asked him whether, under his protection, I might slip in and hear their deliberations? He said, "Yes, and welcome; for that they should do nothing to be ashamed of." I profited of this permission, and, following him into the room, found a considerable number of these ingenious artists assembled, and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who, it seems, was too considerable for business to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened the meeting with a very handsome speech, in which he gave many instances of the insolence, the unreasonableness, and the exorbitant demands, of the journeymen tailors, and concluded with observing, "that, if the Government minded anything now-a-days, but themselves, such abuses would not have been suffered; and, had they been but attempted in Queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *worked* them with a witness." Another orator then rose up to speak; but, as I was sure that he could say nothing better than what had just fallen from my worthy friend, I stole off unobserved, and was pursuing my way home, when, in the very next street, I discovered a much greater number of people, though by their dress of seemingly inferior note, rushing into another public-house. As numbers always excite my curiosity, almost as much as they do each other's passions, I crowded in with them, in order to

discover the object of this meeting, not without some suspicion that this frequent senate might be composed of the journeymen tailors, and convened in opposition to that which I had just left. My suspicion was soon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finisher, I presume, who expatiated, with equal warmth and dignity, upon the injustice and oppression of the master tailors, to the utter ruin of thousands of poor journeymen and their families; and concluded with asserting, "it was a shame that the Government and the Parliament did not take care of such abuses; and that, had the master tailors done these things in Queen Elizabeth's days, she would have *mastered* them with a vengeance, so she would."

I confess I could not help smiling at this singular conformity of sentiments, and almost of expressions, of the master politicians, the master tailors, and the journeymen tailors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honestly believed what they said; it not being in the least improbable that their understandings should be the dupes of their interests: but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator, though, at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dull enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me when I got home various reflections, which, perhaps, I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.

This is the last of Lord Chesterfield's contributions to the *World*. The paper itself (besides one *World Extraordinary* by Horace Walpole) closed with its No. 209, on the 30th of December 1756.

UPON THE CLERGY.

FROM THE MS. COLLECTION OF EVELYN PHILIP
SHIRLEY, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

THE Clergy, in general, are the common stale objects of the wit and humour of those wags who have neither. They represent them facetiously as w—— masters, drunkards, and infidels, vices which, from the common course of their education, they are much freer from than the Laity in general.

I consider them in a very different light. I respect them, as in general a learned body, appointed and paid by the Legislature to perform the functions of the Established Church, and to give public lectures of religion and morality to the Laity.

I wish their lives and examples gave them more influence, but I hope, nay, I am confident, that the Legislature will never give them more power.

The characteristic of that body in general, the spirit that animates it, is the insatiable greediness of money and power. The lowness and meanness of their education qualifies them admirably for the former, while it totally disqualifies them for the latter. In power they are always oppressive, often cruel; in business they are ignorant, awkward bunglers, but active and busy.

Archbishop Laud, who is looked upon as the Martyr and Confessor of the Church of England, and who meant (if he had any meaning at all, and did not act entirely from passion and humour) to be the Pope

of it, was in great measure the cause of the Civil War. He appears to have been a weak but learned man, ignorant in business, to a degree of thinking himself capable of conducting it, violent, and tyrannical. I believe he thought himself an honest man, and (such is the miserable condition of human nature) I can conceive that he inhumanely, but conscientiously, might cut off Prynne's ears, and propose putting Felton to torture, for the good of the Church and the glory of God. He met with a Prince who seemed to be made for him. Weak, warm, and superstitious, he was convinced of his own Divine Right, as well as of his Archbishop's, and they joined to establish absolute Hierarchy in the Church, and Despotic Power in the State (two most gross impositions, which, to the shame and disgrace of human understandings, had been reared, believed, and submitted to as Divine Institutions for twelve or thirteen centuries), but were such arrant bunglers in the prosecution of their design, that they both lost their heads for it. The punishment, perhaps, was too rigorous, but the example was certainly of great use to succeeding Kings and Priests.

The Clergy allege that they claim Supreme Power only in Spiritual affairs, by virtue of their Divine commission to loosen and bind in Heaven and in Hell; but who does not see that all Temporal Power, too, is comprehended in that claim, since the generality of mankind will be more afraid of eternal damnation, than of a jail or a gibbet. This appears in Ecclesiastical History, for the Popes pretended to no other power, and yet by their excommunications, anathemas, and interdicts on one hand, and their indulgences on the other, they cozened, or bullied, but absolutely

governed the whole Christian world for very many centuries together.

The Protestant Clergy, it is true, do not avowedly claim these powers in the fullest extent, but then they by no means renounce them; they mince the matter, and will not speak out; however, they exert their power as far as they dare in their Spiritual Courts, against the most ignorant and poorest of the people. They worry Quakers for non-payment of tithes, and fulminate excommunication against those fornicators who are either too poor, or too obstinate to commute.

Church-power has gradually declined ever since the revival of letters, and is now so low all over Europe, that even the Popes are wise enough not to be saucy. They have of late tried the remains of their expiring power in the realms of ignorance and bigotry, Spain and Portugal, but even there it would not do, and those two monarchs, stupid and ignorant, as by Divine Hereditary Right they are, have not thought fit to submit their own power to the control of the Spiritual usurpations of the Popes.

These are by no means times for the Protestant Clergy, either to extend, or even to exert their powers. If they can keep the power they have, or even the appearance of it, they will have good luck; and I would advise them as their friend, which to a certain degree I am, to endeavour honestly to increase their influence over the Laity, by the exemplariness of their lives, and the meekness of their behaviour; but if they will aim at power, let them remember Milo's end.

The Clergy complain that they are sunk into contempt, and it is true; but whose fault is it? Their own. I defy them to show me a truly respectable

Clergyman who is not respected. But when the people see those who preach a contempt of the things of this world pursuing them for themselves with the most indefatigable industry and insatiable greediness, darkening in crowds the Levees of Kings and Ministers, and there as abjectly as awkwardly flattering (and sometimes to a degree of profanation) riches and power, in hopes of sharing them, can they hope, or ought they, to be respected? Surely not.

The dignified Clergy, and more particularly the Bishops, are the chief cause of that contempt which they so grievously complain of. A Bishop, who has a Bishoprick of £3000 a-year, is more solicitous and impatient to get translated to one of a greater value, than he was, when a country-parson, to get a curacy of thirty pounds a-year added to his living of one hundred. He prostrates himself at the feet of the Minister, vows implicit obedience to the dictates of the administration, and pawns his political conscience for Commendams and Prebends, till a better Bishoprick comes to his share.

If at last they obtain some of these overgrown and shamefully solicited Bishopricks, do they increase their hospitality or their charities? Very seldom, and never, in proportion to the increase of their incomes. This was the case of Chandler, late Bishop of Durham, who was eminently distinguished as the greatest miser in the kingdom, and who, besides a considerable sum which he is supposed to have paid for his Bishoprick, left his son an estate of ten thousand pounds a-year. And Sherlock, late Bishop of London, that doughty champion of the Gospel, whose mysteries he defended, but whose doctrine of meekness, benevo-

lence, and charity he seldom practised, left above one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to a nephew. There are many more instances of great fortunes amassed by the dignified Clergy, from which one may form a true judgment of their hospitality and charity; and it is observable, that in all the lists of charitable subscriptions and donations, the Widow's Mite is even intrinsically heavier than the benefaction of a Right Reverend Father in God.

Boulter, the late Primate of Ireland, who gave in his lifetime to all those objects he could find deserving of charity, and who lived with abundant hospitality, used to say, that notwithstanding that, he should die most *scandalously* rich for a Bishop, and left fifty thousand pounds, but left it all to charitable uses, to which the hundred thousand pounds more which he might have died worth had been applied in his lifetime. This saying of that truly Christian Prelate, might with much more propriety be written in great letters over the doors of most of our Bishops.

Such is, in general, I do not say without exception, the characteristic of our dignified Clergy, and yet they complain of the disregard and contempt which they meet with from the Laity. Let them ask their own consciences if they deserve better. Was Archbishop Tillotson, was Hough, Bishop of Worcester, was Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, ever disregarded or contemned? No, they were universally loved and respected, and almost adored by those who saw their virtues nearer.

Perhaps I may be thought, by what goes before, to bear hard upon the Clergy. I am sure I do not mean to reflect upon that body in general. That is unjust

with regard to all societies and bodies of men, but I mean only to point out to them what methods they should pursue, and what methods they should avoid, in order to be esteemed and respected, as I sincerely wish they may be. Let the examples of their lives make up to them, by a just influence over the minds of the Laity, that power which, I will say, they have justly lost over their persons, and which I will venture to foretell that they never will recover.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

FROM THE MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF EVELYN
PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

MEN who converse only with women are frivolous effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too.

Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

I equally wonder at Ministers for being no worse, or for being no better, than they commonly are.

By the daily embraces you see at Courts, you would think them the temples of friendship; but could these

embraces reciprocally stifle, you would soon see the contrary.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Dissimulation is a degree of a lie, but a very necessary and innocent one, if only defensively and not offensively used. It is a shield to be held up against the cunning and the petulant.

Marriage is the cure of love, and friendship the cure of marriage.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but love only when he pleases.

Laziness is the rest of the mind.

If Kings were educated like other men, probably they would be like other men; but they are not educated like other men.—I suppress the conclusion of my syllogism.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

Courtiers are unjustly supposed to be falser than other people. It is their good-breeding that makes their falsehood more shining.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

With submission to my Lord Rochester, God made Dodington the coxcomb he is; mere human means could never have brought it about. He is a coxcomb superior to his parts, though his parts are superior to almost anybody's. He is thoroughly convinced of the beauty of his person which cannot be worse than it is without deformity. His distinguished awkwardness he mistakes for a peculiar gracefulness. He thinks himself successful with women, though he has never been tolerated by any, except the w—— he keeps, and the wife he married. He talks of his ancestors, though no mortal knows that he had even a father. And what is difficult for him to do, he even overrates his own parts. Common coxcombs hope to impose upon others, more than they impose upon themselves; Dodington is sincere, nay, moderate; for he thinks still ten times better of himself than he owns. Blest coxcomb!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND DR.
BENTLEY.FROM THE MS. COLLECTION OF EVELYN PHILIP
SHIRLEY, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

BENTLEY.—Horace, Horace, where are you running so fast?

HORACE.—From you.

BENTLEY.—I have been looking for you ever since I came here.

HORACE.—And I have been avoiding you just as long.

BENTLEY.—Prithee, why so?

HORACE.—To be plain with you, I never liked critics, commentators and emendators, who, under pretence of restoring and correcting the works of an author, make him say just what they please. I have been so plagued since I came here by the Lambinuses, the Torrenhuses, and a thousand more of that tribe, that I dreaded the questions and importunities of the great *Bentleius Criticotatos*.

BENTLEY.—Whatever you may think of that tribe, as you call them, it was well for you that I was one of them. For you was never understood till I restored, corrected, and explained you. I was the first who discovered and gave your true meaning.

HORACE.—Your own rather, which you peremptorily asserted was mine, or if not, ought to have been mine.

BENTLEY.—True. And is not that a proof of friendship?

HORACE.—Or of vanity, which my vanity does not think itself obliged to you for. Do not you know that we poets are the most jealous and irritable species of the whole creation? To help is to offend us, as it intimates a defect. But who can bear a commentator, who, at eighteen hundred years' distance, will explain our meaning without understanding our language?

BENTLEY.—Do you mean Latin?

HORACE.—Yes. Latin. That very Augustan Latin, which you talk so much and know so little of.

BENTLEY.—*Proh Deûm atque hominum fides!* Not know Latin! I hardly know anything else. I seldom read, spoke, or writ any other language. I never let myself down to the vernacular, but upon the utmost necessity, when I was obliged to converse with the illiterate. I sung your odes; I quoted you upon all occasions; and I boldly asserted that there never was, never would be, nor ever could be, so great a poet as yourself, when rightly understood.

HORACE.—You did me too much honour. But still I affirm that you could not understand my language; I mean so far as to judge of, or to feel, the elegance and delicacy of poetical compositions, whose merit often turns, in a great measure, upon the happy choice of words, and a certain *finesse* of expression. This consideration has often made me wonder at many of you moderns, who, professing yourselves idolaters of us ancients, will not imitate us, at least in writing in your own language. Ovid, Virgil, and I were never absurd enough to write in Greek, though we understood it better than you could possibly understand

Latin; for, in our time, it was a living language, and Rome swarmed with Greeks. Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides never thought of writing in Egyptian or Persian, and for this plain reason, I presume, that no man, who can write at all, can write in any language so well as in his own. And no man who could write well ever wrote in any other than his own.

BENTLEY.—I can tell you that we have had excellent Latin poets; and, at this time, in all our great schools, youth is hardly taught anything, but to make Latin and Greek verses.

HORACE.—Then their time is very ill employed. I have read some of your modern performances of that kind, by which I have discovered that your purest Latin diction, as you call it, is only a classical cloak of patch-work, bungled up of the remnants and shreds of us ancient authors to cover your indigence of thought and want of imagination. In short, true geniuses of all nations write in their own language, and true pedants in Latin.

BENTLEY.—I will maintain that I writ the true Ciceronian Latin.

HORACE.—You will give me leave to doubt of that, for I understood Cicero's Latin perfectly well, and do not understand one-half of yours; from whence I conclude that you did not understand above one-half of ours. And, indeed, how should you? For, not to mention the changes, which a long succession of time inevitably occasions in all languages, ours was absolutely lost for many centuries, excepting some scraps of it, which were ill-preserved, corrupted, and even rhymed in the cells of some monks, who added barbarism to barbarism.

BENTLEY.—But we have recovered the original manuscripts of you and your best cotemporary authors.

HORACE.—Not so fast, good doctor. You have recovered, as I am informed, several ancient manuscripts, but none so ancient as the originals, by six or seven hundred years. And those you rather guessed at than understood; else why so many various readings, and such disagreement among you commentators? Besides they are all writ in continuity without any intervals of words, stops, or periods; so that the reader may, to a great degree, make what he pleases of what he reads. These manuscripts too are but copies of copies, of copies, of copies transcribed by ignorant, negligent, or unfaithful copyers, and are no more like the originals than Alexander's picture, drawn by Apelles, and transmitted down from copy to copy for above twenty centuries, would be like that hero. In short, till you moderns can receive and converse with, some of my cotemporaries who spoke and wrote our language correctly and elegantly, you can never thoroughly understand the full extent, energy, and delicacy of it.

BENTLEY.—But how should your works have been so universally admired, if they had not been understood?

HORACE.—Perhaps for that very reason, as many other works have been; and partly from the modern affectation of learning. As for your compliments, I will tell you frankly and impartially my opinion of my own works, now that all human and even poetical vanity is extinguished in me. I do not think they deserve that indiscriminate adoration which you mod-

erns pay them, partly from pedantry, but much more from your jealousy and envy of your best cotemporary authors. Some, I think, had intrinsic, others only local and temporary merit, depending upon events, secret history and particular characters, well known in my time, but which, as it is impossible you can know, it is impossible you can taste. And many were writ more to please my patrons than myself, and those, though not my best, turned to my best account. I knew my men.

BENTLEY.—But Augustus and Mæcenas were men of wit and taste.

HORACE.—No doubt of it. The one governed the world, and the other was his first Minister; and, consequently often governed him. Would anybody question their wit and taste?

BENTLEY.—Your answer seems to intimate some doubt of them at least.

HORACE.—I shall explain myself no further. If they had wit the praise I gave them was just, and if they had not, the flattery was prudent. When flattering the masters of the world upon an innocent vanity can put them in good humour, that flattery is for the benefit of society—is meritorious, not mean. The passions are in a grand alliance against virtue; but fortunately, like other allies, they are often at variance among themselves. Then virtue should avail itself of their disagreement, and treat separately with the most powerful one, which is commonly Vanity, and may have some chance of prevailing over the rest. By this art I got into the favour and even the familiarity of my two patrons, which, besides a good pension and a good table, procured me, in the opinion

of the public, the reputation of having influence at Court, and of being connected in state affairs; a reputation which, of all others, is the most flattering to a poet.

BENTLEY.—By the way, have you ever read my edition of your works?

HORACE.—I have looked over it but cursorily; it was shown me by several most erudite English, Dutch, and German commentators, who, though they differed in everything else, agreed in condemning it.

BENTLEY.—Ignorant envious blockheads! But what do you say to it yourself?

HORACE.—As I told you before, I could not understand above half of it; but in what I did understand, there seemed to be some ingenious conjectures.

BENTLEY.—Conjectures! By Hercules, not a single one! I do not deal in conjectures. I advance nothing but what I demonstrate to be true.

HORACE.—There spoke the true spirit of a commentator. I would, by no means, discourage conjectures; they are a good exercise for the human mind, and often lead to very useful discoveries. I know that men are commonly fonder of their conjectures than they are of their knowledge, as thinking them more their own; but then those conjectures should be accompanied with great modesty and some distrust.

BENTLEY.—But I tell you once more that my conjectures, as you call them, are not conjectures, but demonstrations.

HORACE.—I have long known that men's ruling passion always triumphed over their reason, and often survived it; but till now I never thought that it survived their bodies too. You have undeceived me;

but let me tell you at parting, that conjectures are generally the offspring of too much vanity, and too much leisure, and the parents of fanaticism of all kinds. They mislead the human mind, and bewilder it in the wilds and wastes of fancy. They are cherished and fondled by self-love into so many demonstrations, for the truth of which the heated imagination of their author would willingly not only inflict but suffer martyrdom.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN VILLIERS DUKE
OF BUCKINGHAM AND SIR JOHN CUT-
LER.

FROM THE MS. COLLECTION OF EVELYN PHILIP
SHIRLEY, ESQ.

(Now first printed.)

SIR JOHN.—Well, my Lord, you must now own that I was a true prophet; for you must remember I often told you that, with your unbounded extravagance and profusion, you would die in want.

DUKE.—It is very true; and you may remember that I as often told you that you lived in want, which, in my mind, was much worse.

SIR JOHN.—I denied myself nothing that I had a mind to.

DUKE.—I believe so; for you had a mind to nothing but money. Whereas I had a mind to a thousand things, and spent my money to enjoy them.

SIR JOHN.—How did your Grace enjoy the worst

bed in the worst inn in Yorkshire, where you died? At least I died in my own house.

DUKE.—I do not doubt it; for nothing could live in your house. We were all of us but travellers upon earth, as moralists assured us; so, provided we lived at good inns, it was not much matter at what sign we finally set up at. My inn was as good a one to die at as any other.

SIR JOHN.—Though in your opinion I was covetous, you must however acknowledge that I was disinterested; for, if I denied myself everything, it was to make my only daughter a great fortune. I had no selfish view in it.

DUKE.—Hold there, Sir John. I said, indeed, that you denied yourself necessities, but I never said, and still less thought, that it was upon your daughter's account. No; that is the cant of all you misers, who, conscious of the turpitude of your characters, plead your children, if you have any (and by the way, I wonder you ever get any), as an excuse for your sordidness; but, in truth, you have no more paternal tenderness in your composition than Saturn had, who, every now and then, eat up a child. He was a miser, I am sure.

SIR JOHN.—Is not every man obliged to provide for his children?

DUKE.—No doubt it is a duty, but a duty that you misers never discharge but at your death; for you starve them while you live. And if Heaven in compassion to them takes them away in your life-time, there is no one instance of a miser's spending one shilling the more, when he has that pretence the less for his avarice. It is not circumstances that produce

sordidness. A true miser, like a true poet, must be born such, no accident can make either. But come, Sir John, let us have no more altercations; let us mutually confess our several failings and discuss them freely; it is of no consequence to either of us here, since Minos has already properly disposed of us both. To begin, I was myself an idle squanderer; now do you own yourself a complete miser?

SIR JOHN.—Will not economist satisfy your Grace?

DUKE.—By no means; were your darned stockings, patched coat, and the rags and pins which you painfully picked up in the streets, merely the effects of economy? Fie, Sir John, be franker; we are upon honour now.

SIR JOHN.—Well, I will own I carried my economy too far.

DUKE.—And I my profusion. But answer me a few questions honestly; it will cost you nothing.

SIR JOHN.—I will most explicitly; for, as your Grace says, there is nothing to be got by concealment here. All's out.

DUKE.—Why then you must know that I always suspected misers of having as little honesty as wit, and thought them as great rogues as I knew they were dull rogues. Did you never steal nor forget to gratify your avarice? Answer directly.

SIR JOHN.—I will, upon condition that you answer me some questions in your turn.

DUKE.—With all my heart and most sincerely.

SIR JOHN.—Then did your Grace ever scruple any means of gratifying your lust, your ambition, or even your frolics?

DUKE.—Never in all my life, upon my honour.

SIR JOHN.—Nor I of gratifying my avarice. But though I had no scruples, I had some fears that checked me.

DUKE.—The fear of being hanged, I presume; and you are in the right on 't, for hanging is expensive; it is attended with the forfeiture of goods and chattels.

SIR JOHN.—True, and besides that the loss of my character.

DUKE.—What the devil! was you ever tender of your character?

SIR JOHN.—Yes; for it is a maxim amongst prudent people that a fair character with a foul conscience is worth at least one and a half per cent. in the course of business. I knew a discreet thrifty man, who, by an incautious piece of forgery, forfeited his character, by which he protested to me that he had lost above ten thousand pounds in his subsequent dealings. We have propagated a notion, and it has taken with fools, that thrifty men are the fairest dealers, both from prudence and from not being exposed to those temptations which necessitous squanderers are apt to yield to.

DUKE.—But to my question, Sir John, directly. Did you never steal, forge, nor forswear yourself?

SIR JOHN.—I cannot absolutely deny any one of these accusations, nor admit them all in their full extent. It is true that when I went to visit some of my friends——

DUKE.—Hold! say acquaintances; for you never could have a friend in the world.

SIR JOHN.—Nor would, if I could. Friends are troublesome, and presume so much upon that character, that they often want to borrow money, which it

would be dangerous to lend, and disgraceful to refuse them. As I was saying, then, when I went to visit my careless acquaintances in a morning, I often saw a parcel of loose guineas lying upon the table, which tempted me so strongly that I could not help filching a few of them, when the opportunity seemed favourable. It would be tedious to confess many more trifles of that kind.

DUKE.—And you need not, for you have been so very frank in this one instance, that I can easily give you credit for the others. But tell me now what was the principle of your avarice. Was it an absurd fear that you might come to want before you died, or was it an unnatural lust for money which increased with the possession, I will not say the enjoyment, of it?

SIR JOHN.—The latter, I think; for I had no one pleasure in life, but thinking of my money, counting my money, watching my money, and increasing my money.

DUKE.—You have fully convinced me, that my notion of misers was a just one. It must be owned that you was an eminent one, but, in truth, you was but *primus inter pares*. They are sullen, gloomy, unpleasant rogues; their dirty grovelling souls cannot entertain any one single virtue. Nay, one never heard of a miser who had any one shining talent, or even the air and manners of a gentleman.

SIR JOHN.—Well, my Lord, now that I have confessed both my guilt and my folly, which I am sensible were great, give me leave to ask you some questions in my turn. Pray, what principles of common prudence, decency, or morality, might your Grace pro-

ceed upon in the general extraordinary and extravagant conduct of your whole life?

DUKE.—Upon none at all, for I never had any in my life. I always indulged, without the least restraint, the passions of the day, the humour of the hour, and the whims of the minute.

SIR JOHN.—Without ever considering the consequences, I suppose?

DUKE.—I neither considered nor cared for the consequences. I was not dull enough, or what you would call wise enough, for that.

SIR JOHN.—Did it never occur to you what dangers you run, and what mischief you was doing, when you engaged with that flagitious band called the Cabal, who had conspired to betray and enslave their country?

DUKE.—Not once. I was resolved to be a great man, and that was, for the time being, the likeliest method of becoming so. Ambition is the most noble and generous passion of the mind, and disdains the vulgar fetters of canting Divines, and quibbling Moralists.

SIR JOHN.—Had you no qualms for debauching your friend's wife, and then murdering him because he resented it?

DUKE.—Why, whose wife would you have me debauch but my friend's? Would you have me debauch my enemy's? How should I get at her? I could not have had the necessary opportunities. But, indeed, Sir John, you do not know the first rudiments of these matters. I was in love with Lady Shrewsbury; she was necessary for my pleasure and my vanity, and how could I possibly make her husband my e—,

without first making him my friend? As for what you call murdering him, you are mistaken, for I only killed him. You must know that he was wrong-headed enough to resent my familiarity with his wife, and sent me a challenge, which, in common decency and honour, I could not avoid accepting, and so run him through the body, for I always preserved my honour untainted.

SIR JOHN.—Here are a great number of laudable honest *Items*, I must confess, in your Grace's account. On my part, there is only the single passion, Avarice, which I have already owned, that I gratified at the expense of Religion and Morality, and was ashamed on 't all the while. You had a thousand, which you gloried in the most criminal satisfaction of. Upon the balance, how do you think they would stand?

DUKE.—Why, to speak truly and seriously, which I never did once while I was alive, I think we both deserved to have been hanged.

SIR JOHN.—I think so too—but if we were both of us, after our experience, to begin the world again, I believe we should——

DUKE.—Do exactly as we did before, for though experience often informs our minds, it can never change our natures.

POEMS.*

ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN.

ASSES' milk, half a pint, take at seven or before ;
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine stretch your arms, and oh ! think, when alone
There's no pleasure in bed.—Mary, bring me my
gown !
Slip on that ere you rise ; let your caution be such,
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too
much ;
Your pinners set right, your twitcher tied on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite
done,
Retire to some author, improving and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the
day.
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' th' year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear :
But mark in the meadows the ruin of Time ;
Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime.
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;
For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.

* The Lines by Lord Chesterfield (in the original MS. entitled "Wholesome Advice") which were inclosed in one of his letters to his son (January 25, 1750), are already printed in this edition, vol. i. p. 430. See also in a note at vol. iii. p. 99, the Epigram "On Lord Isla's Improvements near Hounslow Heath." Of this Epigram, however, the authorship is not clear. It is included among Lord Chesterfield's Poems in the Supplemental volume of 1779 ; but, on the other hand, Horace Walpole says of it, when annotating his letter to Sir Horace Mann, of June 3, 1742:—"These lines were written by Bramston, author of the Art of Politics and the Man of Taste."

With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
 Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit;
 Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round;
 As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.
 After dinner, two glasses at least, I approve;
 Name the first to the King, and the last to your love:
 Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
 And calm with your joys gently glide through the day.
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
 Then in chat or at play, with a dance or a song,
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along,
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind;
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S "SHERLOCK
 UPON DEATH."

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die 's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live 's to love, to bless, be blest
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give;
 'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG.

WHEN Fanny,* blooming fair,
 First caught my ravish'd sight,
 Struck with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight:
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring every part,
 And every feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there;
 Her blooming cheeks are dyed
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

* Supposed to be Lady Fanny Shirley. We find her and Lord Chesterfield commemorated in Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poem, "Isabella, or the Morning," in which the company at the last Opera is described.

"Says Lovel—There were Chesterfield and Fanny
 "In that eternal whisper, which begun
 "Ten years ago and never will be done,
 "For though, you know, he sees her every day,
 "Still he has ever something new to say.
 "He never lets the conversation fall,
 "And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball.
 "I saw that her replies were never long,
 "And with her eyes she answered for her tongue."

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove ;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous Queen of Love :
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too-charming maid
 Rise, suing to be press'd !

Venus round Fanny's waist,
 Has her own cestus bound,
 With guardian Cupids graced,
 Who dance the circle round.
 How happy must he be,
 Who shall her zone unloose !
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May Heaven and she refuse !

SONG.

WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin,
 Your heart like mine to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin
 Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
 Which gave to Chloe birth ?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which make a Heaven on earth ?

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd,
 By some sly fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 "Increase and multiply."

You say that love's a crime; content:
Yet this allow you must,
More joy's in Heaven if one repent,
Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me, and by repentance make
A holiday in Heaven!

ON THE PICTURE OF RICHARD NASH, ESQ.,
MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES OF BATH,
LACED AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF
SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

ON THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.*

WHAT do scholars and bards, and astronomers wise,
Mean by stuffing our heads with nonsense and lies?
By telling us, Venus must always appear
In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star,
Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or dolphins, or doves,
Attended in form by the graces and loves?
That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
And her passport to hearts on a belt round her waist!
Without all this bustle, I saw the bright dame;
To supper last night to Pulteney's she came,
In a good warm sedan, no fine open car;
Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star;
No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat;
Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat:
Nor wanted a cestus her bosom to grace;
For Richmond that night had lent her her face.

* Charles, second Duke of Richmond, married, at the Hague in 1719, Sarah, the eldest daughter of Earl Cadogan, and who died in 1751.

IMPROMPTU LINES

AT A BALL IN DUBLIN CASTLE, ON SEEING A YOUNG
JACOBITE LADY DRESSED WITH ORANGE RIBBONS.

SAY, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing Orange on thy breast,
While that breast upheaving shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?

IMPROMPTU LINES

ON BEING ASKED BY SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, SUR-
NAMED THE LONG, TO WRITE SOME VERSES ON
HIMSELF.*

UNLIKE my subject, now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long!

A RIDDLE.

BEFORE creating Nature will'd
That atoms into form should jar,
By me the boundless space was fill'd,
On me was built the first made star.
For me the Saint will break his word,
By the proud Atheist I'm revered;
At me the Coward draws his sword,
And by the Hero I am fear'd.

* Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart., of Rokeby Park, in Yorkshire, was commonly called "Long Sir Thomas," on account of his stature, and to distinguish him from the diplomatist, Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards created Lord Grantham. (Note by Lord Dover, to Walpole's Correspondence with Mann, under the date of October 22, 1741.)

Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
 Yet often by the vain possess'd ;
 Heard by the Deaf—seen by the Blind—
 And to the troubled conscience rest.

Than Wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
 And yet by every blockhead known ;
 I'm freely given by the Miser,
 Kept by the Prodigal alone.
 The King—God bless him !—as 'tis said,
 At me sometimes is in a passion ;
 Yet even him I can persuade
 To act against his inclination.
 As Vice deform'd, as Virtue fair,
 The Courtier's loss, the Patriot's gains,
 The Poet's purse, the Coxcomb's care,
 Read—and you have me for your pains !

NOTHING.

THE PETITION OF THE FOOLS TO JUPITER.

A FABLE.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

FROM Grecian *Æsop*, to our Gay,
 Each fabulist is pleas'd to say,
 That Jove gives ear to all petitions,
 From animals of all conditions ;
 Like earthly Kings he hears their wants,
 And like them too, not always grants.
 Some years ago—the Fools assembled,
 Who long at Stanhope's wit had trembled,

And with repeated strokes grown sore,
Most zealously did Jove implore,
That he would shield them from that wit,
Which, pointed well, was sure to hit:
"Twas hard, they said, to be thus baited,
That were not by themselves created;
And if they were to folly prone,
The fault, they hoped, was not their own.
Jove smiled, and said—"Not quite so fast;
"You were, indeed, made up in haste;
"With little care I form'd your brain,
"But never made you pert and vain:
"Stanhope himself would be your friend,
"Did you not strive my work to mend,
"And, wildly straying from my rules,
"Make yourselves Fops, whom I made Fools:
"But tell me how; for I am willing
"To grant your wish, on this side killing,
"And shield you for the time to come.—"

"Strike Chesterfield deaf, blind, and dumb.
"First, in his tongue such terrors lie!
"If that is stopt, he can't reply:
"To stop his tongue, and not his ears,
"Will only multiply our fears;
"He'll answer both in prose and verse,
"And they will prove a lasting curse:
"Then stop, oh, Sire of Gods and Men,
"That still more dreadful tongue, his pen;
"Spare not, good Jove, his Lordship's sight,
"We ne'er shall rest, if he can write."

"Hold, hold," cries Jove, "a moment stay,
"You know not, Fools, for what you pray;
"Your malice shooting in the dark,

"Has driv'n the arrow o'er the mark.
 "Deaf, dumb, and blind, ye silly folk,
 "Is all this rancour for a joke?
 "Shall I be pander to your hate,
 "And mortals teach to rail at Fate?—
 "To mend a little your condition,
 "I'll grant one third of your Petition;
 "He shall be deaf, and you be free
 "From his keen, brilliant repartee,
 "Which, like high-tempered polish'd steel,
 "Will quicker wound than you can feel;
 "With fear, with weakness we comply,
 "But still what malice asks, deny:
 "How would Apollo, Hermes, swear,
 "Should I give ear to all your pray'r,
 "And blast the man, who from his birth,
 "Has been their fav'rite care on earth?
 "What, tie his tongue, and cloud his sight,
 "That he no more may talk and write!
 "I can't indulge your foolish pride,
 "And punish all the world beside."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ANSWER TO THE FOOLS'
PETITION.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

GARRICK, I've read your Fools' Petition,
 And thank you for the composition;
 Tho' few will credit all you say,
 Yet 'tis a friendly part you play;
 A part which you perform with ease;
 Whate'er you act is sure to please!

But give me leave, on this occasion,
 To make one little observation :
 Tho' no good reason is assign'd,
 At least not any I can find,
 Why I should be deaf, dumb, or blind ;
 Yet since it was resolved above,
 By this same Fool-obeying Jove,
 I must not speak, or hear, or see,
 Surely, to soften the decree,
 He might have left the choice to me.
 Were that the case, I would dispense
 With sight, and wit, and eloquence,
 Still to retain my fav'rite sense :
 For grant, my friend, we should admit,
 What some may doubt, that I have wit ;
 What are the mighty pow'rs of speech ?
 What useful purpose do they reach ?
 When vain and impotent you see,
 Ev'n down from Socrates to me,
 All the *bons mots* that e'er were said,
 To mend the heart or clear the head :
 Fools will be fools, say what we will,
 And rascals will be rascals still.

But rather I your case would be in,
 Say you, than lose the power of seeing ;
 The face of Nature, you will say,
 Is ever cheerful, ever gay ;
 And Beauty, parent of Delight,
 Must always charm the ravish'd sight.

This choice, perhaps, I might commend ;
 But here you have forgot, my friend,
 That Nature's face, and Beauty's heav'n,
 Lose all their charms at seventy-seven ;

The brightest scenes repeated o'er,
 As well you know, will please no more;
 The prospect's darken'd o'er with age,
 The drama can no more engage,
 We wish, with you, to quit the stage. }

In short, it is a point I'm clear in,
 The best of senses is our hearing;
 Happy who keeps it still, and he
 Who wants, must mourn the loss, like me:
 For tho' I little should regret
 The table's roar, where fools are met,
 The flatt'ring tribe, who sing or say
 The lies or tattle of the day;
 Still have I cause for discontent,
 Still lose what most I must lament,
 The converse of a chosen few,
 The luxury of—hearing YOU!

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

THE Foreign Letters which here follow, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, were scattered through, and are now derived from, the third volume of his Miscellaneous Works. The Editor is induced to reprint them, first, from his desire that no one authentic document contained in the eight volumes of the former collection should be wanting in the present; and, secondly, from the high opinion of their value which he has heard expressed by an accomplished Frenchman, and *homme de lettres* of our own day. They are only, it appears, known in France through Lord Chesterfield's editions in England, never having been comprised in the published correspondence of their respective writers.

LETTRE

DE MADAME DE MARTEL * À MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

Ce 8 Avril, 1742.

Nous sentons plus que vous, Mylord, le poids d'avoir des maîtres, et surtout d'en vouloir donner aux autres ; mais, loin de juger comme vous que ce soit un mal, je suis presque tentée de croire, que l'homme n'est capable de sentir la liberté, que lorsqu'il la dispute ; que sans domination, ce bien si précieux lui échapperait, à peu près comme la santé. On murmure, on blâme, on cabale, on chasse les favoris, on déplace les Ministres, on se venge, on suscite la guerre. Dans la chaleur de ce tumulte, l'esprit prend un nouvel essor, il se sent libre. Comparez à cela l'oisive liberté d'un sauvage ; il n'en a jamais eu le véritable sentiment. Une ennuyeuse paresse, sans aucun contradicteur, le laisse dans l'indolence. Peut on dire que son indolence le rend heureux ? Non, il n'y a de vrai bonheur que celui se fait sentir, qui remplit l'ame d'une certaine élévation dans les projets, et d'une joie vive dans les succès. Il faut des passions ; l'égalité les ruineroit presque toutes. Laissons donc faire et défaire aux hommes des Empereurs et des Rois ; l'instinct qui les anime, chez vous et chez nous, est pour ainsi dire plus fin qu'eux. Ne croyez pas pourtant que j'approuve cette guerre ; j'ai des raisons particulières de la craindre. Je n'ai qu'un fils unique, qui n'a d'autre profession que celle des armes, suivant l'usage de la noblesse Française. Je demande la paix à tout le monde, et je consens de bon cœur que notre nation se contente de dominer par ses

* For an account of Madame de Martel, and for Lord Chesterfield's letter to her of February 1742, see vol. iii. p. 144.

modes, son luxe, et son frivole raffinement d'esprit. C'est notre juste valeur, et notre occupation favorite, témoin Marianne, le Sopha, les Confessions de Mr. Le Comte, et tant d'autres gentilles bagatelles, dont nous sommes journellement inondés, qui font presque ici le sujet de toutes les conversations. Venez, Mylord, le rameau d'olivier à la main, nous rendre à nos amusemens ; venez user de nos cuisiniers, et de la douceur de notre société. N'envoyez point de troupes en Flandres ; vivez en paix avec nous. Nous ne voulons que modérer la puissance de la Reine d'Hongrie, et partager ensuite les richesses du commerce avec vous, pour le bien commun de l'Europe. A ces conditions, je consens à n'être vêtue que de la laine de vos moutons, et à laisser les Hollandois et les Allemands à tout leur bon sens naturel, sans vouloir jamais les assujettir à notre tour d'esprit, ni à nos perpétuelles épigrammes.

Mais je m'apperçois que je ne suis guères raisonnable, de vous écrire si longtemps, à vous qui vous croyez un étranger, un inconnu à mon égard. Autant que je l'ai pu, l'esprit et le mérite ne me l'ont jamais été ; et sachez, Mylord, que quand vous seriez Japonois, je n'en aurois pas moins l'honneur d'être

Votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

MARTEL.

LETTRE

DE M. DE CRÉBILLON LE FILS, À MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

Paris, 23 Février, 1742.

MYLORD,

Je ne lis pas un mot de vous, qui ne me soit un nouveau bienfait de votre part, et qui n'augmente, s'il

est possible, la vive reconnoissance que je dois à vos bontés. J'ai senti plus que je n'ai pu vous l'exprimer, tout ce que vous avez bien voulu faire pour moi.

Je n'ignore pas que c'est au milieu de circonstances importantes à l'Angleterre, et qui devoient nécessairement vous occuper tout entier, que vous avez daigné songer à mon livre, et vous inquiéter de ma situation. Je n'entreprendrai point de vous rendre grâces de vos généreuses attentions : tout ce que je pourrois vous dire, Mylord, seroit trop au dessous, et de ce que vous faites, et de ce que je sens. Je ne rougirois pas de ne vous point parler élégamment, mais je serois honteux de ne pouvoir pas vous exprimer, aussi vivement que je le devrois, les sentimens de respect que j'ai pour vous. Passez moi le terme de reconnoissance ; quel que soit le rang du bienfaiteur, il ne peut pas l'offenser. Lorsque le sentiment qu'il peint est vrai, il me semble qu'on peut l'admettre, et qu'il ne doit déplaire que lorsqu'il n'est que compliment.

A propos, Mylord, si nos nouvelles sont bonnes, je vous en dois un ;* mais il me semble que ce seroit l'Angleterre qu'il faudroit féliciter, et non pas vous. Permettez donc que je vous supplie de vous ménager ; vous ferez beaucoup pour votre patrie en vous conservant ; mais c'est une chose que nous savons mieux que vous même, et que je crains bien que tous vos amis réunis ne puissent pas vous faire entendre.

Enfin, Mylord, le Sopha a paru. Il me semble qu'il réussit, mais ce n'est pas sans contradiction. Quoique toutes nos femmes pensent comme Phénime, il n'y en a pas une qui ne s'offense du caractère de Zulica.

* The report of Lord Chesterfield being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

C'est sur ce morceau que tombent les plus vives critiques. On ne conçoit pas qu'il y ait au monde quelqu'un qui connoisse assez peu les femmes pour en faire de pareils portraits. Ce n'est, dit-on, qu'un caractère idéal, qui n'est pris ni dans la nature, ni dans la vraisemblance. Les femmes sont tendres, soit; qu'on les peigne avec des foiblesses, fort bien; il est possible qu'elles en aient: mais leur donner des mœurs odieuses; imaginer qu'elles sont fausses; que quelque autre motif que le sentiment puisse les déterminer; qu'enfin en moins d'une heure, on en puisse triompher, voilà ce qui ne s'est jamais vu, et ce qu'on ne peut peindre sans être le plus noir des hommes. Une critique qui me paroît plus raisonnable que toutes les exclamations, ce sont les longueurs qu'on me reproche dans le même morceau, où voulant trop imiter la nature, je me suis réellement trop étendu. S'il est bien de la peindre, ce n'est qu'autant qu'il en peut résulter de l'agrément; quelque fidèle que soit la peinture, lorsqu'elle ne donne que des idées désagréables, ou qu'elle fatigue, le peintre n'est qu'un maladroit: c'est ce qui m'est arrivé. Persuadé que la chose du monde qu'une femme avoue le plus difficilement, est le nombre de ses galanteries, j'ai trop retardé le faux aveu de Zulica; et quoique j'aye tâché de soutenir la conversation par des portraits, et des idées, je n'ai pu éviter d'ennuyer. Au reste, un reproche encore très sérieux qu'on me fait, c'est d'avoir promis un conte, et de donner un livre où l'on trouve de la morale, et la peinture de la vie humaine. Des idées bizarres et folles, des enchantemens, des coups de baguette, voilà ce qu'on attendoit. Je me flatte, Mylord, que les critiques de Londres ne tomberont pas

sur ce dernier article, et qu'on voudra bien m'y pardonner de n'avoir pas été aussi frivole que je semblois l'avoir fait croire. Les dévots crient; cependant, jusques ici, on me laisse tranquille, et j'espère que plus mon livre paroît sérieux, moins le Ministère songera à sévir contre. Quelque ardens que soient mes critiques, j'ose croire que le Sopha ne fera point de tort à ma réputation, et qu'un jour, peut-être, ce ne sera pas celui de mes ouvrages qu'on me saura le plus mauvais gré d'avoir fait. Il étoit trop bien, et depuis trop longtemps annoncé, pour n'avoir pas dû paroître au dessous de sa renommée; et je doute, s'il eût été parfait, que dans les premiers momens surtout, on ne lui eût pas trouvé bien des défauts.

Il y a quelque apparence, Mylord, que dans un mois, j'aurai sur ce sujet, des choses à vous mander, fort différentes de celles d'aujourd'hui. Je ménage trop peu les femmes, les sots et les fripons, pour que tous ensemble n'ayent pas cherché à me nuire. Plus courtisan, moins rustre, j'aurois vraisemblablement trouvé plus d'approbateurs; peut-être aussi ne le crois-je que par amour propre; car on est si sot quand on est auteur; on a une vanité si facile à blesser; tant de ressources en même tems contre l'humiliation; qu'il seroit très possible que je me crusse des ennemis, lorsque je n'aurois eu que les juges du monde les plus équitables. Je desire ardemment, si vous l'avez relu, qu'il ne vous aît pas ennuyé; et vous supplierois, Mylord, si vous en aviez le loisir, de me dire ce que vous en avez pensé, afin que, redressé par votre critique, je puisse un jour donner du Sopha une édition qui le rende plus digne de son protecteur.

Une chose singulière, et que j'oubliois de vous dire,

c'est que les femmes n'y ont pas trouvé assez d'obscénités. Je ne sais si les dames de Londres auront pensé de même.

Des trois lettres que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire, je n'en ai reçu que deux. J'abuse de votre patience, et je finis en vous priant de trouver encore quelquefois le tems de me lire.

Je suis, Mylord, avec tout le respect possible,
votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
CRÉBILLON.

LETTRE

DU MÊME AU MÊME.

Paris, 26 Juillet, 1742.

Vous seriez assurément d'une bonté sans exemple, d'une bonté que, dans le fonds du cœur, je n'approuverois pas, quoiqu'elle tombât sur moi, si pouvant me croire coupable d'ingratitude à votre égard, vous pouviez me le pardonner. Je n'ai été que trois semaines sans vous écrire, et je ne m'étois même permis cet intervalle que parce que, dans la dernière lettre que j'ai reçue de vous, et qui étoit celle où vous voulez bien m'éclaircir sur l'affaire du Sopha, vous me mandiez que vous alliez à Spa, et que je croyois du moins devoir vous y laisser arriver. Comme il n'a pas plu à la poste de laisser parvenir jusqu'à moi vos dernières lettres, j'ai ignoré que vous restiez en Angleterre; et au commencement de ce mois, je vous ai écrit à Spa. Si cette lettre vous revenoit, Mylord, vous verriez que j'ai senti comme je le devois ce que votre généreuse amitié vous avoit suggéré pour moi. Comme il est très possible qu'on ne vous la renvoie pas, et que de-

puis longtemps la poste a perdu ces sortes d'attentions, je crois pouvoir, Mylord, vous redire ici ce que je vous disois alors.

Vous êtes l'homme du monde de qui j'accepterois le plus volontiers du secours, parce que vous êtes celui de tous que j'estime le plus, et que je crois que le même principe qui nous porte à obliger, est le seul aussi qui puisse nous laisser contracter des obligations ; et qu'il n'y a rien de plus cruel que de devoir de la reconnoissance à quelqu'un à qui l'on seroit forcé de rougir d'en avoir. Ne croyez donc pas, je vous supplie, Mylord, que se soit par hauteur que j'ai refusé ce que vous vouliez bien m'offrir ; elle seroit trop déplacée vis-à-vis de vous, et je ne serai jamais capable d'une aussi grande fatuité. Le bien le plus précieux que j'aye au monde, est votre amitié. D'aussi foibles talens que les miens ne devoient jamais me conduire à une acquisition d'un aussi grand prix ; et je n'oublierai jamais que je la dois beaucoup plus à vos bontés qu'à moi-même. C'est avec tant de sincérité que je vous suis attaché, que je ne doute pas, généreux comme vous êtes, que vous ne sentiez plus le plaisir d'avoir un serviteur fidèle, que le chagrin de vous en être acquis un inutile.

Je me réjouis que vous preniez les eaux de Bath, puisqu'apparemment les médecins les ont préférées pour vous à celles de Spa ; j'aurois cependant désiré que les dernières vous eussent été nécessaires. Je m'étois flatté qu'au retour de celles-ci, vous seriez venu passer quelque temps en France, et j'avois déjà fait, sur votre séjour parmi nous, quelques châteaux fort agréables.

Mon exil est enfin fini, et graces à Dieu, je puis

marcher tête levée à Paris. Je compte profiter peu de la permission qu'on me donne d'y habiter; et je ne crois pas d'y retourner avant l'hiver, à moins que vous n'y vinssiez faire un voyage; chose que le vôtre aux eaux de Bath ne me permet plus d'espérer.

Nous n'avons ici rien de nouveau, qu'une impertinence de Voltaire, qui s'est avisé de féliciter le R. de P.* sur le beau tour qu'il nous joue. Il me semble que s'il y a une extrême sottise à tenir assez à sa patrie pour en admirer les ridicules, et croire que hors de chez soi, on ne trouve aucune sorte de mérite, il y a une extrême bassesse à ne pas sentir ce qui l'humilie. Le philosophe peut-être moins sensible qu'un autre à ces sortes de choses; mais il n'appartient qu'à un mauvais citoyen de s'en réjouir. Quoique le Ministère n'ait pas approuvé cette lettre, il a eu la sagesse de n'y pas faire attention, et n'a pas pensé comme le public qu'on en dût bannir l'auteur.

Je vous mandois, Mylord, dans cette lettre perdue, que découragé par toutes les platitudes que j'avois entendu dire sur mon dernier ouvrage, j'avois été fort longtemps sans vouloir ou pouvoir travailler, et que, lorsque je l'ai pu, je ne me suis pas trouvé capable de continuer le livre dont vous me permettes de vous lire un essai l'année dernière. Voulant cependant employer mon temps, chose dont à la campagne, sans grandes facilités, sans amour pour le jeu, et dénué de toute autre passion, l'on a toujours de reste, je me suis mis à écrire, et à continuer un petit roman, un peu historique, fort simple, et cependant écrit dans le stile le plus majestueux. C'est véritablement une bagatelle; je n'y apporte pas moins d'attention que si

* Le Roi de Prusse.

c'étoit l'ouvrage du monde le plus considerable. Je songe, en un mot, que vous le lirez, c'est vous dire assez que je ne le néglige pas. J'espère qu'il sera en état de paroître, et que vous voudrez bien me permettre de vous l'envoyer.

Sans Pamela, Mylord, nous ne saurions ici que lire ni que dire. Je l'ai enfin lue à mon tour, et n'en déplaît à nos caillettes et à nos petits maîtres caustiques, qui ne jugent que par ce qui est bien écrit, sans pouvoir se connoître en stile, et qui réduisent tout au jargon de leurs ruelles, je l'ai trouvée fort intéressante. J'aurois souhaité, à la vérité, que le traducteur se fût un peu plus élevé. On trouve dans l'ouvrage beaucoup de choses basses, qui me paroissent être moins de l'ouvrage que de la traduction. Une chose qui m'en plaît, quoiqu'elle déplaît ici à beaucoup de gens, c'est qu'elle a conservé à l'original ses mœurs, et ne lui a pas impertinemment substitué les nôtres. Pamela habillée, à la Françoisaise auroit, je crois, été bien ridicule.

Au milieu de mille petits détails, qui sont peu faits, par eux mêmes, pour attirer l'attention, ou faire naître l'intérêt, mais qui tiennent nécessairement à la condition vile de l'héroïne, on se sent attendri jusqu'aux larmes. Du moins avouerai-je que ce livre m'a fait pleurer en plus d'un endroit. J'y ai trouvé des mœurs, du sentiment, de la vérité, des mouvemens du cœur bien saisis, et bien développés; mais quelquefois aussi il me semble que les mêmes mouvemens reparoissent sans produire rien de nouveau, ce qui je crois est un grand vice; car il me semble qu'une chose sur laquelle on a déjà épuisé l'intérêt, ne doit plus se représenter, à moins qu'elle n'amènât à sa suite des

évènements encore plus frappans que les premiers, chose qui ne se trouve point dans Pamela, qui vous présente le même tableau plus d'une fois à pure perte.

Quant à moi, Mylord, j'ai trouvé Pamela plus vaine que vertueuse. Son orgueil est mécontent de ce qu'on l'attaque comme une gourgandine, et de ce qu'on prend avec elle des libertés, sans lui avoir dit auparavant la plus petite fleurette. Je parie avec M. B qu'un petit maître François, qui auroit sacrifié à l'orgueil de Pamela quelques uns de ces propos qu'il réserve pour une Duchesse, qui lui auroit écrit quelques billets doux, lui auroit cinq ou six fois baisé les mains, et se seroit jetté à ses genoux, l'auroit eue en moins de quinze jours.

S'il est fâché de l'avoir épousée, qu'il ne s'en prenne qu'à lui même. D'ailleurs, s'il faut tout dire, je la trouve après son mariage d'une bégueulerie à la maussade. J'ai remarqué qu'elle ne prie pas Dieu dans son lit ; c'est, je crois, le seul meuble de sa maison qui ne lui fournisse point d'oraison éjaculatoire. L'auteur, dit-on, prépare une suite ; son quatrième volume ne devrait-il pas l'avertir de n'en rien faire ? Mais je m'apperçois que je deviens aussi long que ce tome là. Pardonnez le moi ; il y a si longtemps que je ne vous ai rien dit.

Je suis, Mylord,
avec tout le respect et tout l'attachement possible,
CRÉBILLON.*

* Lord Chesterfield's answer to both the preceding letters is dated August 26, and will be found at vol. iii. p. 152.

LETTRE

DE MADAME DE TENCIN À MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

Paris, ce 22 Octobre, 1742.

JE voudrois, Mylord, que vous eussiez été témoin de la réception de votre lettre.* Elle me fut remise par M. de Montesquieu au milieu de la société que vous connoissez. Ce que vous me dites de flatteur m'empêcha quelques momens de la montrer, mais l'amour propre trouve toujours le moyen d'avoir son compte. Le mien me suggéra que c'étoit une injustice de vous ravir, sous prétexte de modestie, des louanges dignes de vous.

La lettre fut donc lue, et ne le fut pas pour une fois. Il faut vous l'avouer, l'effet qu'elle produisit fut bien différent de celui que j'attendois. Ce Mylord se moque de nous, s'écria M. de Fontenelle, qui fut suivi des autres, d'écrire en notre langue, mieux et plus correctement que nous. Qu'il se contente, s'il lui plaît, d'être le premier homme de sa nation, d'avoir les lumières et la profondeur de génie qui la caractérisent; et qu'il ne vienne point encore s'emparer de nos graces, et de nos gentilleses.

Les plaintes et les murmures de l'assemblée duroient encore, si après avoir convenu bien franchement de vos torts, je ne m'étois avisée de rappeler les agrémens et la douceur de votre commerce. Qu'il nous revienne donc, dirent-ils tous à la fois, nous lui passerons alors d'avoir plus d'esprit que nous.

J'ai un frère qui est tout-à-fait de cet avis; il m'a chargée expressément de vous dire, Mylord, que s'il avoit été ici, il auroit pris sa part de l'honneur que

* For Lord Chesterfield's letter, which was transmitted by Mrs. Cleland, see vol. iii. p. 149.

vous me faisiez de venir chez moi. Je n'eus qu'hier celui de voir Madame de Cleland. Je meurs de peur qu'à force de vouloir bien faire, je n'aye fait tout de travers: c'est votre faute, Mylord; pourquoi me donnez vous à soutenir l'opinion trop avantageuse que vous avez prise de moi, auprès d'une des femmes de toute l'Angleterre la plus aimable, et à ce que vous me mandez vous même, la plus éclairée? Je lui ai fait part d'un château en Espagne que je bâtis pour vous, qui ne seroit point si château en Espagne, si vous vouliez. En cas qu'il réussit, j'espère que nous y ajouterons un appartement pour Madame de Cleland.

J'ai chargé mon mari de vous faire souvenir quelquefois de moi; ne voulez vous pas bien, Mylord, que je prenne la liberté de vous charger à votre tour de ma tendresse pour lui? Il seroit ma caution, mais j'aurois bien perdu mon temps si j'en avois besoin, et si vous n'étiez pas bien persuadé des sentimens qui m'attachent à vous, et du respect avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Mylord,

Votre très humble et obéissante servante,

DE TENCIN.

C'EST une gloire pour la langue François, qu'un Seigneur Anglois aît pris la peine de l'apprendre aussi parfaitement que je vois que vous la savez, Mylord; mais trouvez bon que je vous donne un petit avis à l'oreille. Prenez garde, s'il vous plait, de ne vous point trop attirer la jalousie des auteurs François; pour moi qui aspire à avoir un peu de raison, je suis encore, et serai toujours, avec tout le respect possible, Mylord,

Votre, &c.

FONTENELLE.

RÉPONSE DE MYLORD.

S'IL y avoit au monde un discernement que je respectasse plus que le vôtre, vous seriez fort mal avec moi, d'avoir exposé à la critique des souverains arbitres du goût et de l'éloquence une lettre que les ordres de Madame Cleland m'avoient arrachée, et qui auroit dû souhaiter l'oubli au lieu de l'examen ; mais, avec tout le respect que je dois à ces Messieurs, dès qu'il me faut subir votre jugement, je ne me mets point en peine du leur. Je suis sûr qu'ils me pardonneront, et même qu'ils approuveront ce sentiment.

LETTRE

DU COMTE DE WASSENAER, MINISTRE PLÉNIPOTENTIAIRE AU CONGRÈS DE BRÉDA, AU COMTE DE CHESTERFIELD.

Bréda, ce 20 Novembre, N. S. 1746.

MYLORD,

DANS le moment le Comte de Sandwich sort de chez moi, où il a eu la bonté de venir m'apprendre une nouvelle, qui en tout temps, mais surtout dans la circonstance présente, ne peut que me causer une joie inexprimable. J'ai vu, Mylord, avec la plus agréable surprise, au bas de ses dépêches, le nom de l'homme du monde, que je respecte, que j'admire, que j'estime, et permettez-moi de trancher le mot, que j'aime le plus, le nom de Chesterfield. Il m'a fallu quelques momens pour me reconnoître, et débrouiller la confusion des idées, que cet événement a réveillées dans mon esprit. De quelque côté que je l'envisage, je n'y trouve que des sujets de joie et de satisfaction pour tout bon pa-

triotte Anglois et Hollandois. Vous possédez, Mylord, l'estime et la confiance des uns et des autres. Que n'avons-nous point à espérer pour le bien des deux nations, et pour celui de toute l'Europe?

Monsieur le Conseiller Pensionnaire,* à qui j'ai eu le plaisir d'en apprendre la première nouvelle, m'en a témoigné son extrême contentement, et sent comme moi toute l'influence, que votre heureuse entrée dans le ministère doit avoir sur les affaires du temps. Tous ceux, qui parmi nous aiment sincèrement leur patrie, penseront de même. Vous ne pouvez ignorer, Mylord, à quel point vous y êtes aimé et honoré. Il me seroit aisé d'en détailler les motifs; mais pour ne pas vous indisposer contre moi, je n'en allègue qu'un seul, c'est la persuasion où nous sommes, et les preuves que nous avons, de votre bienveillance pour la république, et de l'intérêt que vous prenez à sa conservation et à son bonheur.

Jamais sa situation ne fut plus déplorable. Son état politique, et militaire, celui de ses finances, vous est parfaitement connu. Nous sommes peut-être à la veille d'être bouleversés, si l'Angleterre, notre meilleure et notre plus fidèle alliée, et la plus intéressée à notre existence, ne prévient notre ruine. Le temps est infiniment précieux. Daignez, Mylord, employer tous vos soins et vos efforts, pour nous faire parvenir au grand but, qui nous rassemble ici. Le plaisir inexprimable d'avoir rendu le repos à l'Europe, sera votre recompense, et votre nom sera en bénédiction à tous les peuples. Nous aurons en particulier la satis-

* Mr. Gilles, a man of great ability and integrity, in the Anti-Stadhouderian interest, and much esteemed by Lord Chesterfield. (Note by Dr. Maty.)

faction de devoir notre bonheur à l'ami de la république ; je ferai les vœux les plus ardens pour votre conservation, et je vous supplie instamment, de me conserver les sentimens de bonté et d'amitié, dont vous m'avez honoré jusqu'ici, que je mettrai tous mes soins à mériter.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec la plus haute considération, et l'attachement le plus inviolable,

Mylord,

Votre, &c.

WASSENAER.

LETTRE

DE M. DE VOLTAIRE À MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

Au Château de Ferney près de Genève,
le 24 Octobre, 1771.

M. LE COMTE DE HUNTINGDON m'a fait l'honneur d'être dans mon hermitage. Je ne vous ai point écrit ; j'étois trop occupé à l'entendre. Je cherche ma consolation à son départ en vous écrivant, pour vous remercier de me l'avoir adressé. Il m'a fait le plaisir de me parler longtemps de vous ; c'est de vous surtout que je lui ai demandé des nouvelles, beaucoup plus que je ne me suis informé de vos *aldermen*, et de vos *sheriffs*, et de toutes ces tracasseries.

Jouissez d'une vieillesse honorable et heureuse, après avoir passé par les épreuves de la vie. Jouissez de votre esprit, et conservez la santé de votre corps. Des cinq sens, que nous avons en partage, vous n'en avez qu'un seul qui soit affoibli, et Mylord Huntingdon assure que vous avez un bon estomac, ce qui vaut bien une paire d'oreilles. Ce seroit peut-être à moi à décider lequel est le plus triste, d'être sourd ou aveugle,

ou de ne point digérer. Je puis juger de ces trois états, avec connoissance de cause ; mais il y a long-temps que je n'ose décider sur les bagatelles, à plus forte raison sur des choses importantes. Je me borne à croire que, si vous avez du soleil dans la belle maison que vous avez bâtie, vous aurez des momens tolérables ; c'est tout ce qu'on peut espérer à l'âge où nous sommes. Cicéron écrivit un beau traité sur la vieillesse, mais il ne prouva point son livre par les faits ; ses dernières années furent très malheureuses. Vous avez vécu plus long-temps et plus heureusement que lui. Vous n'avez eu à faire ni à des Dictateurs perpétuels ni à des Triumvirs. Votre lot a été, et est encore, un des plus desirables dans cette grande loterie, où les bons billets sont si rares, et où le gros lot d'un bonheur continuel n'a été encore gagné par personne. Votre philosophie n'a jamais été dérangée par des chimères, qui ont brouillé quelquefois des cervelles assez bonnes. Vous n'avez jamais été dans aucun genre ni charlatan, ni dupe de charlatan ; et c'est ce que je compte pour un mérite très peu commun qui contribue à l'ombre de félicité qu'on peut goûter dans cette courte vie.

Recevez avec bonté les vœux sincères et inutiles que je fais pour vous, mes regrets de ne pouvoir passer auprès de vous quelques uns de mes jours, avec mon tendre et respectueux attachement.

Le vieux malade de Ferney,

V.

LETTERS TO MR. LYTTTELTON.

(From the Memoirs by R. Phillimore, Esq. and the Lyttelton MSS.)

Bath, November 12, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is in answer to your separate letter to me, before I have talked with Pulteney upon this important subject. His opinion and my *seeming* one, will be contained in another letter. As I suppose the Queen will be dead or out of danger, before you receive this, any advice to his Royal Highness* will come full late, but in all events, it is my opinion that he cannot take too many and too respectful measures towards the Queen if alive, and towards the King, if she is dead; but then that respect should be absolutely personal, and care should be taken that the Ministers should not have the least share of it. Particularly if, in the course of these transactions, the two *evidences* should be sent to, or of themselves presume to approach the Prince, he ought to show them personal resentment; and if they bring any message from the King or Queen which he cannot refuse receiving, he should ask for it in writing, and give his answer in writing; alleging publicly for his reason, that he cannot venture anything with people who have grossly both betrayed and misrepresented private conversation.†

* Of Wales.

† This passage refers to the Prince's rash step in the preceding July, when, to the great displeasure of the King and Queen, he removed the Princess, then on the point of child-birth, from Hampton Court to St. James's. The "two *evidences*" are Lord Harrington and Sir Robert Walpole, who were required to state in writing what the Prince had said to them, as corroborative evidence of what he had said to the

In case the Queen dies, I think Walpole should be looked upon as gone too, whether he be really so or no, which will be the most likely way to weaken him; for if he be supposed to inherit the Queen's power over the King, it will in some degree give it him; and if the Opposition are wise, instead of treating with him, they should attack him most vigorously and personally, as a person who has lost his chief support. Which is indeed true, for though he may have more power with the King than any other body, yet he will never have that kind of power which he had by her means; and he will not even dare to mention many things to the King, which he could without difficulty have brought about by her means.

Pray present my most humble duty to his Royal Highness, and tell him that, upon the principle of personal duty and respect to the King and Queen, if alive, he cannot go too far; as, on the other hand, with relation to the Ministers, after what has passed, he cannot carry his dignity too high; his own good judgment, and the particular circumstances will point out to him the methods of doing both, better than I can suggest at this distance.

These waters have done me all the good they possibly could in six days, a good earnest of their doing me all the good I expect in six weeks. If they restore me my health, I shall value it the more for the part which I am sure you take in it; and in the hope of using most of it in your company, I am,

Most faithfully yours,

C.

Queen. Their "Minutes of Conversation" are inserted by Lord Hervey in his *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 390.

Bath, November 15, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING a safe conveyance for this letter, and being glad of any opportunity of conversing with you, I trouble you now with thoughts, which upon further deliberation have occurred to me, upon what I now take to be the present situation of affairs, I mean the death of the Queen. It is most certain that Sir Robert must be in the utmost distress, and can never hope to govern the King as the Queen governed him. This truth is so obvious to everybody, that many people in place will act very differently with respect to Sir Robert from what they used to do, while they knew that he governed her, who absolutely governed the King. The Chancellor, the Duke of Argyle, nay even the wretched President,* will all pretend to have something to say, which whether at first it will have any effect upon the King or not, I don't know; but it must and will upon Sir Robert, whose corrupt and shameless followers will be looking out sharp, raising their demands, and making his management of the House of Commons exceedingly difficult, if not impracticable. Nay, Sir Robert himself will be looking out, as well as they, and will be very unwilling to have his security depend upon the sudden and variable passions of his Majesty. In these circumstances nothing will more hasten his retreat, if he is inclined to retire, nor his ruin, if he is resolved to stand it out, than the part which the Prince may, ought, and therefore I am persuaded will act. If his Royal Highness resents as a Prince ought, an affront, which (if a private man) he must have resented with his sword, or

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington.

have been dishonoured, and if he makes that resentment public, the party will be very unequal between the next heir to the Crown and a Minister, whose favour, whose fortune, and possibly whose life depends upon the precarious protection of a passionate and changeable Prince, who, into the bargain, never loved him. Should the Prince's affair come again into Parliament, as I hope it will, Sir Robert and he will be looked upon as the two contending parties, between whom there will be no competition, as things now stand; not to mention that the 50,000*l.* a year saved to the Civil List, strengthens our cause and weakens theirs, upon the foot of their own admission last year. This is the advantageous part which the Prince may act for himself, as well as the popular and glorious part to the public; and this is the part which, if he follows his own inclinations and good sense, I am sure he will act; but if he listens to Sir Robert's emissaries, which are his whole family, excepting yourself and Townshend, they may, for ought I know, represent the magnanimity of forgiving injuries, and quote the bright example of his father for it, or may possibly preach up the true Christian doctrine of taking the lie, or a blow (for I see no difference), without resenting it. In short, the Prince at the head of the Opposition, and both encouraging and forcing the Opposition to act with vigour, has everything in his hands; if he acts otherwise, I need not say what will be the consequence of it, I will only borrow the Bishop of St. Asaph's expression,—*our enemies will tell us with pleasure.*

So much for politics, which, though I have filled two pages with, no man in the kingdom is more re-

signed about than I am; I wish the best, and will contribute what little I can to it; but if the worst happens, I have as much philosophy to bear it, and as many amusements to comfort me under it, as most people I know. As the utmost of my ambition is to serve my country and my friends, but not myself, I shall sacrifice neither to my ambition, and consequently lose the good opinion of neither, a great article, though a rare one in public life; but surely a comfortable one in private. Add health to this (and I recover it incredibly), which of course gives me the amusements of reading, writing, and society; and though I might be greater and richer, I am sure I cannot be happier.

I omit the usual peroration of compliments to yourself at the end of my letter, and only tell you, with the plainness and simplicity inseparable from truth, that it is impossible to be more affectionately,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray lay me at his Royal Highness's feet, but without showing this letter, which is in too free a style.

I add this to my other letter, to tell you, that notwithstanding the postscript, you may show it the Prince or not, as you think proper; if you would have him see it, make a seeming difficulty at first, and make him force you at last.

It would be endless to give you an account of the various sallies and extravagancies of Pulteney, which change oftener than the wind; his main attention is

to pick up a few guineas at whisk; he despises me too much to talk to me about business, unless when some new-born freak breaks out of him involuntarily. But the only judgment I can form of him is, that he will get as much power and as much money as soon as he can, and upon any terms.

We have a prospect of the Claude Lorraine kind before us, while Sir Robert's has all the horrors of Salvator Rosa. If the Prince would play the Rising Sun, he would gild it finely, if not, he will be under a cloud, which he will never be able hereafter to shine through. Instil this into the *Woman*.*

Bath, November 28, 1737.

SIR,

I HAVE received yours of the 23rd safe and in due time, which I shall answer by the first safe opportunity.

Pray what do those Peers, who are neither paid for voting nor mourning, intend to do, with regard to this silly Order of Council for putting coaches and servants in mourning? It seems to me indecent to comply with it, after one has observed the Order of Council of 1728, in cases where one should otherwise have shown the highest regard. Lord Winchelsea, for instance, in obedience to that Order, did not put his liveries nor coaches in mourning for his wife nor his

* Lady Archibald Hamilton, supposed to be the Prince of Wales's mistress. She had filled the whole of his little Court with her kindred. According to Horace Walpole, whenever Sir William Stanhope met anybody at Carlton House whom he did not know, he always said, "Your humble servant, Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton!" (Letter to Sir H. Mann, January 7, 1742.)

father, and ought he then to do it upon this occasion? To me, this new Order of Council seems to be a declaration that no public marks of regard, tenderness, and affection shall be shown in this kingdom, but for the sacred persons of the Royal Family. I would in this, as in everything else, avoid singularity, but if any number of Peers will have spirit enough not to comply, I will be one of them: in all events, I'll stay till I get to town, before I take any step in this matter.

Above half my stay here is now, thank God, over, and the rest seems to go down hill. I propose being in London to-morrow three weeks, where, by the help of these waters and the cold bath, which I have constantly used, I hope to be as well as ever I can expect to be. I fled here for a total bankruptcy of constitution, and a man that has once been a bankrupt, especially an honest one, willingly compounds for a competency afterwards, and that I was an honest one is well known to some, who have seen my earnest but ineffectual endeavours to pay.

Pray, when you see Lady Archibald, assure her of my respects, and tell her that I would have troubled her with a letter myself, to have acknowledged her goodness to me, if I could have expressed those acknowledgments to my own satisfaction, but not being able to do that, I only desire she would be persuaded that my sentiments with regard to her, are what they ought to be.

Cura ut Valeas, was a piece of advice, which the Romans commonly concluded their letters with; I am sure it was never more sincerely given by them, than it is now applied to me, but I fear it is the only

good advice which you are likely to neglect. I am sure it is the only one you want.

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

Bath, December 12, 1737.

SIR,

I now acknowledge the receipt of your two letters, the one of the 30th November by Mr. Plummer, and the other by the post of the 6th instant. I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you take of informing me of what passes in town, which otherwise I should know nothing of, but in those false lights that folly or partiality throws upon everything by that time it gets here. I protest to you, it is mere curiosity that either prompts me to inquire, or makes me glad to hear of what passes in a conjuncture which is thought so critical, and not any part that I take in the events, any more than wishing for the best. For, having a supreme contempt for fools, and an extreme aversion to knaves, I have not the least desire of being an actor upon the public stage, where both will always have the most considerable parts. Fight dog, fight bear, I am very willing to be a spectator in the gallery, but should be sorry to be one of the beasts in the *arena*.

I am sorry to tell you, that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you so soon by a week as I proposed, for the waters now agreeing with Lady Chesterfield, which they did not do at first, she desires to stay a week longer. I shall therefore not be in town till the 27th, at about five of the clock, and if you have nothing to do that evening, I need not tell you how glad I shall be, if you will bestow it upon me.

I am the sorrier for this delay, because of Lord Cobham's being in town, whom I always am glad, and impatient to see, or else his being in town makes my being there the less necessary. .

As to the mourning, I shall observe the King's order of 1728, and not my Lord President's of 1737. It might be very proper in consequence of an *arrêt de par le Roy* in France, to overturn all the rights of blood, friendship, and regard, for any but the sacred persons of the Royal Family, to whom alone, to be sure, they are due, but here, in my opinion, it is *yet* a meanness to do it, and I will be one of the last to come into it. I am sorry it did not occur to my Lord President, to propose the Deification of her late Majesty, and that the Bishops should be ordered to perform the ceremony of her Apotheosis in the true Pagan manner; if it had, I make no doubt but it would have been readily ordered and religiously complied with. I am not the least afraid of having my chariot or liveries insulted for being out of mourning; besides, at this time of year, the black would show *dirt* more than the blue.

I am most excessively weary of this place, where the doing of nothings all day, hinders one from really doing anything. Here is, indeed, a great number of beings, but few rational ones. Pulteney is here, but does not know it; Hammond devoted entirely to the women; and for the rest, I don't care what they do. I look upon it as a very bad symptom for me, that I so much dislike a place I was formerly so fond of, and have so little to do, where I used to be so busy. The entire recovery of my health gives me spirits enough to bear it a fortnight longer, but the same

spirits, too, make me impatient to be in London, which, after all, is in England, *le seul séjour d'un honnête homme.*

I am, most faithfully and affectionately yours,
CHESTERFIELD.

Bath, March 24, 1739.

MY DEAR LYTTTELTON,

YOU give me such constant and uninterrupted marks of your friendship, that I won't single out your impatient inquiry after my health, as a particular instance to thank you for. I thank you for the whole; I thank you for loving me as much as you do; though I can with truth say, it is but a just return to the sentiments I have for you. I am already, in these six days, as much better as I could possibly expect, and more so than I could possibly have expected, if I had not so often experienced the surprising effect these waters have upon me. I am persuaded that when I have drank them three weeks longer (which I propose doing), I shall be as well as ever I shall be, that is, I shall be vamped up, and repaired for some time, for, like Sir Robert, I subsist only by shifts and expedients, and I no more expect to see my constitution recovered, than I do that of the public. I can't say that I divert myself here, but I can't say that I am tired neither; if here is not company I like (as most certainly there is not), in return there are no *fâcheux*, and here is no one body enough acquainted with me, to have a right to be troublesome. I walk and write by turns: I play at billiards two hours in the morning for exercise, and at whisk two hours at night for dissipation; which, with a perfect tranquillity of mind

and sensibly returning health, makes the time pass away at least unburthensome. Your advice of coquetry I cannot possibly follow, having neither inclinations nor objects for it. My study, or rather my amusement (for reading shall never be anything else to me), is the Roman History: the only history which, in my mind, one is never tired of. After the first five hundred years, there is nothing little; the fate of kingdoms depends upon every event; whereas the History of Greece is like what I imagine that of Hanover would be, for, excepting the personal characters of some great men, everything is little; their wars, and the causes of their wars, are ridiculous, and a burlesque upon great events. I have finished Suetonius, whom I had read a great while ago and forgot, and whom I think a most impertinent credulous biographer, dwelling much upon things of no consequence, and either omitting entirely, or touching very slightly, the most material ones. I am now in the Italian translation of Dion Cassius, which I like. I have had the pleasure, too, of reading great part of your friend Cheyne's *Magnum Opus*. He has found out the whole secret of metaphysics, and is kind enough to communicate it to the public, under the title, indeed, of *Conjectures*, but he assured me as a friend, that he did that only out of modesty, for, that by the living God, he could mathematically demonstrate the truth of every conjecture, as he pretty fairly hints by the motto, which is, *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*. He snarls louder, grins fiercer, and is more sublimely mad than when you saw him.

The last *Common Sense* upon the Decemviri is a most excellent one. The Secession should be writ up

as much as possible, for it is not, I find, enough understood by the generality. I am glad it does Cobham so much good, were it only in that, I am sure the minority could not have done the public so much good by staying; but the measure is of intrinsic weight, and will have its effect in time.

I am glad the lady is satisfied as to the truth of that extraordinary affair; though what was told her, gives but a melancholy prospect. Make my compliments there, and to Lord Cobham, Hammond, and Mr. Pitt.

I am, most truly yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

Bath, November 5, 1740.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

PULTENEY, who sets out for London at the same time, and in the same company with this letter, has been here about a week. The first two or three days he only hinted to me significantly, that Sir Robert and the other Ministers were very ill together, and that he would find it very hard for him to go on; that the Chancellor in particular was very angry at him, and would be a heavy clog upon him. I only laughed at this, and told him I was quite weary of hearing the same story for seven years together; to which he only nodded, and said I should see. But three days ago he opened more fully to Nugent and myself. He said it was very difficult to determine what we ought to do this Session; that, for his part, he could not, but would be governed by what the majority of the Opposition should think proper. That there were but two parties to choose out of; the first was, to give no opposition to the Address, nor to the supplies that should be

asked, but afterwards to express our dislike of last year's conduct, and to move for the instructions given to Haddock, Norris, and the other Admirals. This method, he owned, was a moderate, not to say an insignificant one, and would by no means satisfy the nation, or keep up their spirits for the next Elections. The other party was, to oppose the Address directly, the first day, in both Houses; to say we had complimented long enough, and that it was now time to represent and remonstrate; that we had granted last Session whatever was asked for the carrying on of the war, in confidence that it would have been properly applied, but that as nothing had been done in consequence of it, we could not lay any more burthens upon the nation, till by inquiring into and censuring the conduct of last year, we should have reason to believe that proper measures would be taken the next. This he said was the spirited and vigorous part, and what the nation would like; but, at the same time, he thought it a very dangerous one, and God forbid that he should advise it; he thought it might shake the King's throne,—for what would other nations think if the supplies necessary for carrying on the war were refused? and what would become of this nation if the people should come to the next Elections in a ferment? The Pretender must inevitably come in, and this family be drove out. Both Nugent and I made the answers you may easily imagine to these objected dangers; to which he only replied, that he would not advise, but that he would do whatever the Opposition directed. My opinion upon this conversation is, that the first method, gentle and insignificant enough indeed, is that which he and Carteret, for reasons pretty obvious,

have a mind should prevail; but that he mentioned the other provisionally, that in case the Opposition should insist upon it, and push it in spite of their teeth, he and Carteret might have it to say, that they had suggested it, and that it was not a measure forced upon them; for those terrible dangers, which it is impossible that either he or anybody else can think real, could (in my mind) be urged with no other view, than to frighten people out of the motion. I am apt to think, too, that the Duke of Argyle (whom he told me he had seen in town), had proposed this or some other vigorous measure, which they feared might prevail, whether they would or not; and that, therefore, they thought it best to mention it themselves; but, at the same time, to suggest all possible difficulties and discouragements, in hopes to defeat it indirectly. Show this to Cobham, and to nobody else; he may make what use he thinks proper of it. As he will be in town some days before me (for I shall not be there till the 16th), pray tell him that he may make what use he pleases of my name, and answer for me at any meeting or consultation there may be before I come; particularly to the Duke of Argyle, to whom he may say, that he is empowered by me to assure his Grace, that I am ready to take any part he shall assign me in the House of Lords; and that I will move, second, third, or thirteenth, whatever he pleases, convinced as I am, that we both mean the same thing, the public. This Cobham will do in the manner he shall think proper, and he may depend upon not being disavowed. A meeting of both Peers and Commoners should, I think, by all means be pressed, in case Pulteney should have a mind to avoid it, which I think not improb-

able; and yet if he will not, I own I do not see, since poor Wyndham's death, who can call it, of the Commons I mean. The Duke of Argyle should be inflamed and flattered as much as possible, and be shown (what is really true) that he may be, absolutely, if he pleases, at the head of the Opposition in the House of Lords, and that Carteret must either go along with him, or leave him attended by Winchelsea only. I fear I have tired you; I am sure I have tired myself, unfit as I am at this time either to write or think. So, adieu, till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

(Now first printed.)

Aix-la-Chapelle, June 6, N. S. 1741.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

YOUR desire of hearing from me was so agreeable to mine of writing to you, that I doubt a little whether I have any merit in my compliance, and whether (like a lady in another particular) I am not gratifying my own desires, while I tell you, and it may be while I think so myself, too, that I am yielding to yours; This, then, is but the third day of my being here, so that I can only guess at, and not judge of the effect of these waters; but as they have not disagreed with me, I have reason to hope they will do me good upon further trial. And I have really less to ask of them than I had, when I came out of England, for whether it be the change of air, the exercise of the journey, the dissipation of mind, or all those together, it is certain I am in much better health and spirits than when I left my own country. Even this place, and this company, both of them the worst of their

kinds I believe in the whole world, do not sink my spirits. I saunter about this great Imperial City, and view the churches, convents, buildings, and signs thereof, with all the attention and observation of a laborious German traveller; and I conclude the evening as I begin the morning, with political conversations upon the present distracted state of Europe in general, and the Germanic Body in particular, with various Counts and Barons of the Sacred Roman Empire. Judge, then, whether any weight can sink me, when these waters buoy me up, with so much lead upon me. One thing that helps me a great deal here, is my extreme indifference as to what any people I meet with, may either think or say of me; whereas I confess, that, in England, my consciousness that, of late, I have not only been dispirited, but almost stupified, and incapable of either attention or imagination, made me uneasy, and unwilling to appear among those whose good opinion, if I ever had, I was unwilling to lose. I had that diffidence and distrust of myself, which never fail to make one appear still worse than one really is. But here, in Germany, I am very near being a lively coxcomb, relying upon the truth of the French proverb, *que dans le Royaume des Aveugles un borgne fait figure*. I think of nothing in England, except of those few persons whom I love and value in that corrupt and profligate nation; but as for all political matters, I have banished them from my thoughts, and give myself no concern, whether that slavery, which I see is inevitable, takes place in the year forty-two, three, or four. In this indifference and dissipation of mind, I propose passing four or five months more, if I live so long, and then returning to

a climate and a people where my lot has unfortunately placed me. If I recover my health and spirits, they shall be at the service of my friends, to employ as they think proper, and as occasions allow. If not, the honest comforts of a private life shall be my determination, as they have long been my wish. But whichever may be the case, my best offices in public, or my best wishes in private life, shall never be wanting to convince you of those sentiments of friendship and esteem, with which I am, and shall always be, most truly and faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

When you have an opportunity, pray make the proper compliments for me to his Royal Highness.

Spa, August 1, N. S. 1741.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

I CAN return you little from hence, but my thanks for your letter, this place furnishing nothing worth either writing or reading. But I must do it the justice to say, that it furnishes health; and I am so much the better for it, that I will not abuse it, as I justly could in all other respects. I shall leave it in about a week, to go and be baked a little by the sun of Provence and Languedoc, from whence I expect the confirmation at least, if not the increase of the health I have got here. I am only apprehensive of being obliged to stop short, and turn homewards, for the rumours of war are so strong, and the motions of France so extensive, that I can't help thinking that the Cardinal* is at last either tempted by the opportunity, or impor-

* Fleury, then Prime Minister.

tuned into a war, in which case we shall be in a fine situation, who have not been able to carry on a war even against Spain alone.

Our minority in this Parliament is so considerable, that I think it can hardly be called a minority, at least I am sure it need not be so long, if well conducted; but I confess that *if* is so little probable, that Sir Robert might answer as the Lacedemonians once did, upon some occasion which I have forgot, *If*. It will raise the price of some individuals, and he will be obliged to come up to it, and there's an end of the Opposition.

I do not condole with you for the loss of your county election; on the contrary, I congratulate you upon getting rid of that plague, I hope for ever, and of being able to live for the future in quiet in your own house, whenever you have a mind to it. I hope your popular efforts upon that occasion did not impair your health, which, in my mind, is the only thing a man should now think of, if he can bring himself to it; for my own part, when I turned my back upon London, I repeated *Urbs venalis et mox peritura si emptorem invenerit*, and resolved when I was once out of England, not to think into it, if I could help it, but attend singly to my health, as the only thing I can now call my own. I have executed my resolution as to the public part of it pretty well. As to my friends in England, I neither desired to nor could forget them, on the contrary, I entertained that remembrance with pleasure, and with much the more for being able to reckon you in that number. I am,

Most faithfully and zealously yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

Lyons, September 11, N.S. 1741.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

WHEN you consider my rambling state, you will easily excuse the irregularity of my correspondence, time and opportunity not conspiring in the least with my inclinations to write to you. I am now got thus far in my pilgrimage to the shrine of health, and hope, in about a week's time, to discharge my vows to the sun of Aix and Montpelier. I ask very little more than the confirmation of what I now enjoy; for the little time that I have already been in France, has really done me more good than I could have expected. I will finish my southern rambles as soon as I can, and return to Paris, where I shall be within call, whenever my friends think fit to call upon me. The present situation of affairs abroad is as ridiculous, and at the same time as lamentable, as that of our affairs at home, and I see no good to be done in either case; but, however, I will not decline any part that shall be assigned me; and though I give up the game in opinion, I will not give it up in fact, till my friends do so too. I shall be supposed to return full of dangerous and combustible matter, having been three days at Bolingbroke's, which it was impossible for me to avoid, if I had been inclined to it, being obliged necessarily to pass by his door. But he is so much of my mind that the whole affair is over, that we did not lose one quarter of an hour's time, in talking of public matters. He is plunged in metaphysics, and willingly neither speaks, nor speaks of anything else. He says, indeed, it is only to expose metaphysics; but, at least, in order to expose them, he goes so deep into them, that they absorb him. I begged some share

of his time for history, and pressed him to execute what he once proposed, a History of the Affairs of Europe from the Treaty of Vervins; but the difficulties he said he found in pursuing that design discouraged him; but the truth is the other studies engross him. I am sorry for it. As it is impossible by the post to write with any freedom, and as I can neither speak nor write to you without it, my letters can't be too short under that restraint, and scoundrels who read them before you, shall only find in them, what I am very desirous they should know, that I am most faithfully and sincerely yours, C.

Paris, October 19, N. S. 1741.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

I HAVE, with some unwillingness, left the finest climate in the world, I mean Languedoc, to return here, that I might be within call of either you or my Lord Privy Seal.* The great advantage I have received from one month in that fortunate climate, convinces me, that one winter passed would absolutely restore me all the health my decayed constitution would admit of; but, important as my health is to me, and unimportant as I really think myself to everybody, I will yet rather stand the shocks of an English winter, than the suspicion of withdrawing from my friends, till they all agree in thinking, that any hopes or attempts to do good are as vain and as frivolous, as I am convinced they are. Here, then, am I, ready at two days' warning to cross, I was going to say the British, but more properly now the French

* Lord Hervey : appointed to that office in April, 1740.

or Spanish Channel, whenever the meeting of the Parliament, or the meeting of my friends in town, requires my appearance. Let me know the time, and I'll assist at the opening of the melancholy and ignominious scene, that must discover itself, when the Parliamentary curtain is drawn up. In the meanwhile, I'll stay here as long as I can, and rather hear, than see, the now inevitable train of mischiefs, which the weakness and wickedness of our administration have brought upon us. Where is the child in the cradle? Where is the boasted assistance given to the Queen of Hungary? Where the formidable Hanoverian Legions? Have all these heroic designs subsided into the cooler measure of the Hanover neutrality? But I run too far into a subject too disagreeable to anticipate, too copious for any letter, and too important for a letter by the post; besides, I am agreeably interrupted by having your letter of the 21st Sept. O. S. this moment put into my hands. The two others you mention in it I never received; they were, I suppose, stopped in England, like many others which I am sure I ought to have received, but I regret them less. As you mention no particular time as necessary for my return to England, I take it for granted, that some days before the meeting of the Parliament will be sufficient, and I dare say full as soon as my friends will be prevailed with to come to London; for hitherto, though I have often pressed it, I could never get them to meet in town, till two or three days before the Parliament. And, indeed, with what comfort could I return to my country before my King? It would be living so long in a Commonwealth, for I cannot look upon the Regency as *much better* than a Common-

wealth. But as soon as all the conditions of that Neutrality which his Majesty has at length obtained for his German dominions are thoroughly settled, I presume he will look towards England, and then so will I.

I thank you for what you do not say at the conclusion of your letter, more than I could have done for all you could have said. I will, upon the same principle, follow your example, persuaded you do me the justice to think that all I could say is comprehended in the name of

CHESTERFIELD.

(Now first printed entire.)

Bath, June 19, 1742.

DEAR LYTTTELTON,

THE newspapers inform me that you are married; but what shall I say to you upon that occasion? Is it necessary, or is it not rather superfluous, for me to tell you the wishes I form for you in this the most important period of your life, when you have so long known the sincere part I have taken in the most common occurrences of it? To wish you joy were frivolous, that is certain and present; but whenever that does decline, as from its nature it one day must, may all its sweetness turn to strength, or as *Tompson** says, may it mellow into friendship, and may that serener and more lasting state so insensibly succeed your present tumultuous one, that the transition may not be perceived. This will and must happen, if *Mrs. Lyttelton* be (what for both your sakes I heartily wish her) like yourself, sex excepted, which, for neither of

* *Sic* in original.

your sakes, would I wish her. If she has a head to discern merit, and a heart to value it, and if she brings but with her the truth, the tenderness, and all the other virtues she will meet with, even my wishes for your mutual happiness can neither exceed nor survive it. Pray make my compliments to her, though I have not yet the honour of being known to her.

While you are not only content* with your own existence, but are probably multiplying it, here am I, enjoying, if I may use that expression, my non-existence, not without some satisfaction, for when the quicker pleasures of the senses are at an end, the quiet ones, till then despised, become a comfortable resource. Drinking, riding, and walking, employ my whole day, without one intruding thought, and procure me sleep at night too sound for dreams. Broad Bottoms, Secret Committees, impeachments, screens, and all those engines of knaves and baits of fools, neither excite my curiosity nor my indignation. The death of poor Hammond was the only event that disturbed the tranquillity of my mind. He died in the beginning of a career, which, if he had lived, I think he would have finished with reputation and distinction. But such is the folly, knavery, and futility of the world, and such was his truth, fidelity, and attachment to me, that, in my opinion, I have lost more by his death than he has. But this is too melancholy a subject to trouble you with at this time. So adieu, dear Lyttelton, and be convinced that nothing can exceed the sincerity and affection with which I am, yours,

C.

* The original MS. here has "not content," which appears to be a slip of the pen.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

(Now first printed.)

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO R. NUGENT, ESQ.

(From the papers of Sir Geo. Nugent, Bart.)

London, Sept. 20, 1739.

SIR,

I WISH I had enough of the kind of madness you mention, to be able to return you my thanks for your invitation in the same language it was writ in ; but I am naturally so very sober in that article, that I must have been really mad in every other to have attempted it. I own, however, I did all I could towards it. I walked upon the banks of the Silver Thames you mention, and endeavoured to fancy it the Hippocrene; Richmond Hill I called Helicon, and encouraged all poetical delusion to such a degree, that I imagined all the women I met to be Muses, and consequently chaste and sensible. Was it possible to carry delusion higher? but it was all to no purpose. Take me, then, in humble prose, and let the language of a very sincere and friendly heart, make amends for an uninventive, unpoetical head. This is the more reasonable, too, because I believe we have a much greater share in moulding our own hearts, than in forming our own heads.

You are the first man, surely, that ever made a Parnassus of an Irish mountain, and that prevailed with the Muses to follow him to Howth. Numerous and chaste as they may be, yet, by the account you give of the effects of goat's milk, added to you nat-

ural abilities, which I always mention with honour and reverence, *elles trouveront à qui parler*.

Though I can't accept at present your invitation to Ireland, yet I confess there are two circumstances in it very tempting; the first, without a compliment, is being with you, with whom I would as willingly be upon the top of an Irish mountain as with any man in Europe. The next is the promise you make of transfusing into me with the milk the properties of the goat. I am persuaded of your good intentions to me, but they would prove ineffectual, for, unfortunately, I am not *goatabile*, as the Italians say *non papabile*. And far from thinking now of giving existence to others, I have much ado to preserve my own. In order to do it I go to the Bath next week, which I wish you would think your best way from Ireland to London.

As I knew of certainty that *Men and Measures* was not Pope's, I really thought it must be, and took it for yours, but I am glad it is not, because I am glad we have anybody who can write well enough to be mistaken for you.

I am,

Most faithfully and truly yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO EDWARD ELIOT, ESQ.

(From the papers of the Earl of St. Germain's.)

Bath, October 19, 1748.

SIR,

I HAVE this moment received the favor of your letter of the 16th, in consequence of which I withdraw the instances I made you to take Bath in your

way to London. For as you do not propose leaving Port Eliot till the 30th of this month, and cannot probably be in London till the 7th of the next, and as I take it for granted that you will stay in town ten or twelve days, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there with much less trouble to yourself. I shall certainly be in London at latest on the 21st of next month, but possibly a week sooner, if these waters shall have done what by that time I expect from them. They have already done me good, but what is that good? Only an expedient, which my shattered carcase is obliged from time to time to have recourse to. My fabric is too much decayed to admit of solid repairs; props and buttresses are its only refuge. Your undissipated youth will, I hope and believe, secure you from those premature inconveniences of old age. The sanity of the mind contributes to that of the body, to which, consequently, no man has a better right than yourself. It is all that you have left your friends to wish you; *de te nam cætera sumes*.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful

Humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LE COMTE DE CHESTERFIELD À —.

(From the MS. in the British Museum.*)

A Londres, ce 10 Janvier, V. S. 1751.

MONSIEUR,

LA Renommée ne passe pas pour être véridique; elle grossit les objets tant en bien qu'en mal; elle

* Egerton Miscell. MS. Letters, vol. iv. p. 153. It does not appear to whom the letter was addressed.

prend des forces à mesure qu'elle fait du chemin; enfin elle a cent bouches, et où trouvera-t-on cent bouches qui disent la vérité? C'est pourtant à ces défauts que je suis redevable des préjugés que vous paraissez avoir en ma faveur; et ne pardonne-t-on pas volontiers aux défauts dont on profite? On les chérit même au fond du cœur en dépit de l'esprit. Pour moi je jouis de ces préjugés flatteurs qui m'ont procuré une marque si distinguée de votre estime que l'est le recueil de vos ouvrages que Monsieur Monet m'a donné de votre part il y a quelque temps. J'en avais déjà vu quelques uns qui m'avaient donné l'envie et l'impatience de voir les autres, et ces autres ont autorisé et fixé tous les sentimens que les premiers avaient fait naître. Je ne vous les détaillerai pas, Monsieur, vous les méritez trop bien pour souhaiter de les entendre, et même pour n'en pas souffrir. Je vous ménagerai donc à cet égard. Mais en même temps vous devez bien sentir que le principe même de ce ménagement est encore une raison de plus pour toute l'estime et la considération avec lesquelles j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Votre très humble et obéissant Serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

TO DR. MONSEY.

(From the MS. in the Editor's possession.)

Bath, December 27, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

WERE your Swan alive, I should have accepted it very thankfully, for then we would have killed it together, poetico-philosophically, after previous notice

given, to have heard, or perhaps not have heard, its harmonious expiring strains. Though, in truth, I think those harmonious notes cannot well be doubted of; because the Ancients, who can never be in the wrong, have so strongly asserted them. But as I fear that poor Cynus is dead, and as I do not know when I shall be able to get to town, I desire that you will oblige somebody else with it, and at the same time, accept of my thanks for your kind offer.

Your Divinity has either not been able, or has not been pleased to manifest herself yet; but her husband appears, and very cheerful, from which I conclude that she is either pretty well, or dangerously ill.

Lady Chesterfield, who sends you her compliments, has had a very bad accident by a fall, and has sprained her foot, by which I am crippled here for some time longer. It is much the same thing to a deaf man where he is, because he must be everywhere alone; but could I hear, I should have been before now heartily tired of the sauntering, frivolous dissipation of this place.

Good night, *Jubeo te esse* VASTLY WELL.

Yours faithfully,
C.

TO MRS. KIRKBY, NOTTINGHAM.

(Communicated in 1849 by the Rev. W. Butler, of St. Nicholas Rectory, Nottingham.)

London, September 19, 1762.

MADAM,

I CANNOT conceive who could tell you that I was displeased at your letter concerning your son, and

that I would not sign the deeds of exchange; for both those reports are absolutely false. There was nothing in your letter concerning your son that could possibly offend a man much more irascible than I am, and as for the deeds of exchange, I never said, nor thought that I would not sign them; on the contrary, I am ready to sign them whenever they are brought me to sign. I may very probably have said, though I do not remember that I did, that they were unnecessary; but if I would sign nothing unnecessary, I must never sign any parchment at all, since three parts in four of all law proceedings engrossed upon parchment are absolutely unnecessary to everybody but the lawyers, attorneys, and other pettyfoggers. As to the living of Bingham, which my father sold many years ago, and which has since been stockjobbed through a thousand hands, I can possibly do nothing in it, but present that person who shall make his right to it appear in consequence of my father's original sale of it, and upon that person's delivering up to me my father's bond of £1200, which I most certainly will not incur the penalty of. I had a letter from Mr. Fisher last week upon that subject, at the request of Mr. Husbands's Executors, to which letter I refer you, and you may write to Mr. Fisher for it. It would most certainly be worth Mr. Kirkby's while to give more for it than anybody else, for the reasons mentioned in your letter, and upon his producing the clear right of the seller, and delivering up the bond, I will present him. As for the supposed Simony, it is a gross absurdity, unless indeed the power of working miracles were annexed to the living, which I am apt to think it is not, and therefore Mr. Kirkby need not fear the

reply made to Simon Magus of, "Thy money perish
"with thee." I am, notwithstanding my supposed
wrath, very truly,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

APPENDIX.

ELEMENTARY LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON, OMITTED IN VOL. I.

(1737.)

ON me dit, Monsieur ! que vous vous disposez à voyager, et que vous débutez par la Hollande.* De sorte que j'ai cru de mon devoir, de vous souhaiter un bon voyage, et des vents favorables. Vous aurez la bonté, j'espère, de me faire part de votre arrivée à la Haye, et si après cela, dans le cours de vos voyages, vous faites quelques remarques curieuses, vous voudrez bien me les communiquer.

La Hollande, où vous allez, est de beaucoup la plus belle et la plus riche des Sept Provinces Unies, qui toutes ensemble forment la République. Les autres sont celles de Gueldres, Zélande, Frise, Utrecht, Groningue, et Over-Yssel. Les Sept Provinces composent ce qu'on appelle les Etats Généraux des Provinces-Unies, et font une République très puissante, et très considérable.

Une République, au reste, veut dire un gouvernement tout-à-fait libre où il n'y a point de Roi. La Haye, où vous irez d'abord, est le plus beau village du monde, car ce n'est pas une ville. La ville d'Amsterdam, censée la capitale des Provinces-Unies, est très belle, et très riche. Il y a encore plusieurs villes fort considérables en Hollande, comme Dordrecht, Haerlem, Leyde, Delft, Rotterdam, &c. Vous verrez par toute la Hollande une extrême propreté : les rues mêmes, y sont plus propres que nos maisons ne le sont ici. La Hollande fait un très grand commerce, surtout à la Chine, au Japon, et au reste des Indes Orientales.

Voici bien des fêtes de suite que vous allez avoir, profitez-en, divertissez vous bien, et à votre retour, il faudra regagner le temps perdu, en apprenant mieux que jamais. Adieu.

A Isleworth.

MON CHER ENFANT,

COMME, avec le temps, vous lirez les anciens Poètes Grecs et Latins, il est bon d'avoir premièrement quelque teinture des fondemens de la

* This letter is a mere pleasantry, Mr. Stanhope having been carried to Holland when he was but about five years of age. (Note by the first Editor.)

poésie, et de savoir en general, les histoires auxquelles les Poëtes font le plus souvent allusion. Vous avez déjà lû l'Histoire Poëtique, et j'espère que vous vous en souvenez : vous y aurez trouvé celle des Dieux, et des Déeses, dont les Poëtes parlent à tous momens. Même les Poëtes modernes, c'est à dire, les Poëtes d'aujourd'hui, ont aussi adopté toutes ces histoires des Anciens. Par exemple ; un Poëte Anglois ou François, invoque au commencement de son ouvrage Apollon le Dieu des vers, il invoque aussi les neuf Muses, qui sont les Déeses de la Poésie, il les prie de lui être propices ou favorables, et de lui inspirer leur génie. C'est pourquoi je vous envoie ici l'histoire d'Apollon, et celle des neuf Muses, ou neuf Sœurs, comme on les nomme souvent. Apollon est aussi quelquefois appelé le Dieu du Parnasse, parceque le Parnasse est une montagne, sur laquelle on suppose qu'il est fréquemment.

C'est un beau talent que de bien faire des vers ; et j'espère que vous l'aurez, car comme il est bien plus difficile d'exprimer ses pensées en vers qu'en prose, il y a d'autant plus de gloire à le faire. Adieu.

APOLLON étoit fils de Jupiter et de Latone, qui accoucha de lui et de Diane, en même temps, dans l'île de Délos. Il est le Dieu du Jour, et alors il s'appelle ordinairement Phœbus. Il est aussi le Dieu de la Poésie, et de la Musique ; comme tel il est représenté avec une lyre à la main, qui est une espèce de harpe. Il avoit un fameux temple à Delphes, où il rendoit des Oracles, c'est-à-dire, où il prédisoit l'avenir. Les Poëtes l'invoquent souvent pour les animer de son feu afin de chanter dignement les louanges des Dieux et des Hommes.

Les neuf Muses étoient filles de Jupiter, et de la Déesse Mnemosyne, c'est-à-dire la Déesse de la Mémoire ; pour marquer que la mémoire est nécessaire aux arts et aux sciences.

Elles s'appellent, Clio, Euterpe, Polymnie, Thalie, Melpomène, Terpsichore, Uranie, Calliope, Erato. Elles sont les Déeses de la Poésie, de l'Histoire, de la Musique, et de tous les arts et les sciences. Les Poëtes ont représenté les neuf Muses fort jeunes, et fort belles, ornées de guirlandes de fleurs.

Les montagnes où elles demeurent, sont le Parnasse, l'Hélicon, et le Pinde. Elles ont aussi deux célèbres fontaines, qui s'appellent, Hippocrène, et Castalie. Les Poëtes, en les invoquant, les prient de quitter, pour un moment, le Parnasse, et l'Hippocrène, pour venir à leur secours et leur inspirer des vers.

Le Pégase est le cheval poétique, dont les Poëtes font souvent mention : il a des ailes aux pieds. Il donna un coup de pied contre le mont Hélicon, et en fit sortir la fontaine d'Hippocrène. Quand un Poëte est à faire des vers, on dit, qu'il est monté sur son Pégase.

A Isleworth, ce 19 Juin, 1738.

Vous êtes le meilleur garçon du monde, et votre dernière traduction vaut encore mieux que la première. Voilà justement ce qu'il faut, se perfectionner de plus en plus tous les jours ; si vous continuez de la sorte, quoique je vous aime déjà beaucoup, je vous en aimerai bien davantage, et même si vous apprenez bien, et devenez savant, vous serez aimé, et recherché de tout le monde : au lieu qu'on méprise, et qu'on évite les ignorans. Pour n'être pas ignorant moi-même, je lis beaucoup ; j'ai lu l'autre jour l'histoire de Didon, que je m'en vais vous conter.

Didon étoit fille de Belus, Roi de Tyr, et fut mariée à Sichée qu'elle aimoit beaucoup ; mais comme ce Sichée avoit de grandes richesses, Pygmalion, frère de Didon, le fit tuer, et les lui vola. Didon, qui craignoit que son frère ne la tuât aussi, s'enfuit, et se sauva en Afrique, où elle bâtit la belle ville de Carthage. Or il arriva, que, dans ce temps là, Enée se sauva aussi de la ville de Troye, qui avoit été prise et brûlée par les Grecs ; et comme il faisoit voile vers l'Italie avec plusieurs autres Troyens, il fut jetté par la tempête sur les côtes d'Afrique, et aborda à Carthage. Didon le reçut fort honnêtement, et lui permit de rester jusques à ce qu'il eut radoubé sa flotte ; mais malheureusement pour elle, elle en devint amoureuse ; Enée, comme vous pouvez croire, ne fut pas cruel, de sorte que l'affaire fut bientôt faite. Quand les vaisseaux furent prêts, Enée voulut partir pour l'Italie, où les Dieux l'envoyoient pour être le fondateur de Rome ; mais Didon qui ne vouloit point qu'il s'en allât, lui reprochoit son ingratitude, et les faveurs qu'elle lui avoit accordées. Mais n'importe, il se sauva de nuit, la quitte, et se met en mer. La pauvre Didon au desespoir d'être ainsi abandonnée par un homme qu'elle aimoit tant, fit allumer un grand feu, s'y jetta, et mourut de la sorte. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez toute cette histoire en Latin, dans Virgile, qui en a fait un fort beau poëme, qui s'appelle l'Enéide.

Si vous abandonniez Miss Pinkerton, pour Miss Williams, croyez vous qu'elle feroit la même chose ? Adieu, mon cher.

On a fait une jolie Epigramme au sujet de Didon, que je vous envoie, et que vous apprendrez facilement par-cœur.

Pauvre Didon où t'a réduite
De tes Maris le triste sort ?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.

JE vous ai dit, mon cher, que je vous enverrois quelques histoires pour vous amuser : je vous envoie donc à présent celle du Siège de Troye, qui est divertissante, et sur laquelle, Homère, un ancien Poëte Grec, a fait le plus beau Poëme Epique qui ait jamais été. Par paren-

thèse, un Poème Epique est un long poème sur quelque grand événement, ou sur les actions de quelque grand homme.

Le siège de Troye est si célèbre pour avoir duré dix ans, et à cause du grand nombre de Héros qui y ont été, qu'il ne faut nullement l'ignorer. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous le lirez dans le Grec d'Homère.

Adieu ! vous êtes le meilleur enfant du monde.

Je vous renvoie votre lettre corrigée, car quoiqu'il n'y eut que peu de fautes, il est pourtant bon que vous les sachiez.

La paix régnoit dans le ciel, et les Dieux et les Déeses jouissoient d'une parfaite tranquillité ; ce qui donnoit du chagrin à la Déesse Discorde qui n'aime que le trouble, et les querelles. Elle résolut donc de les brouiller, et pour parvenir à son but, elle jeta parmi les Déeses une Pomme d'or, sur laquelle ces paroles étoient écrites, *à la plus belle*. Voilà d'abord chacune des Déeses qui se disoit la plus belle, et qui vouloit avoir la Pomme, car la beauté est une affaire bien sensible aux Déeses, aussi bien qu'aux Dames. La dispute fut principalement entre—Junon femme de Jupiter, Venus la Déesse de l'Amour, et Pallas Déesse des Arts et des Sciences. A-la-fin elles convinrent de s'en rapporter à un berger nommé Paris, qui païssoit des troupeaux sur le Mont Ida ; mais qui étoit véritablement le fils de Priam Roi de Troye. Elles parurent donc toutes trois nues devant Paris, car pour bien juger, il faut tout voir. Junon lui offrit les grandeurs du monde, s'il vouloit décider en sa faveur ; Pallas lui offrit les arts et les sciences ; mais Venus qui lui promit la plus belle femme du monde, l'emporta, et il lui donna la Pomme.

Vous pouvez bien croire à quel point Venus étoit contente, et combien Junon et Pallas étoient courroucées. Venus donc, pour lui tenir parole, lui dit d'aller en Grèce chez Ménélas, dont la femme qui s'appelloit Hélène deviendrait amoureuse de lui. Il y alla, et Ménélas le reçut chez lui fort honnêtement ; mais peu de temps après Hélène s'enfuit avec Paris, qui la mena à Troye. Ménélas irrité de cet outrage s'en plaignit à son frère Agamemnon Roi de Mycènes, qui engagea les Grecs à venger cet affront. On envoya donc des Ambassadeurs à Troye, pour demander qu'on rendit Hélène à son mari, et en cas de refus, pour déclarer la guerre. Paris refusa de la rendre, sur quoi la guerre fut déclarée, qui dura dix ans, et dont je vous enverrai bientôt l'histoire.

A Isleworth, ce 30 Juin, 1738.

JE vous envoie à cette heure, mon cher, une histoire fort en abrégé du siège de Troye, où vous verrez que les Troyens étoient justement punis de l'injustice de Paris, qu'ils soutenoient.

Je vous enverrai bientôt aussi, les histoires de plusieurs des Rois et des Héros qui étoient dans l'armée des Grecs, et qui méritent d'être suës. J'aurois dû vous avoir dit que la ville de Troye étoit en Asie, et que la Grèce étoit un pays de l'Europe, qui est à présent sous le Turc, et fait partie de ce qu'on appelle Turquie en Europe.

De la manière que vous y allez, vous serez bien savant avec le temps, et je crains même que bientôt vous n'en sachiez plus que moi. Je vous le pardonnerai pourtant, et je serai fort content de passer pour un ignorant en comparaison de vous. Adieu.

HISTOIRE DU SIÈGE DE TROYE.

Les Troyens ayant donc refusé de rendre Hélène à son mari, les Grecs leur déclarèrent la guerre. Or il y avoit en Grèce un grand nombre de Rois, qui fournirent leurs troupes, et qui allèrent en personne à cette guerre; mais comme il falloit que quelqu'un commandât en Chef, ils convinrent tous, de donner le commandement à Agamemnon, Roi de Mycènes, et frère de Ménélas le mari d'Hélène.

Ils s'embarquèrent donc pour Troye, mais les vents étant contraires ils furent arrêtés à Aulis et n'en pouvoient pas sortir. Surquoi le Prêtre Calchas déclara que c'étoit la Déesse Diane qui envoyoit ces vents contraires et qui les continueroit jusques à ce qu'Iphigénie la fille d'Agamemnon lui eut été immolée. Agamemnon obéit, et envoya chercher Iphigénie, mais dans l'instant qu'on alloit la sacrifier, Diane mit une biche à sa place, et enleva Iphigénie à Tauros, où elle la fit sa Prêtresse.

Après ceci le vent devint favorable, et ils allèrent à Troye, où ils débarquèrent, et en firent le siège. Mais les Troyens se défendirent si bien, que le siège dura dix ans, et les Grecs voyant qu'ils ne pouvoient pas prendre la ville par force, eurent recours à la ruse. Ils firent donc faire un grand Cheval de bois, et mirent dans le ventre de ce Cheval bon nombre de soldats bien armés, et après cela firent semblant de se retirer à leurs vaisseaux, et d'abandonner le siège. Les Troyens donnerent dans le panneau, et firent entrer ce Cheval dans la ville; ce qui leur conta cher, car au milieu de la nuit ces hommes sortirent du Cheval, mirent le feu à la ville, en ouvrirent les portes, et firent entrer l'armée des Grecs, qui revinrent, saccagèrent la ville, et tuèrent tous les habitans, excepté un fort petit nombre qui échappèrent par la fuite, parmi lesquels étoit Enée dont je vous ai déjà parlé, qui se sauva avec son père Anchise, qu'il portoit sur ses épaules parce qu'il étoit vieux, et son fils Ascagne qu'il menoit par la main, parce qu'il étoit jeune.

HISTOIRE D'AJAX.

Ajax, un des plus vaillans Grecs qui furent au siège de Troye, étoit fils de Télamon, Prince de Salamine. Après qu'Achille fut tué, il

prétendit que ses armes lui appartenoient comme son plus proche parent. Mais Ulysse les lui disputa, et les emporta; surquoi Ajax devint fou, et tuoit tous les moutons qu'il trouvoit, croyant que c'étoient des Grecs. A la fin il se tua lui même.

HISTOIRE DE NESTOR.

Nestor étoit le plus vieux et le plus sage de tous les Grecs qui se trouvoient au siège de Troye. Il avoit plus de trois cents ans, de sorte que tant à cause de son expérience, que de sa sagesse, l'armée Grecque étoit gouvernée par ses conseils. On dit même aujourd'hui d'un homme qui est fort vieux et fort sage, *c'est un Nestor*.

L'HISTOIRE D'ULYSSE.

Ulysse autre Prince qui alla au siège de Troye, étoit Roi d'Ithaque, et fils de Laërte. Sa femme se nommoit Pénélope, dont il étoit si amoureux, qu'il ne vouloit pas la quitter, pour aller au siège de Troye; de sorte qu'il contrefit l'insensé pour en être dispensé, mais il fut découvert et obligé d'y aller. C'étoit le plus fin et le plus adroit de tous les Grecs. Pendant les dix années qu'il fut au siège de Troye, sa femme Pénélope eut plusieurs amans, mais elle n'en écouta aucun, si bien qu'à présent même, quand on veut louer une femme pour sa chasteté on dit *c'est une Pénélope*.

Il fut plusieurs années, après que Troye fut brulée, avant que d'arriver chez lui, à cause des tempêtes, et autres accidens qui lui survinrent dans son voyage. Les voyages d'Ulysse sont le sujet d'un beau poëme, qu'Homère a fait en Grec et qui s'appelle l'Odyssée. Ulysse avoit un fils nommé Télémaque.

Du côté des Troyens il y avoit aussi des personnages très illustres. Leur Roi Priam qui étoit fort vieux avoit eu cinquante enfans de sa femme Hécube. Quand Troye fut prise, il fut tué par Pyrrhus le fils d'Achille. Hécube fut la captive d'Ulysse.

HISTOIRE D'HECTOR.

Hector étoit fils de Priam, et le plus brave des Troyens; sa femme se nommoit Andromaque, et il avoit un fils qui s'appelloit Astyanax. Il voulut se battre contre Achille qui le tua, et puis fort brutalement, l'attacha à son char, et le traina en triomphe, autour des murailles de Troye.

Quand la ville fut prise, sa femme Andromaque fut captive de Pyrrhus fils d'Achille, qui en devint amoureux, et l'épousa.

HISTOIRE DE CASSANDRE.

Cassandra, fille de Priam, étoit si belle, que le Dieu Apollon en devint amoureux, et lui accorda le don le prédire l'avenir, pour en

avoir les dernières faveurs ; mais comme elle trompa le Dieu et ne se rendit point, il fit ensorte que quoiqu'elle prédit toujours la vérité, personne ne la croyoit. On dit même à présent d'une personne qui prédit les suites d'une affaire, sur lesquelles on ne l'en croit pas, *c'est une Cassandre.*

HISTOIRE D'ENÉE.

Enée étoit Prince Troyen, fils d'Anchise, et de la Déesse Venus, qui le protégea dans tous ses dangers. Sa femme s'appella Créüse, et il en eut un fils nommé Ascagne ou Iulus. Quand Troye fut brûlée, il se sauva, et porta son père Anchise sur ses épaules, à cause de quoi il fut appelé le pieux Enée.

Vous savez déjà ce qui lui arriva à Carthage avec Didon ; après quoi il alla en Italie, où il épousa Lavinie fille du Roi Latinus, après avoir tué Turnus qui étoit son rival.

Romulus qui étoit le fondateur de Rome descendoit d'Enée et de Lavinie.

A Isleworth, ce 29 Juillet.

MON CHER ENFANT,

JE vous ai envoyé dans ma dernière, l'histoire d'Atalante,* qui succomba à la tentation de l'Or ; je vous envoie à cette heure, l'histoire d'une femme, qui tint bon contre toutes les tentations ; c'est Daphné fille du fleuve Penée. Apollon en fut éperdûment amoureux ; et Apollon étoit, comme vous savez, un Dieu fort accompli ; car il étoit jeune et bien fait, d'ailleurs c'étoit le Dieu du Jour, de la Musique, et de la Poésie. Voici bien du brillant ; mais n'importe, il la poursuivit inutilement, et elle ne voulut jamais l'écouter.

Un jour donc l'ayant rencontrée dans les champs, il la poursuivit, dans le dessein de la forcer. Daphné courût de son mieux pour l'éviter : mais à la fin, n'en pouvant plus, Apollon étoit sur le point de la prendre dans ses bras ; quand les Dieux qui approuvoient sa vertu, et plaignoient son sort, la changèrent en Laurier ; de sorte qu'Apollon, qui croyoit embrasser sa chère Daphné, fut bien surpris de trouver un arbre entre ses bras. Mais pour lui marquer son amour, il ordonna que le Laurier seroit le plus honorable de tous les arbres, et qu'on en couronneroit les Guerriers victorieux, et les plus célèbres Poètes : ce qui s'est toujours fait depuis chez les Anciens. Et vous trouverez même souvent dans les Poètes modernes, *Lauriers pour Victoires*. Un tel est chargé de Lauriers, un tel a cueilli des Lauriers, dans le champ de bataille ; c'est-à-dire, il a remporté des victoires ; il s'est distingué par sa bravoure. J'espère qu'avec le temps vous vous distinguerez aussi par votre courage. C'est une qualité très nécessaire à un honnête homme, et qui d'ailleurs donne beaucoup d'éclat. Adieu.

* That letter is missing.

A Bath, ce 30 Sept. 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT,

Je suis bien aise d'apprendre que vous êtes revenu gai et gaillard de vos voyages. La danse de trois jours que vous avez faite ne vous aura pas tant plu, que celle que vous allez recommencer avec votre maître à danser.

Comme je sais que vous aimez à apprendre, je présuppose que vous avez repris votre école; car le temps étant précieux, et la vie courte, il n'en faut pas perdre. Un homme d'esprit tire parti du temps, et le met tout à profit, ou à plaisir; il n'est jamais sans faire quelque chose, et il est toujours occupé ou au plaisir, ou à l'étude. L'oisiveté, dit-on, est la mère de tous les vices; mais au moins est-il sûr qu'elle est l'appanage des sots, et qu'il n'y a rien de plus méprisable qu'un fainéant. Caton le Censeur, un vieux Romain, d'une grande vertu, et d'une grande sagesse, disoit qu'il n'y avoit que trois choses dans sa vie dont il se repentoit; la première étoit, d'avoir dit un secret à sa femme; la seconde, d'être allé une fois par mer là où il pouvoit aller par terre; et la dernière, d'avoir passé un jour sans rien faire. De la manière que vous employez votre temps, j'avoue que je suis envieux du plaisir que vous aurez de vous voir bien plus savant que les autres garçons plus âgés que vous. Quel honneur cela vous fera; quelle distinction; quels applaudissemens vous trouverez par tout! Avouez que cela sera bien flatteur. Aussi c'est une ambition très louable, que de les vouloir surpasser, en mérite et en savoir. Au lieu que de vouloir surpasser les autres seulement en rang, en dépense, en habits, et en équipage, n'est qu'une sottise vanité, qui rend un homme fort ridicule.

Reprenons un peu notre Géographie, pour vous amuser avec les cartes, car à cette heure, que les jours sont courts, vous ne pourrez pas aller à la promenade les après diners; il faut pourtant se divertir; rien ne vous divertira plus que de regarder les cartes. Adieu! vous êtes un excellent petit garçon.

Faites mes complimens à votre Maman.

A Bath, ce 4 d'Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT,

Vous voyez bien, qu'en vous écrivant si souvent, et de la manière dont je le fais, je ne vous traite pas en petit enfant, mais en garçon qui a de l'ambition, et qui aime à apprendre, et à s'instruire. De sorte que je suis persuadé qu'en lisant mes lettres, vous faites attention, non seulement à la matière qu'elles traitent, mais aussi à l'orthographe, et au style. Car il est très important de savoir bien écrire des lettres; on en a besoin tous les jours dans le commerce de la vie, soit pour les affaires, soit pour les plaisirs, et l'on ne pardonne qu'aux Dames des fautes d'orthographe et de style. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez les Epîtres (c'est-à-dire, les lettres) de Cicéron, qui sont le modèle

le plus parfait de la manière de bien écrire. A propos de Cicéron, il faut vous dire un peu, qui il étoit; c'étoit un vieux Romain, qui vivoit il y a dix-huit cents ans : homme d'un grand génie, et le plus célèbre Orateur qui ait jamais été. Ne faut il pas, par parenthèse, vous expliquer ce que c'est qu'un Orateur ? Je crois bien que oui. Un Orateur donc, c'est un homme qui harangue dans une assemblée publique, et qui parle avec éloquence, c'est-à-dire, qui raisonne bien, qui a un beau style, et qui choisit bien ses paroles. Or jamais homme n'a mieux fait toutes ces choses que Cicéron; il parloit quelquefois à tout le peuple Romain, et par son éloquence il leur persuadoit tout ce qu'il vouloit. Quelquefois aussi il entreprenoit les procès de ses amis, il plaidoit pour eux devant des Juges, et il manquoit rarement d'emporter leurs suffrages, c'est-à-dire, leurs voix, leurs décisions, en sa faveur. Il avoit rendu de grands services à la République Romaine, pendant qu'elle jouissoit de sa liberté; mais quand elle fut assujettie par Jules César, le premier Empereur Romain, il devint suspect aux Tyrans, et fut à la fin égorgé par les ordres de Marc Antoine, qui le haïssoit, parce qu'il avoit harangué si fortement contre lui, quand il vouloit se rendre maître de Rome.

Souvenez vous toujours, s'il y a quelques mots dans mes lettres, que vous n'entendez pas parfaitement, d'en demander l'explication à votre Maman, ou de les chercher dans le Dictionnaire. Adieu.

A Bath, ce 11 Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT,

VOUS ayant parlé dans ma dernière de Cicéron le plus grand Orateur que Rome ait jamais produit (quoiqu'elle en ait produit plusieurs), je vous présente aujourd'hui Démosthènes le plus célèbre des Orateurs Grecs. J'aurois dû à la vérité avoir commencé par Démosthènes, comme l'aîné, car il vivoit à peu près trois cents ans avant Cicéron; et Cicéron même a beaucoup profité de la lecture de ses Harangues; comme j'espère qu'avec le tems vous profiterez de tous les deux. Revenons à Démosthènes. Il étoit de la célèbre ville d'Athènes dans la Grèce, et il avoit tant d'éloquence, que pendant un certain temps il gouvernoit absolument la ville, et persuadoit aux Athéniens ce qu'il vouloit. Il n'avoit pas naturellement le don de la parole, car il bégayoit, mais il s'en corrigea en mettant, quand il parloit, de petits cailloux dans sa bouche. Il se distingua particulièrement par les Harangues qu'il fit contre Philippe, Roi de Macédoine, qui vouloit se rendre maître de la Grèce. C'est pourquoi ces Harangues là sont intitulées, *Les Philippiques*. Vous voyez de quel usage c'est que de savoir bien parler, de s'exprimer bien, et de s'énoncer avec grace. Il n'y a point de talent, par lequel on se rend plus agréable ou plus considérable, que par celui de bien parler.

A propos de la ville d'Athènes ; je crois que vous ne la connoissez guères encore ; et pourtant il est bien nécessaire de faire connoissance avec elle, car si elle n'a pas été la mère, du moins elle a été la nourrice, des Arts et des Sciences, c'est-à-dire, que si elle ne les a point inventé, du moins elle les a porté à la perfection. Il est vrai que l'Egypte a été la première où les Arts et les Sciences ont commencé, mais il est vrai aussi que c'est Athènes qui les a perfectionnés. Les plus grands Philosophes, c'est-à-dire, les gens qui aimoient, et qui étudioient la sagesse, étoient d'Athènes, comme aussi les meilleurs Poètes, et les meilleurs Orateurs. Les Arts y ont été portés aussi à la dernière perfection ; comme la Sculpture, c'est-à-dire, l'art de tailler des figures en pierre et en marbre ; l'Architecture, c'est-à-dire, l'art de bien bâtir des maisons, des temples, des théâtres. La Peinture, la Musique, enfin tout fleurissoit à Athènes. Les Athéniens avoient l'esprit délicat, et le goût juste : ils étoient polis et agréables, et l'on appelloit cet esprit vif, juste, et enjoué, qu'ils avoient, le Sel Attique, parce que, comme vous savez, le sel a, en même temps, quelque chose de piquant et d'agréable. On dit même aujourd'hui, d'un homme qui a cette sorte d'esprit, qu'il a du Sel Attique, c'est-à-dire Athénien. J'espère que vous serez bien salé de ce Sel là, mais pour l'être il faut apprendre bien des choses, les concevoir, et les dire promptement ; car les meilleures choses perdent leur grace si elles paroissent trop travaillées. Adieu, mon petit ami, en voilà assez pour aujourd'hui.

Je suis bien-aise que vous étudiez l'Histoire Romaine, car de toutes les anciennes histoires, il n'y en a pas de si instructive, ni qui fournisse tant d'exemples de vertu, de sagesse, et de courage. Les autres grands Empires, savoir, celui des Assyriens, celui des Perses, et celui des Macédoniens, se sont élevés presque tout d'un coup, par des accidens favorables, et par le succès rapide de leurs armes ; l'Empire Romain s'est aggrandi par degrés, et a surmonté les difficultés qui s'opposoient à son aggrandissement, autant par sa vertu, et par sa sagesse, que par ses armes.

Rome, qui fut dans la suite la maîtresse du monde, n'étoit d'abord, comme vous le savez, qu'une petite ville fondée par Romulus, son premier Roi, à la tête d'un petit nombre de bergers et d'aventuriers, qui se rangèrent sous lui, et dans le premier dénombrement que Romulus fit du peuple, c'est-à-dire, la première fois qu'il fit compter le nombre des habitans, ils ne montoient qu'à trois mille hommes de pied, et trois cents chevaux, au lieu qu'à la fin de son règne, qui dura trente sept ans, il y avoit quarante six mille hommes de pied, et mille chevaux.

Pendant les deux cents cinquante premières années de Rome, c'est-à-dire, tout le temps qu'elle fut gouvernée par des Rois, ses voisins lui

firent la guerre, et tacherent d'étouffer dans sa naissance, un peuple, dont ils craignoient l'aggrandissement, conséquence naturelle de sa vertu, de son courage, et de sa sagesse.

Rome donc employa ses deux cents cinquante premières années à lutter contre ses plus proches voisins, qu'elle surmonta; et deux cents cinquante autres, à se rendre maîtresse de l'Italie; de sorte qu'il y avoit cinq cents ans, depuis la fondation de Rome, jusques à ce qu'elle devint maîtresse de l'Italie. Ce fut seulement dans les deux cents années suivantes qu'elle se rendit la maîtresse du monde, c'est-à-dire, sept cents ans après sa fondation.

ROMULUS qui, comme je vous l'ai déjà dit, étoit le Fondateur, et le premier Roi de Rome, n'ayant pas d'abord beaucoup d'habitans pour sa nouvelle ville, songea à tous les moyens d'en augmenter le nombre, et pour cet effet, il publia qu'elle serviroit d'asyle, c'est-à-dire, de refuge et de lieu de sureté pour ceux qui seroient bannis des autres villes d'Italie. Cela lui attira bien des gens qui sortirent de ces villes, soit à cause de leurs dettes, soit à cause des crimes qu'ils y avoient commis : car un asyle est un endroit qui sert de protection à tous ceux qui y viennent, quelque crime qu'ils aient commis, et on ne peut les y prendre ni les punir. Avouez qu'il est assez suprenant que d'un pareil amas de vauriens et de coquins il en soit sorti la nation la plus sage et la plus vertueuse qui fut jamais. Mais c'est que Romulus y fit de si bonnes loix, inspira à tout le peuple un tel amour de la patrie et de la gloire y établit si bien la religion, et le culte des Dieux, que pendant quelques centaines d'années ce fut un peuple de Héros, et de gens vertueux.

JE vous ai déjà souvent parlé de la nécessité qu'il y a de savoir l'histoire à fond; mais je ne peux pas vous le redire trop souvent. Cicéron l'appelle avec raison; *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memorie, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis*. Par le secours de l'histoire un jeune homme peut, en quelque façon, acquérir l'expérience de la vieillesse; en lisant ce qui a été fait, il apprend ce qu'il a à faire, et plus il est instruit du passé, mieux il saura se conduire à l'avenir.

De toutes les Histoires anciennes, la plus intéressante, et la plus instructive, c'est l'histoire Romaine. Elle est la plus fertile en grands hommes, et en grands événemens. Elle nous anime, plus que toute autre, à la vertu; en nous montrant, comment une petite ville, comme Rome, fondée par une poignée de pâtres et d'aventuriers, s'est rendue dans l'espace de sept cents ans maîtresse du monde, par le moyen de sa vertu et de son courage.

C'est pourquoi j'en ai fait un abrégé fort en raccourci. Pour vous en faciliter la connoissance, et l'imprimer d'autant mieux dans votre

esprit, vous le traduirez peu à peu, dans un livre que vous m'apporterez tous les Dimanches.

Tout le temps de l'histoire Romaine, depuis Romulus jusqu'à Auguste, qui est de sept cents vingt trois ans, peut se diviser en trois parties.

La première est sous les sept Rois de Rome, et dure deux cents quarante quatre ans.

La seconde depuis l'établissement des Consuls et l'expulsion des Rois jusqu'à la première Guerre Punique, est aussi de deux cents quarante quatre ans.

La troisième s'étend, depuis la première Guerre Punique jusqu'au règne d'Auguste, et elle dure deux cents trente cinq ans; ce qui fait en tout les sept cents vingt trois ans, ci-dessus mentionnés, depuis sa fondation jusqu'au règne d'Auguste.

Sous le règne d'Auguste, Rome étoit au plus haut point de sa grandeur, car elle étoit la Maîtresse du Monde; mais elle ne l'étoit plus d'elle même; ayant perdu son ancienne liberté, et son ancienne vertu. Auguste y établit le pouvoir absolu des Empereurs, qui devint bientôt une tyrannie horrible et cruelle sous les autres Empereurs ses successeurs, moyennant quoi, Rome déchût de sa grandeur en moins de temps qu'elle n'en avoit pris pour y monter.

Le premier gouvernement de Rome fut Monarchique, mais une Monarchie bornée, et pas absolue, car le Sénat partageoit l'autorité avec le Roi. Le Royaume étoit électif, et non pas héréditaire, c'est-à-dire, quand un Roi mouroit, on en choisissoit un autre, et le fils ne succédoit pas au père. Romulus, qui fut le fondateur de Rome, en fut aussi le premier Roi. Il fut élu par le peuple, et forma le premier plan du gouvernement. Il établit le Sénat, qui consistoit en cent membres; et partagea le peuple en trois ordres; les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire, les gens du premier rang; les Chevaliers, c'est-à-dire, ceux du second rang; tout le reste étoit peuple, qu'il appella Plébéiens.

Traduisez ceci en Anglois, et apportez le moi Dimanche, écrit sur ces lignes que je vous envoie.

ROMULUS et Rémus étoient jumeaux, et fils de Rhéa Sylvia, fille de Numitor Roi d'Albe. Rhéa Sylvia fut enfermée et mise au nombre des Vestales, par son oncle Amulius, afin qu'elle n'eut point d'enfans, car les Vestales étoient obligées à la chasteté. Elle devint pourtant grosse, et prétendit que le Dieu Mars l'avoit forcée. Quand elle accoucha de Romulus et de Rémus, Amulius ordonna qu'ils fussent jetés dans le Tibre. Ils y furent effectivement portés dans leur berceau; mais l'eau s'étant retirée le berceau resta à sec. Une Louve qui étoit venue là pour boire, les allaita, jusques à ce que Faustus,

un berger, les emporta chez lui, et les éleva comme siens. Etant devenus grands, ils allèrent avec nombre de Latins, d'Albains, et de bergers, et ils fondèrent Rome. Romulus pour regner seul, tua son frère Rémus, et fut déclaré Roi par tous ces gens là. Etant devenu Souverain, il partagea le peuple en trois tribus et trente Curies, en Patriciens, Plébéiens, Sénat, Patrons, Clien, et Chevaliers. Les Patriciens étoient les plus accredités, et les plus considérables. Les Plébéiens étoient le petit peuple. Les Patrons étoient les gens les plus respectables qui protégeoient un certain nombre du petit peuple, qu'on appelloit leurs Clien. Le Sénat consistoit de cent personnes choisies d'entre les Patriciens, et les Chevaliers étoient une troupe de trois cents hommes à cheval, qui servoient de garde du corps à Romulus, et qu'il appella *Celeres*.

Mais Romulus ne se contenta pas de ces réglemens civils, il institua aussi le culte des Dieux, et établit les Aruspices et les Augures, qui étoient des Prêtres, dont les premiers consultoient les entrailles des victimes qu'on sacrifioit, et les derniers observoient le vol et le chant des oiseaux, et déclaroient si les présages étoient favorables ou non, avant qu'on entreprit quelque chose que ce pût être.

Romulus pour attirer des habitans à sa nouvelle ville, la déclara un asyle à tous ceux qui viendroient s'y établir; ce qui attira un nombre infini de gens, qui y accoururent des autres villes, et campagnes voisines. Un Asyle veut dire, un lieu de sureté, et de protection, pour ceux qui sont endettés, ou qui ayant commis des crimes, se sauvent de la justice. Dans les pays Catholiques, les églises sont actuellement des asyles pour toute sorte de criminels qui s'y réfugient.

Mais on manquoit de femmes à Rome; pour suppléer à ce défaut, Romulus envoya faire des propositions de mariage à ses voisins les Sabins, mais les Sabins rejetterent ces propositions, avec hauteur; surquoi Romulus fit publier dans les lieux circonvoisins qu'un tel jour, il célébreroit la fête du Dieu *Consus*,* et qu'il invitoit tout le monde à y assister. On y accourut de toutes partes et principalement les Sabins, quand tout d'un coup, à un signal donné, les Romains, l'épée à la main, se saisissent de toutes les femmes qui y étoient: et les épousèrent après. Cet événement remarquable, s'appelle l'Enlèvement des Sabines. Les Sabins irrités de cet affront, et de cette injustice, déclarerent la guerre aux Romains, qui fut terminée et une paix conclue par l'entremise des femmes Sabines, que étoient établies à Rome. Les Romains et les Sabins s'unirent parfaitement, ne firent qu'un peuple; et Tatius Roi des Sabins regna conjointement avec Romulus. Tatius mourut bientôt après, et Romulus regna encore seul.

Il faut remarquer que l'Enlèvement des Sabines fut une action plus

According to Plutarch, the God of Counsel. (Note by the first Editor.)

utile que juste : mais l'utilité ne doit pas autoriser l'injustice, car l'on doit tout souffrir, et même mourir, plutôt que de commettre une injustice. Aussi ce fut la seule que les Romains firent pendant plusieurs siècles : un Siècle veut dire, cent ans.

Les voisins de Rome devinrent bientôt jaloux de cette Puissance naissante ; de sorte que Romulus eut encore plusieurs guerres à soutenir, dans lesquelles il remporta toujours la victoire ; mais comme il commençoit à devenir tyrannique chez lui, et qu'il vouloit ôter au Sénat leurs privilèges, pour regner plus despotiquement ; tout d'un coup il disparut et l'on ne le vit plus. La vérité est que les Sénateurs l'avoient tué ; mais comme ils craignoient la colère du peuple, un Sénateur des plus accredités, nommé Proculus Julius, protesta au peuple, que Romulus lui avoit apparu comme Dieu, et l'avoit assuré qu'il avoit été transporté au Ciel, et placé parmi les Dieux ; qu'il vouloit même que les Romains l'adorassent sous le nom de *Quirinus*, ce qu'ils firent.

Remarquez bien que le gouvernement de Rome sous Romulus étoit un gouvernement mixte et libre ; et que le Roi n'étoit rien moins qu'absolu ; au contraire il partageoit l'autorité avec le Sénat, et le peuple, à peu près comme le Roi, ici, avec la Chambre Haute, et la Chambre Basse. De sorte que Romulus voulant faire une injustice si criante que de violer les droits du Sénat et la liberté du peuple, fut justement puni, comme tout tyran mérite de l'être. Tout homme a un droit naturel à sa liberté, et quiconque veut la lui ravir, mérite la mort, plus que celui qui ne cherche qu'à lui voler son argent sur le grand chemin.

La plupart des loix et des arrangemens de Romulus, avoient égard principalement à la guerre, et étoient formés dans le dessein de rendre le peuple belliqueux : comme en effet il le fut, plus que tout autre. Mais c'étoit aussi un bonheur pour Rome, que son successeur, Numa Pompilius, étoit d'un naturel pacifique, qu'il s'appliqua à établir le bon ordre dans la ville et à faire des loix, pour encourager la vertu et la religion.

Après la mort de Romulus, il y eut un Interrègne d'un an ; un Interrègne est l'intervalle entre la mort d'un Roi et l'élection d'un autre ; ce qui peut seulement arriver dans le Royaume Electif ; car dans les Monarchies Héréditaires, dès l'instant qu'un Roi meurt, son fils ou son plus proche parent devient immédiatement Roi. Pendant cet interrègne, les Sénateurs faisoient alternativement les fonctions de Roi. Mais le peuple se lassa de cette sorte de gouvernement, et voulut un Roi. Le choix étoit difficile ; les Sabins d'un côté, et les Romains de l'autre, voulant chacun un Roi d'entre eux. Il y avoit alors dans la petite ville de Cures, pas loin de Rome, un homme d'une grande réputation de probité, et de justice, appelé Numa Pompilius, qui

menoit une vie retirée et champêtre, et jouissoit d'un doux repos, dans la solitude de la campagne. On convint donc, unanimement, de le choisir pour Roi, et l'on envoya des Ambassadeurs le lui notifier. Mais bien loin d'être ébloui par une élévation si subite, et si imprevue, il refusa; et ne se laissa fléchir qu'avec peine, par les instances réitérées des Romains et de ses plus proches parens: méritant d'autant plus cette dignité, qu'il ne la recherchoit pas. Remarquez, par cet exemple de Numa Pompilius, comment la vertu se fait jour, au travers même de l'obscurité d'une vie retirée et champêtre, et comment tôt ou tard elle est toujours récompensée.

Numa placé sur le trône, entreprit d'adoucir les mœurs des Romains, et de leur inspirer un esprit pacifique, par les exercices de la religion. Il bâtit un temple en l'honneur du Dieu *Janus*, qui devoit être un indice public de la guerre, ou de la paix; étant ouvert en temps de guerre, et fermé en tems de paix. Il fut fermé pendant tout son règne; mais depuis lors jusqu'au règne de César Auguste, il ne fut fermé que deux fois: la première après la première Guerre Punique, et la seconde après la bataille d'*Actium*, où Auguste défit Antoine. Le Dieu *Janus* est toujours représenté avec deux visages, l'un qui regarde le passé et l'autre l'avenir; à cause de quoi, vous le verrez souvent dans les Poëtes Latins appelé *Janus Bifrons*, c'est-à-dire, qui a deux fronts. Mais pour revenir à Numa: il prétendit avoir des entretiens secrets avec la Nymphe Egérie pour disposer le peuple, qui aime toujours le merveilleux, à mieux recevoir ses loix et ses réglemens, comme lui étant inspirés par la divinité même. Enfin il établit le bon ordre, à la ville et à la campagne; il inspira à ses sujets l'amour du travail, de la frugalité, et même de la pauvreté. Après avoir régné quarante trois ans, il mourut regretté de tout son peuple.

On peut dire, que Rome étoit redevable de toute sa grandeur à ses deux premiers Rois, Romulus et Numa, qui en jetterent les fondemens. Romulus ne forma ses sujets qu'à la guerre; Numa qu'à la paix et à la justice. Sans Numa, ils auroient été féroces et barbares; sans Romulus, ils auroient peut-être restés dans le repos, et l'obscurité. Mais c'étoit cet heureux assemblage de vertus religieuses, civiles et militaires, qui les rendit à la fin les maîtres du monde.

Tullus Hostilius fut élu Roi, bientôt après la mort de Numa Pompilius. Il avoit l'esprit aussi guerrier, que Numa l'avoit eu pacifique, et il eut bientôt occasion de l'exercer: car la ville d'Albe, jalouse déjà de la puissance de Rome, chercha un prétexte pour lui faire la guerre. La guerre étant déclarée de part et d'autre, et les deux armées sur le point d'en venir aux mains, un Albain proposa, que pour épargner le sang de tant de gens, on choisiroit dans les deux armées, un certain nombre, dont la victoire décideroit du sort des deux villes; Tullus Hostilius accepta la proposition.

Il se trouvoit dans l'armée des Albains trois frères, qui s'appelloient les Curiaces, et dans l'armée des Romains trois frères aussi qu'on nommoit les Horaces: ils étoient de part et d'autre à peu près de même âge et de même force. Ils furent choisis, et acceptèrent avec joie un choix qui leur faisoit tant d'honneur. Ils s'avancent entre les deux armées, et l'on donne le signal du combat. D'abord deux des Horaces sont tués par les Curiaces qui tous trois furent blessés. Le troisième Horace étoit sans blessure, mais ne se sentant pas assez fort pour résister aux trois Curiaces, au défaut de force il usa de stratagème. Il fit donc semblant de fuir, et ayant fait quelque chemin, il regarda en arrière et vit les trois Curiaces, qui le poursuivoient, à quelque distance l'un de l'autre, selon que leurs blessures leur permettoient de marcher, alors il retourne sur ses pas, et les tue l'un après l'autre.

Les Romains le reçurent avec joie dans leur camp, mais sa sœur qui étoit promise à un des Curiaces, vient à sa rencontre, et versant un torrent de larmes, lui reproche d'avoir tué son amant. Sur quoi ce jeune vainqueur dans les transports de son emportement, lui passe l'épée au travers du corps. La justice le condamna à la mort, mais il en appella au peuple qui lui pardonna, en considération du service qu'il venoit de leur rendre.

Tullus Hostilius regna trente deux ans, et fit d'autres guerres contre les Sabins et les Latins. C'étoit un Prince qui avoit de grandes qualités, mais qui aimoit trop la guerre.

DEAR BOY,

Monday.

I SEND you, here enclosed, your historical exercise for this week; and thank you for correcting some faults I had been guilty of in former papers. I shall be very glad to be taught by you; and, I assure you, I would rather have you able to instruct me, than any other body in the world. I was very well pleased with your objection to my calling the brothers, that fought for the Romans and the Albans, the *Horatii* and the *Curiatii*; for which I can give you no better reason than usage and custom, which determine all languages. As to ancient proper names, there is no settled rule, and we must be guided by custom: for example, we say Ovid and Virgil, and not Ovidius and Virgilius, as they are in Latin: but then, we say Augustus Cæsar, as in the Latin, and not August Cæsar, which would be the true English. We say Scipio Africanus, as in Latin, and not Scipio the African. We say Tacitus, and not Tacit: so that, in short, custom is the only rule to be observed in this case. But, wherever custom and usage will allow it, I would rather chuse not to alter the ancient proper names. They have more dignity, I think, in their own, than in our language. The French change most of the ancient proper names, and give them a French termination or ending, which sometimes sounds even ridicu-

lous; as, for instance, they call the Emperor Titus, *Tite*; and the historian, Titus Livius, whom we commonly call in English Livy, they call *Tite Live*. I am very glad you started this objection; for the only way to get knowledge is to inquire and object. Pray remember to ask questions, and to make your objections, whenever you do not understand, or have any doubts about any thing.

BIENTÔT après la mort de Tullus Hostilius, le peuple choisit pour Roi Ancus Marcius, petit fils de Numa. Il rétablit d'abord le culte divin qui avoit été un peu négligé pendant le règne guerrier de Tullus Hostilius. Il essuya quelques guerres, malgré lui, et y remporta toujours l'avantage. Il aggrandit la ville de Rome, et mourut après avoir régné vingt quatre ans. Il ne le céda en mérite, soit pour la guerre, soit pour la paix, à aucun de ses prédécesseurs.

Un certain Lucumon, Grec de naissance, qui s'étoit établi à Rome sous le règne d'Ancus Marcius, fut élu Roi à sa place, et prit le nom de Tarquin. Il créa cent nouveaux Sénateurs, et soutint plusieurs guerres, contre les peuples voisins, dont il sortit toujours avec avantage. Il augmenta, embellit et fortifia la ville. Il fit des Aqueducs et des Egouts. Il bâtit aussi le Cirque, et jetta les fondemens du Capitole: le Cirque étoit un lieu célèbre, à Rome, où l'on faisoit les courses de chariots.

Tarquin avoit destiné pour son successeur Servius Tullius, qui avoit été prisonnier de guerre et par conséquent esclave; ce que les fils d'Ancus Marcius, qui étoient à cette heure devenus grands, ayant trouvé mauvais, ils firent assassiner Tarquin qui avoit régné trente huit ans. L'attentat, et le crime des fils d'Ancus Marcius leur furent inutiles, car Servius Tullius fut déclaré Roi par le peuple, sans demander le consentement du Sénat. Il soutint plusieurs guerres qu'il termina heureusement. Il partagea le peuple en dix-neuf tribus; il établit le *Cens*, ou le dénombrement du peuple, et il introduisit la coutume d'affranchir les esclaves. Servius songeoit à abdiquer la couronne, et à établir à Rome une parfaite république, quand il fut assassiné par son gendre Tarquin le Superbe. Il régna quarante-quatre ans, et fut, sans contredit, le meilleur de tous les Rois de Rome.

Tarquin étant monté sur le trône, sans que ni le Peuple, ni le Sénat, lui eussent conféré la Royauté, la conduite qu'il y garda répondit à de tels commencemens, et lui fit donner le surnom de *Superbe*. Il renversa les sages établissemens des Rois ses prédécesseurs, foula aux pieds les droits du peuple, et gouverna en Prince arbitraire et despotique. Il bâtit un temple magnifique à Jupiter, qui fut appelé le Capitole, à cause qu'en creusant les fondemens, on y avoit trouvé la tête d'un homme, qui s'appelle en Latin *Caput*: le Capitole étoit le bâtiment le plus célèbre de Rome.

La tyrannie de Tarquin étoit déjà devenue odieuse et insupportable aux Romains, quand l'action de son fils Sextus leur fournit une occasion de s'en affranchir. Sextus étant devenu amoureux de Lucrèce femme de Collatin, et celle-ci ne voulant pas consentir à ses desirs, il la força. Elle découvrit le tout à son mari et à Brutus, et après leur avoir fait promettre de venger l'affront qu'on lui avoit fait, elle se poignarda. Là dessus ils soulevèrent le peuple, et Tarquin avec toute sa famille fut banni de Rome, par un décret solennel, après y avoir régné vingt cinq ans. Telle est la fin que méritent tous les tyrans, et tous ceux qui ne se servent du pouvoir que le sort leur a donné, que pour faire du mal, et opprimer le genre humain.

Du temps de Tarquin, les livres des Sybilles furent apportés à Rome, conservés toujours après avec un grand soin, et consultés comme des oracles.

Tarquin chassé de Rome fit plusieurs tentatives pour y rentrer, et causa quelques guerres aux Romains. Il engagea Porsenna, Roi d'Etrurie, à appuyer ses intérêts, et à faire la guerre aux Romains pour le rétablir. Porsenna marcha donc contre les Romains, défit leur armée, et auroit pris Rome même, s'il n'eut été arrêté par la valeur d'Horatius Coclès, qui défendit seul contre toute l'armée, un pont, par où il falloit passer. Porsenna intimidé par les prodiges de valeur et de courage, qu'il voyoit faire tous les jours aux Romains, jugea à propos de conclure la paix avec eux, et de se retirer.

Ils eurent plusieurs autres guerres avec leurs voisins, dont je ne ferai point mention, ne voulant m'arrêter qu'aux événemens les plus importants. En voici un qui arriva bientôt, seize ans après l'établissement des Consuls. Le peuple étoit extrêmement endetté, et refusa de s'enrôler pour la guerre, à moins que ses dettes ne fussent abolies. L'occasion étoit pressante, et la difficulté grande, mais le Sénat s'avisait d'un expédient pour y remédier; ce fut de créer un Dictateur, qui auroit un pouvoir absolu, et au dessus de toutes les loix, mais qui ne dureroit que pour un peu de temps seulement. Titus Lartius qui fut nommé à cette dignité, appaisa le desordre, rétablit la tranquillité, et puis se démit de sa charge.

On eut souvent, dans la suite, recours à cet expédient d'un Dictateur dans les grandes occasions; et il est à remarquer, que quoique cette charge fut revêtue d'un pouvoir absolu et despotique, pas un seul Dictateur n'en abusa, pour plus de cent ans.

Nous voici parvenus à une importante époque de l'Histoire Romaine, c'est-à-dire, à l'établissement d'un gouvernement libre.

Les Rois et la Royauté étant bannis de Rome, on résolut de créer à la place d'un Roi, deux Consuls, dont l'autorité ne seroit qu'annuelle, c'est-à-dire, qu'elle ne dureroit qu'un an. On laissa au peuple le droit

d'élire les Consuls, mais il ne pouvoit les choisir que parmi les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire, les gens de qualité. Les deux Consuls avoient le même pouvoir qu'avoient auparavant les Rois, mais avec cette différence essentielle, qu'ils n'avoient ce pouvoir que pour un an, et qu'à la fin de ce terme, ils devoient rendre compte au peuple : moyen assuré d'en prévenir l'abus. Ils étoient appelés Consuls du verbe Latin *consulere*, qui signifie Conseiller, comme qui diroit, les Conseillers de la République.

Les deux premiers Consuls qu'on élut furent L. Junius Brutus, et L. Collatinus, le mari de Lucrece. Les Consuls avoient les mêmes marques de dignité, que les Rois, excepté la couronne et le sceptre. Mais ils avoient la robe de pourpre, et la *Chaire Curule*, qui étoit une Chaise d'ivoire, sur des roues. Les Consuls, le Sénat, et le Peuple, firent tous serment de ne pas rappeler Tarquin, et de ne jamais souffrir de Roi à Rome.

Remarquez bien la forme du gouvernement de Rome. L'autorité étoit partagée entre les Consuls, le Sénat, et le Peuple ; chacun avoit ses droits : et depuis ce sage établissement, Rome s'éleva, par un progrès rapide, à une perfection, et une excellence qu'on a peine à concevoir.

Souvenez vous que le gouvernement monarchique avoit duré deux cents quarante quatre ans.

CEPENDANT les Patriciens en agissoient assez mal avec le peuple, et abusoient du pouvoir que leur rang et leurs richesses leurs donnoient. Ils emprisonnoient ceux des Plébéiens qui leur devoient de l'argent, et les chargeoient de chaînes. Ce qui causa tant de mécontentement, que le peuple quitta Rome, et se retira en corps sur le *Mont Sacré*, à trois milles de Rome. Une désertion si générale donna l'alarme au Sénat et aux Patriciens, qui leur envoyèrent des députations pour les persuader de revenir ; mais inutilement. A la fin on choisit dix des plus sages et des plus modérés du Sénat, qu'on envoya au peuple avec un plein pouvoir de conclure la paix, aux meilleures conditions qu'ils pourroient. Menénius Agrippa, qui portoit la parole, termina son discours au peuple par un apologue qui les frappa extrêmement. "Autrefois," dit il, "les membres du corps humain, indignés de ce qu'ils travailloient tous pour l'estomac, pendant que lui oisif et paresseux, jouissoit tranquillement des plaisirs qu'on lui préparoit, convinrent de ne plus rien faire : mais voulant dompter ainsi l'estomac par la famine, tous les membres et tout le corps tombèrent dans une foiblesse, et une inanition extrême." Il comparoit ainsi, cette division intestine des parties du corps, avec la division qui séparoit le peuple d'avec le Sénat. Cette application plût tant au peuple que la paix fut conclue à certaines conditions, dont la princi-

pale étoit, que le peuple choisiroit, parmi eux, cinq nouveaux magistrats, qui furent appelés Tribuns du peuple. Ils étoient élus tous les ans, et rien ne pouvoit se faire sans leur consentement. Si l'on proposoit quelque loi, et que les Tribuns du peuple s'y opposassent, la loi ne pouvoit passer; ils n'étoient pas même obligés d'alléguer de raison pour leur opposition, il suffisoit qu'ils dissent simplement, *Veto*, qui veut dire, je défends. Remarquez bien cette époque intéressante de l'histoire Romaine, et ce changement considérable dans la forme du gouvernement, qui assura au peuple, pendant quelques siècles, leurs droits et leurs privilèges, que les Grands sont toujours trop portés à envahir injustement. Ce changement arriva l'an de Rome 261, c'est-à-dire, vingt et un an après le bannissement des Rois, et l'établissement des Consuls.

Outre les Tribuns, le peuple obtint aussi deux nouveaux Magistrats annuels appelés les *Ediles* du peuple, qui étoient soumis aux Tribuns du peuple, faisoient exécuter leurs ordres, rendoient la justice sous eux, veilloient à l'entretien des temples et des bâtimens publics, et prenoient soin des vivres.

Remarquez quels étoient les principaux Magistrats de Rome. Premièrement c'étoient les deux Consuls, qui étoient annuels, et qui avoient entre eux le pouvoir des Rois. Après cela, dans les grands besoins, on créa la charge de Dictateur, qui ne duroit ordinairement que six mois, mais qui étoit revêtue d'un pouvoir absolu.

Les Tribuns du Peuple étoient des Magistrats annuels, qui veilloient aux intérêts du peuple, et les protégeoient contre les injustices des Patriciens. Pour les Ediles, je viens de décrire leurs fonctions.

Quelques années après on créa encore deux nouveaux Magistrats, qui s'appelloient les *Censeurs*. Ils étoient d'abord pour cinq ans; mais ils furent bientôt réduits à un an et demi. Ils avoient un très grand pouvoir, ils faisoient le dénombrement du peuple; ils imposaient les taxes, ils avoient soin des mœurs, et pouvoient chasser du Sénat, ceux qu'ils en jugeoient indignes; ils pouvoient aussi dégrader les Chevaliers Romains, en leur ôtant leur cheval.

Pas fort longtemps après, on créa encore deux autres nouveaux Magistrats, appelés les *Préteurs*; qui étoient les principaux officiers de la justice, et jugeoient tous les procès. Voici donc les grands Magistrats de la République Romaine, selon l'ordre de leur établissement.

Les Consuls.
 Le Dictateur.
 Les Tribuns du Peuple.
 Les Ediles.
 Les Censeurs.
 Les Préteurs.

L'AN 300 de Rome, les Romains n'avoient pas encore de loix fixes et certaines, de sorte que les Consuls et les Sénateurs, qu'ils commettoient pour juger, étoient les Arbitres absolus du sort des citoyens. Le peuple voulût, donc, qu'au lieu de ces jugemens arbitraires, on établit des loix qui servissent de règles sûres, tant à l'égard du gouvernement et des affaires publiques, que par rapport aux différens entre les particuliers. Sur quoi, le Sénat ordonna qu'on enverroit des Ambassadeurs à Athènes, en Grèce, pour étudier les loix de ce pays, et en rapporter celles qu'ils jugeroient les plus convenables à la République. Ces Ambassadeurs étant de retour, on élut dix personnes (qui furent appelées les Dcémvirs) pour établir ces nouvelles loix. On leur donna un pouvoir absolu pour un an, et pendant ce temps là, il n'y avoit point d'autre Magistrat à Rome. Les Dcémvirs firent graver leurs loix sur des tables d'airain posées dans l'endroit le plus apparent de la place publique; et ces loix furent toujours après appelées les Loix des Dix Tables.* Mais lorsque le terme du gouvernement des Dcémvirs fut expiré, ils ne voulurent point se démettre de leur pouvoir, mais se rendirent par force les Tyrans de la République: ce qui causa de grands tumultes. A la fin ils furent obligés de céder, et Rome reprit son ancienne forme de gouvernement.

L'année 365 de Rome, les Gaulois (c'est-à-dire, les François) entrèrent en Italie, et marchèrent vers Rome, avec une armée de plus de soixante mille hommes. Les Romains envoyèrent à leur rencontre une armée, levée à la hâte, de quarante mille hommes. On se battit, et les Romains furent entièrement défaits. A cette triste nouvelle, tous ceux qui étoient restés à Rome se retirèrent dans le Capitole, qui étoit la Citadelle, et s'y fortifièrent aussi bien que le temps le permettoit. Trois jours après, Brennus, le Général des Gaulois, s'avança jusqu'à Rome avec son armée, et trouvant la ville abandonnée, et sans défense, il assiegea la citadelle, qui se défendit avec une bravoure incroyable. Une nuit que les Gaulois vouloient la prendre par surprise, et qu'ils étoient montés jusques aux portes, sans qu'on s'en aperçût, M. Manlius, éveillé par les cris et battement d'ailes des oyes, donna l'alarme, et sauva la citadelle. Bientôt après, Camille, un illustre Romain, qui avoit été banni de Rome, ayant appris le danger auquel sa patrie se trouvoit exposée, survint avec ce qu'il put trouver de troupes dans les pays voisins, défit entièrement les Gaulois, et sauva Rome. Admirez ce bel exemple de grandeur d'âme! Camille, banni injustement de Rome, oublie l'injure qu'on lui a faite, son amour pour sa patrie l'emporte sur le desir de se venger, et il vient sauver ceux qui avoient voulu le perdre.

* More generally called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, two having been added since to the original Ten. (Note by the first Editor.)

A Bath, ce 28 Mars, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT,

J'AI reçu une lettre de Monsieur Maittaire, dans laquelle il me dit beaucoup de bien de vous, et m'assure que vous apprenez bien; sur quoi j'ai d'abord acheté quelque chose de fort joli pour vous apporter d'ici. Voyez un peu si vous n'avez pas sujet d'aimer Monsieur Maittaire, et de faire tout ce que vous pouvez, à fin qu'il soit content de vous. Il me dit que vous allez à présent recommencer ce que vous avez déjà appris; il faut y bien faire attention, au moins, et ne pas répéter comme un perroquet, sans savoir ce que cela veut dire.

Je vous ai dit dans ma dernière, que pour être parfaitement honnête homme, il ne suffisoit pas simplement d'être juste; mais que la générosité, et la grandeur d'ame, alloient bien plus loin. Vous le comprendrez mieux, peut-être, par des exemples: en voici:

Alexandre le Grand, Roi de Macédoine, ayant vaincu Darius Roi de Perse, prit un nombre infini de prisonniers, et entre autres la femme et la mère de Darius; or selon des droits de la guerre il auroit pû avec justice en faire ses esclaves; mais il avoit trop de grandeur d'ame pour abuser de sa victoire. Il les traita toujours en Reines, et leur témoigna les mêmes égards, et le même respect, que s'il eut été leur sujet. Ce que Darius ayant entendu, dit, qu'Alexandre méritoit sa victoire, et qu'il étoit seul digne de regner à sa place. Remarquez par là comment des ennemis mêmes sont forcés de donner des louanges à la vertu, et à la grandeur d'ame.

Jules Cesar, aussi, le premier Empereur Romain, avoit de l'humanité, et de la grandeur d'ame; car après avoir vaincu le grand Pompée, à la bataille de Pharsale, il pardonna à ceux que selon les loix de la guerre il auroit pu faire mourir: et non seulement il leur donna la vie, mais il leur rendit leurs biens et leurs honneurs. Sur quoi, Cicéron, dans une de ses Harangues, lui dit ce beau mot: *Nihil enim potest fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, aut Natura tua melius, quam ut velis, conservare quamplurimos*: ce qui veut dire; "Votre fortune ne pouvoit rien faire de plus grand, pour vous, que de vous donner le pouvoir de sauver tant de gens; et la nature ne pouvoit rien faire de meilleur, pour vous, que de vous en donner la volonté." Vous voyez encore par là, la gloire, et les éloges, qu'on gagne à faire du bien; outre le plaisir qu'on ressent en soi même, et qui surpasse tous les autres plaisirs.

Adieu, je finirai cette lettre comme Cicéron finissoit souvent les siennes. *Jubeo te bene valere*; c'est-à-dire, je vous ordonne de vous bien porter.

Tunbridge, July 15, 1739.

DEAR BOY,

I THANK you for your concern about my health; which I would have given you an account of sooner, but that writing does not agree with these waters. I am better since I have been here; and shall therefore stay a month longer.

Signor Zamboni compliments me, through you, much more than I deserve; but pray do you take care to deserve what he says of you; and remember that praise, when it is not deserved is the severest satire and abuse; and the most effectual way of exposing people's vices and follies. This is a figure of speech, called Irony; which is saying directly the contrary of what you mean; but yet it is not a lie, because you plainly show, that you mean directly the contrary of what you say; so that you deceive nobody. For example, if one were to compliment a notorious knave, for his singular honesty and probity, and an eminent fool for his wit and parts, the irony is plain; and everybody would discover the satire. Or, suppose that I were to commend you for your great attention to your book, and for your retaining and remembering what you have once learned, would not you plainly perceive the irony, and see that I laughed at you? Therefore, whenever you are commended for anything, consider fairly, with yourself, whether you deserve it or not; and if you do not deserve it, remember that you are only abused and laughed at; and endeavour to deserve better for the future, and to prevent the irony.

Make my compliments to Mr. Maittaire, and return him my thanks for his letter. He tells me, that you are again to go over your Latin and Greek Grammar; so that when I return, I expect to find you very perfect in it; but if I do not, I shall compliment you upon your application and memory. Adieu.

July 24, 1739.

MY DEAR BOY,

I WAS pleased with your asking me, the last time I saw you, why I had left off writing; for I looked upon it as a sign that you liked and minded my letters. If that be the case, you shall hear from me often enough; and my letters may be of use, if you will give attention to them; otherwise it is only giving myself trouble to no purpose; for it signifies nothing to read a thing once, if one does not mind and remember it. It is a sure sign of a little mind, to be doing one thing, and at the same time to be either thinking of another, or not thinking at all. One should always think of what one is about: when one is learning, one should not think of play; and when one is at play, one should not think of one's learning. Besides that, if you do not mind your book while you are at it, it will be a double trouble to

you, for you must learn it all over again. One of the most important points of life is Decency; which is to do what is proper, and where it is proper; for many things are proper at one time, and in one place, that are extremely improper in another: for example; it is very proper and decent, that you should play some part of the day; but you must feel that it would be very improper and indecent, if you were to fly your kite, or play at nine-pins, while you are with Mr. Maittaire. It is very proper and decent to dance well; but then you must dance only at balls, and places of entertainment: for you would be reckoned a fool, if you were to dance at church, or at a funeral. I hope, by these examples, you understand the meaning of the word *Decency*; which in French is *Bien-séance*; in Latin, *Decorum*; and in Greek, *Πρέπον*. Cicero says of it, "Sic hoc Decorum quod elucet in vitâ movet approbationem eorum quibuscum vivitur, ordine et constantiâ et moderatione dictorum omnium atque factorum:" by which you see how necessary Decency is, to gain the approbation of mankind. And, as I am sure you desire to gain Mr. Maittaire's approbation, without which you will never have mine, I dare say you will mind and give attention to whatever he says to you, and behave yourself seriously and decently, while you are with him; afterwards play, run, and jump, as much as ever you please.

DEAR BOY,

Friday.

I WAS very glad when Mr. Maittaire told me, that you had more attention now, than you used to have; for it is the only way to reap any benefit by what you learn. Without attention it is impossible to remember, and without remembering it is but time and labour lost to learn. I hope, too, that your attention is not only employed upon words, but upon the sense and meaning of those words; that is, that when you read, or get anything by heart, you observe the thoughts and reflections of the author, as well as his words. This attention will furnish you with materials, when you come to compose and invent upon any subject yourself; for example, when you read of anger, envy, hatred, love, pity, or any of the passions, observe what the author says of them, and what good or ill effects he ascribes to them. Observe, too, the great difference between prose and verse, in treating the same subjects. In verse, the figures are stronger and bolder, and the diction or expression loftier or higher, than in prose; nay, the words in verse are seldom put in the same order as in prose. Verse is full of metaphors, similes, and epithets. Epithets (by the way) are adjectives, which mark some particular quality of the thing or person to which they are added; as for example, *Pius Æneas*, the pious Æneas; *Pius* is the epithet; *Fama Mendax*, Fame that lies; *Mendax* is the epithet; *Ποδας-ωκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς*; Achilles swift of foot; *Ποδας-ωκὺς*

is the epithet. This is the same in all languages; as for instance, they say in French, *L'envie pâle et blême, l'amour aveugle*; in English, pale, livid Envy, blind Love; these adjectives are the epithets. Envy is always represented by the poets as pale, meagre, and pining away at other people's happiness. Ovid says of Envy,—

+ “Vixque tenet lacrymas, quod nil lacrymabile cernit:”

Which means, that Envy can scarce help crying, when she sees nothing to cry at; that is, she cries when she sees others happy. Envy is certainly one of the meanest and most tormenting of all passions, since there is hardly any body, that has not something for an envious man to envy; so that he can never be happy, while he sees any body else so. Adieu.

Isleworth, September 10, 1789.

DEAR BOY,

SINCE you promise to give attention, and to mind what you learn, I shall give myself the trouble of writing to you again, and shall endeavour to instruct you in several things, that do not fall under Mr. Maittaire's province; and which, if they did, he could teach you much better than I can. I neither pretend nor propose to teach them you thoroughly, you are not yet of an age fit for it; I only mean to give you a general notion, at present, of some things that you must learn more particularly hereafter, and that will then be the easier to you, for having had a general idea of them now. For example, to give you some notion of History.

History is an account of whatever has been done by any country in general, or by any number of people, or by any one man; thus, the Roman History is an account of what the Romans did, as a nation; the History of Catiline's conspiracy, is an account of what was done by a particular number of people; and the History of Alexander the Great, written by Quintus Curtius, is the account of the life and actions of one single man. History is, in short, an account or relation of anything that has been done.

History is divided into sacred and profane, ancient and modern.

Sacred History is the Bible, that is, the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament is the History of the Jews, who were God's chosen people; and the New Testament is the History of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Profane History is the account of the Heathen Gods, such as you read in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and which you will know a great deal more of when you come to read Homer, Virgil, and the other ancient poets.

Ancient History is the account of all the kingdoms and countries in the world, down to the end of the Roman Empire.

Modern History is the account of the kingdoms and countries of the world, since the destruction of the Roman Empire.

The perfect knowledge of History is extremely necessary; because, as it informs us of what was done by other people, in former ages, it instructs us what to do in the like cases. Besides, as it is the common subject of conversation, it is a shame to be ignorant of it.

Geography must necessarily accompany History; for it would not be enough to know what things were done formerly, but we must know where they were done; and Geography, you know, is the description of the earth, and shows us the situations of towns, countries, and rivers. For example; Geography shows you that England is in the North of Europe, that London is the chief town of England, and that it is situated upon the river Thames, in the County of Middlesex; and the same of other town and countries. Geography is likewise divided into ancient and modern; many countries and towns having, now, very different names from what they had formerly; and many towns, which made a great figure in ancient times, being now utterly destroyed, and not existing; as the two famous towns of Troy, in Asia, and Carthage, in Africa; of both which there are not now the least remains.

Read this with attention, and then go to play with as much attention; and so farewell.

Isleworth, September 15, 1739.

DEAR BOY,

HISTORY must be accompanied with Chronology, as well as Geography, or else one has but a very confused notion of it; for it is not sufficient to know what things have been done, which History teaches us, and where they have been done, which we learn by Geography, but one must know when they have been done, and that is the particular business of Chronology. I will, therefore, give you a general notion of it.

Chronology (in French *la Chronologie*) fixes the dates of facts; that is, it informs us when such and such things were done; reckoning from certain periods of time, which are called *Æras*, or *Epochs*; for example, in Europe, the two principal æras or epochs, by which we reckon, are, from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, which was four thousand years; and from the birth of Christ to this time, which is one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine years; so that, when one speaks of a thing that was done before the birth of Christ, one says, it was done in such a year of the world; as, for instance, Rome was founded in the three thousand two hundred and

twenty-fifth year of the world, which was about seven hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. And one says, that Charlemain was made the first Emperor of Germany in the year eight hundred; that is to say, eight hundred years after the birth of Christ. So that you see, the two great periods, æras, or epochs, from whence we date everything, are, the creation of the world, and the birth of Jesus Christ.

There is another term in Chronology, called Centuries, which is only used in reckoning after the birth of Christ. A century means one hundred years; consequently, there have been seventeen centuries since the birth of Christ, and we are now in the eighteenth century. When anybody says, then, for example, that such a thing was done in the tenth century, they mean, after the year nine hundred, and before the year one thousand, after the birth of Christ. When anybody makes a mistake in Chronology, and says, that a thing was done some years sooner, or some years later, than it really was, that error is called an Anachronism. Chronology requires memory and attention, both which you can have if you please; and I shall try them both, by asking you questions about this letter, the next time I see you.

Isleworth, September 17, 1739.

DEAR BOY,

IN my two last letters I explained to you the meaning and use of History, Geography, and Chronology, and showed you the connection they had with one another; that is, how they were joined together, and depended each upon the other. We will now consider History more particularly by itself.

The most ancient Histories of all, are so mixed with fables, that is, with falsehoods and invention, that little credit is to be given to them. All the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, that you read of in the Poets, were only men and women; but, as they had either found out some useful invention, or had done a great deal of good in the countries where they lived, the people, who had a great veneration for them, made them Gods and Goddesses when they died, addressed their prayers, and raised altars to them. Thus Bacchus, the God of Wine, was only the first man who invented the making of wine; which pleased the people so much, that they made a God of him: and maybe they were drunk when they made him so. So Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, who is always represented, in pictures, with wheat-sheaves about her head, was only some good woman, who invented ploughing, and sowing, and raising corn: and the people, who owed their bread to her, deified her; that is, made a Goddess of her. The case is the same of all the other Pagan Gods and Goddesses, which you read of in profane and fabulous history.

The authentic, that is, the true ancient history, is divided into five remarkable periods or æras, of the five great Empires of the world. The first Empire of the world was the Assyrian, which was destroyed by the Medes. The Empire of the Medes was overturned by the Persians; and the Empire of the Persians was demolished by the Macedonians, under Alexander the Great. The Empire of Alexander the Great lasted no longer than his life; for at his death, his Generals divided the world among them, and went to war with one another; till, at last, the Roman Empire arose, swallowed them all up, and Rome became the mistress of the world. Remember, then, that the five great Empires, that succeeded each other, were these:—

1. The Assyrian Empire, first established.
2. The Empire of the Medes.
3. The Persian Empire.
4. The Macedonian Empire.
5. The Roman Empire.

If ever you find a word that you do not understand, either in my letters or anywhere else, I hope you remember to ask your Mamma the meaning of it. Here are but three in this letter, which you are likely not to understand: these are—

CONNECTION, which is a noun substantive, that signifies a joining, or tying together; it comes from the verb to connect, which signifies to join. For example; one says of any two people, that are intimate friends, and much together, there is a great connection between them, or, they are mightily connected. One says so also, of two things that have a resemblance, or a likeness to one another, there is a connection between them: as for example; there is a great connection between Poetry and Painting, because they both express nature, and a strong and lively imagination is necessary for both.

DEIFY is a verb, which signifies to make a God; it comes from the Latin word *Deus*, God, and *Fio*, I become. The Roman Emperors were always deified after their death, though most of them were rather devils, when alive.

AUTHENTIC, means *true*; something that may be depended upon, as coming from good authority. For example; one says, such a history is authentic, such a piece of news is authentic; that is, one may depend upon the truth of it.

I have just now received your letter, which is very well written.

Thursday, Isleworth.

DEAR BOY,

As I shall come to town next Saturday, I would have you come to me on Sunday morning, about ten o'clock: and I would have you likewise tell Mr. Maittaire, that, if it be not troublesome to him, I

should be extremely glad to see him at the same time. I would not have given him this trouble, but that it is uncertain when I can wait upon him in town: I do not doubt but he will give me a good account of you, for I think you are now sensible of the advantages, the pleasure, and the necessity of learning well; I think, too, you have an ambition to excel in whatever you do, and therefore will apply yourself. I must also tell you, that you are now talked of as an eminent scholar, for your age; and therefore your shame will be the greater, if you should not answer the expectations people have of you. Adieu.

Monday.

DEAR BOY,

IT was a great pleasure to me, when Mr. Maittaire told me, yesterday, in your presence, that you began to mind your learning, and to give more attention. If you continue to do so, you will find two advantages in it; the one, your own improvement, the other, my kindness; which you must never expect, but when Mr. Maittaire tells me you deserve it. There is no doing anything well without application and industry. Industry (in Latin *Industria*, and in Greek *ἀγχίνοια*) is defined (that is, described) to be *frequens exercitium circa rem honestam, unde aliquis industrius dicitur, hoc est studiosus, vigilans*. This I expect so much from you, that I do not doubt, in a little time, but that I shall hear you called Philip the industrious, or, if you like it better in Greek, Φίλιππος ἀγχινοός. Most of the great men of antiquity had some epithet added to their names, describing some particular merit they had; and why should not you endeavour to be distinguished by some honorable appellation? Parts and quickness, though very necessary, are not alone sufficient; attention and application must complete the business: and both together will go a great way.

“Accipite ergo animis, atque hæc mea figite dicta.”

Adieu.

We were talking yesterday of America, which I told you was first discovered by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, through the encouragement of Ferdinando and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, in 1491, that is, at the latter end of the fifteenth century; but I forgot to tell you, that it took its name of America from one Vesputius Americus, of Florence, who discovered South America, in 1497. The Spaniards began their conquests in America by the islands of St. Domingo and Cuba; and soon afterwards Ferdinando Cortez, with a small army, landed upon the continent, took Mexico, and beat Montezuma, the Indian Emperor. This encouraged other nations to go and try what they could get in this new-discovered world. The English have got there, New York, New England, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Caro-

lina, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and some of the Leeward islands. The Portuguese have got the Brazils; the Dutch, Curaçoa, and Surinam; and the French, Martinico and New France.

Monday.

DEAR BOY,

I HAVE lately mentioned Chronology to you, though slightly; but, as it is very necessary you should know something of it, I will repeat it now a little more fully, in order to give you a better notion of it.

Chronology is the art of measuring and distinguishing time, or the doctrine of epochs, which, you know, are particular and remarkable periods of time. The word Chronology is compounded of the Greek words *χρόνος*, which signifies *Time*, and *λόγος*, which signifies *Discourse*. Chronology and Geography are called the two eyes of History, because History can never be clear and well understood without them. History relates facts; Chronology tells us at what time, or when, those facts were done; and Geography shows us in what place or country they were done. The Greeks measured their time by Olympiads, which was a space of four years, called in Greek *Ὀλυμπιάς*. This method of computation had its rise from the Olympic Games, which were celebrated the beginning of every fifth year, on the banks of the river Alpheus, near Olympia, a city in Greece. The Greeks, for example, would say, that such a thing happened in such a year of such an Olympiad: as for instance, that Alexander the Great died in the first year of the 114th Olympiad. The first Olympiad was 774 years before Christ; so, consequently, Christ was born in the first year of the 195th Olympiad.

The period, or æra, from whence the Romans reckoned their time, was from the building of Rome; which they marked thus, *ab U. C.*, that is, *ab Urbe Condita*. Thus, the Kings were expelled, and the Consular Government established, the 244th *ab U. C.*, that is, of Rome.

All Europe now reckons from the great epocha of the birth of Jesus Christ, which was 1738 years ago; so that, when anybody asks, in what year did such or such a thing happen, they mean in what year since the birth of Christ.

For example; Charlemain, in French Charlemagne, was made Emperor of the West in the year 800; that is, 800 years after the birth of Christ; but, if we speak of any event or historical fact that happened before that time, we then say, it happened so many years before Christ. For instance; we say Rome was built 750 years before Christ.

The Turks date from their Hegira, which was the year of the flight of their false prophet, Mahomet, from Mecca; and, as we say that

such a thing was done in such a year of Christ, they say, such a thing was done in such a year of the Hegira. Their Hegira begins in the 622nd year of Christ, that is, above 1100 years ago.

There are two great periods in Chronology, from which the nations of Europe date events. The first is the Creation of the World; the second, the Birth of Jesus Christ.

Those events that happened before the Birth of Christ, are dated from the Creation of the World. Those events which have happened since the Birth of Christ, are dated from that time; as the present year 1739. For example:—

	A. M.
Noah's Flood happened in the year of the world	1656
Babylon was built by Semiramis, in the year	1800
Moses was born in the year	2400
Troy was taken by the Greeks, in the year	2800
Rome founded by Romulus, in the year	3225
Alexander the Great conquered Persia	3674
Jesus Christ born in the year of the world	4000

The meaning of A.M. at the top of these figures, is *anno mundi*, the year of the world.

From the birth of Christ, all Christians date the events that have happened since that time; and this is called *the Christian æra*. Sometimes we say, that such a thing happened in such a year of Christ, and sometimes we say, in such a century. Now, a century is one hundred years from the birth of Christ; so that at the end of every hundred years a new century begins; and we are, consequently, now in the eighteenth century.

For example, as to the Christian æra, or since the birth of Christ; Mahomet, the false prophet of the Turks, who established the Mahometan religion, and writ the Alcoran, which is the Turkish book of religion, died in the seventh century; that is, in the year of Christ 632

Charlemain was crowned Emperor in the last year of the eighth century; that is, in the year 800

Here the old Roman Empire ended.

William the Conqueror was crowned King of England in the eleventh century, in the year 1066

The Reformation, that is, the Protestant Religion, begun by Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, in the year 1530

Gunpowder invented, by one Bertholdus, a German monk, in the fourteenth century, in the year 1380

Printing invented, at Haerlem in Holland, or at Strasbourg, or at Mentz in Germany, in the fifteenth century, about the year 1440
Adieu.

Bath, October 26, 1739.

DEAR BOY,

THOUGH Poetry differs much from Oratory in many things; yet it makes use of the same figures of Rhetoric; nay, it abounds in metaphors, similes, and allegories; and you may learn the purity of the language, and the ornaments of eloquence, as well by reading verse as prose. Poetical diction, that is, poetical language, is more sublime and lofty than prose, and takes liberties which are not allowed in prose, and are called Poetical Licences. This difference between verse and prose you will easily observe, if you read them both with attention. In verse, things are seldom said plainly and simply, as one would say them in prose; but they are described and embellished: as for example, what you hear the watchman say often in three words, *a cloudy morning*, is said thus in verse, in the tragedy of Cato:

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
"And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

This is poetical diction; which would be improper in prose, though each word separately may be used in prose.

I will give you, here, a very pretty copy of verses of Mr. Waller's, which is extremely poetical, and full of images. It is to a lady who played upon the lute. The lute, by the way, is an instrument with many strings, which are played upon by the fingers.

"Such moving sounds from such a careless touch,
"So little she concern'd, and we so much.
"The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
"And tell their joy, for every kiss, aloud.
"Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
"Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
"Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
"Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.
"Music so softens and disarms the mind,
"That not one arrow can resistance find.
"Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
"And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
"So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
"His flaming Rome: and as it burnt, he play'd."

Mind all the poetical beauties of these verses. He supposes the sounds of the strings, when she touches them, to be the expression of their joy for kissing her fingers. Then, he compares the trembling of the strings to the trembling of a lover, who is supposed to tremble with joy and awe, when touched by the person he loves. He represents Love (who, you know, is described as a little boy, with bow,

arrows, and a quiver) as standing by her, and shooting his arrows at people's hearts, while her music softens and disarms them. Then he concludes with that fine simile of Nero, a very cruel Roman Emperor, who set Rome on fire, and played on the harp all the while it was burning: for, as Love is represented by the Poets as fire and flames, so she, while people were burning for love of her, played, as Nero did while Rome, which he had set on fire, was burning. Pray get these verses by heart against I see you. Adieu.

You will observe, that these verses are all long, or heroic verses, that is, of ten syllables, or five feet; for a foot is two syllables.

London, June 25, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

As I know you love reading, I send you this book for your amusement, and not by way of task or study. It is an Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Dictionary; in which you may find almost everything you can desire to know, whether ancient or modern. As Historical, it gives you the history of all remarkable persons and things; as Chronological, it tells you the time when those persons lived, and when those things were done; and as Geographical, it describes the situation of countries and cities. For example, would you know who Aristides the Just was, you will find there, that he was of Athens; that his distinguished honesty and integrity acquired him the name of Just; the most glorious appellation a man can have. You will likewise find, that he commanded the Athenian army at the battle of Platea, where Mardonius, the Persian General, was defeated, and his army, of three hundred thousand men, utterly destroyed; and that, for all these virtues, he was banished Athens by the Ostracism. You will then (it may be) be curious to know what the Ostracism is. If you look for it, you will find that the Athenians, being very jealous of their liberties, which they thought were the most in danger from those whose virtue and merit made them the most popular (that is, recommended them most to the favour of the people), contrived this Ostracism; by which, if six hundred people gave in the name of any one man, written upon a shell, that person was immediately banished for ten years.

As to Chronology, would you know when Charlemain was made Emperor of the West, look for the article of Charlemagne; and you will find, that, being already master of all Germany, France, and great part of Spain and Italy, he was declared Emperor in the year 800.

As to the Geographical part, if you would know the situation of any town, or country, that you read of, as for instance, Persepolis; you will find where it was situated, by whom founded, and that it was

burned by Alexander the Great, at the instigation of his mistress, Thais, in a drunken riot. In short you will find a thousand entertaining stories to divert you, when you have leisure from your studies, or your play: for one must always be doing something, and never lavish away so valuable a thing as time; which, if once lost, can never be regained. Adieu.

Tunbridge, July 18, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

AFTER Sparta and Athens, Thebes and Corinth were the most considerable cities in Greece. Thebes was in Bœotia, a province of Greece, famous for its thick, foggy air, and for the dulness and stupidity of its inhabitants; insomuch that calling a man a Bœotian, was the same as calling him a stupid fellow: and Horace, speaking of a dull, heavy fellow, says, *Bœotum jures crasso in aere natum*.

However, Thebes made itself very considerable for a time, under the conduct of Epaminondas, who was one of the greatest and most virtuous characters of all antiquity. Thebes, like all the rest of Greece, fell under the absolute dominion of the Kings of Macedon, Alexander's successors. Thebes was founded by Cadmus, who first brought letters into Greece. Œdipus was King of Thebes; whose very remarkable story is worth your reading.

The city of Corinth sometimes made a figure, in defence of the common liberties of Greece; but was chiefly considerable, upon account of its great trade and commerce; which enriched it so much, and introduced so much luxury, that, when it was burnt by Mummius, the Roman Consul, the number of golden, silver, brass, and copper statues and vases, that were then melted, made that famous metal, called Corinthian brass, so much esteemed by the Romans.

There were, besides, many other little Kingdoms and Republics in Greece, which you will be acquainted with, when you enter more particularly into that part of ancient history. But, to inform yourself a little, at present, concerning Thebes and Corinth, turn to the following articles in Moreri.

Thebes,	Epaminondas,
Cadmus,	Pelopidas,
Œdipe,	Corinth,
Jocaste,	Mummius.
Sphynx,	

Tunbridge, July 29, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

SINCE you are so ready at the measure of Greek and Latin verses, as Mr. Maittaire writes me word you are; he will possibly, before it is very long, try your invention a little, and set you to make some of

your own composition. You should therefore begin to consider, not only the measure of the verses you read, but likewise the thoughts of the Poet, and the similes, metaphors, and allusions, which are the ornaments of Poetry, and raise it above prose, and distinguish it from prose, as much as the measure does. This attention to the thoughts and diction of other Poets, will suggest both matter, and the manner of expressing it, to you, when you come to invent yourself. Thoughts are the same in every language, and a good thought in one language is a good one in every other: thus, if you attend to the thoughts and images in French or English poetry, they will be of use to you, when you compose in Latin or Greek. I have met lately with a very pretty copy of English verses, which I here send you to learn by heart; but first, I will give you the thought in prose, that you may observe how it is expressed, and adorned by poetical diction.

The Poet tells his mistress, Florella, that she is so unkind to him, she will not even suffer him to look at her; that, to avoid her cruelty, he addresses himself to other women, who receive him kindly; but that, notwithstanding this, his heart always returns to her, though she uses him so ill; and then he concludes with this beautiful and apt simile, in which he compares his fate to that of exiles (that is, people who are banished from their own country) who, though they are pitied in whatever country they go to, yet long to return to their own, where they are sure to be used ill, and punished.

"Why will Florella, when I gaze,
 "My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 "And hide from them the only face
 "They can behold with love?
 "To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
 "I seek a nymph more kind,
 "And while I rove from fair to fair,
 "Still gentler usage find!
 "But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 "Where Nature has no part!
 "New beauties may my eyes employ,
 "But you engage my heart.
 "So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
 "Meet pity ev'rywhere;
 "Yet languish for their native home,
 "Though death attends them there.

} The Simile."

You will observe that these verses have alternate rhymes; that is, the third line rhymes to the first, and the fourth line to the second; the first and third lines having four feet each; and the second and

fourth having but three feet each. A foot, in English verse, is two syllables.

To use your ear a little to English verse, and to make you attend to the sense too, I have transposed the words of the following lines; which I would have you put in their proper order, and send me in your next.

Life consider cheat a when 'tis all I
 Hope with fool'd, deceit men yet with favour
 Repay will to-morrow trust on think and
 Falser former day to-morrow's than the
 Worse lies blest be shall when and we says it
 Hope new some possess'd cuts off with we what.

Adieu.

Tunbridge, August 14, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

I AM very glad to hear from Mr. Maittaire, that you are so ready at scanning both Greek and Latin verses; but I hope you mind the sense of the words, as well as the quantities. The great advantage of knowing many languages, consists in understanding the sense of those nations, and authors, who speak and write those languages; but not in being able to repeat the words like a parrot, without knowing their true force and meaning. The Poets require your attention and observation more than the prose authors; poetry being more out of the common way than prose compositions are. Poets have greater liberties allowed them than prose writers, which is called the *Poetical Licence*. Horace says, that Poets and Painters have an equal privilege of attempting anything. *Pictoribus atque Poetis, quidlibet audendi, semper fuit æqua potestas*. Fiction, that is, invention, is said to be the soul of poetry. For example; the Poets give life to several inanimate things; that is, to things that have no life: as for instance, they represent the passions, as Love, Fury, Envy, &c., under human figures; which figures are allegorical; that is, represent the qualities and effects of those passions. Thus the Poets represent Love as a little boy, called Cupid, because Love is the passion of young people chiefly. He is represented blind likewise, because Love makes no distinction, and takes away the judgment. He has a bow and arrows, with which he is supposed to wound people, because Love gives pain: and he has a pair of wings to fly with, because Love is changeable, and apt to fly from one object to another. Fury likewise is represented under the figures of three women, called the three Furies; Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They are described with lighted torches or flambeaux in their hands; because Rage and Fury is for setting fire to everything: they are likewise drawn, with serpents hissing about their heads, because serpents are poisonous and destructive animals. Envy is

described as a woman, melancholy, pale, livid, and pining, because envious people are never pleased, but always repining at other people's happiness: she is supposed to feed upon serpents, because envious people only comfort themselves with the misfortunes of others. Ovid gives the following description of Envy:—

“Videt intus edentem

“Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,

“Invidiam: visâque oculos avertit: at illa

“Surgit humo pigrâ: semesarumque relinquit

“Corpora serpentum; passuque incedit inerti.

“Utque Deam vidit formâque armisque decoram,

“Ingemuit: vultumque ima ad suspiria duxit.

“Pallor in ore sedet: macies in corpore toto:

“Nusquam recta acies: vivent rubigine dentes:

“Pectora felle virent: lingua est suffusa veneno.

“Risus abest; nisi quem visi movêre dolores.

“Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis:

“Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,

“Successus hominum: carpitque et carpitur unâ:

“Suppliciumque suum est.”

This is a beautiful poetical description of that wretched, mean passion of envy, which I hope you will have too generous a mind ever to be infected with; but that, on the contrary, you will apply yourself to virtue and learning, in such a manner as to become an object of envy yourself. Adieu!

Monday.

DEAR BOY,

SINCE, by Mr. Maittaire's care, you learn your Latin and Greek out of the best authors, I wish you would at the same time that you construe the words mind the sense and thoughts of those authors, which will help your invention, when you come to compose yourself, and at the same time form your taste. Taste, in its proper signification, means the taste of the palate in eating or drinking; but it is metaphorically used for the judgment one forms of any art or science. For example, if I say, such a man has a good taste in poetry, I mean that he judges well of poetry, and distinguishes rightly what is good and what is bad, and finds out equally the beauties and the faults of the composition. Or if I say, that such a man has a good taste in painting, I mean the same thing, which is, that he is a good judge of pictures; and will distinguish not only good ones from bad ones, but very good ones from others not quite so good, but yet good ones. *Avoir le goût bon*, means the same thing in French; and nothing

forms so true a taste, as the reading the ancient authors with attention. Description is a beautiful part of poetry, and much used by the same poets; it is likewise called painting, because it represents things in so lively and strong a manner, that we think we see them as in a picture. Thus Ovid describes the palace of the Sun, or Apollo;—

“Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
 “Clara micante auro, flammæque imitante pyropo.
 “Cujus ebur nitidum fastigia summa tenebat:
 “Argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvæ,
 “Materiem superabat opus: nam Mulciber illic
 “Æquora cælarat medias cingentia terras,
 “Terrarumque orbem, cælumque quod imminet orbi.”

Afterwards he describes Phœbus himself, sitting upon his throne;—

“—— Purpureâ velatus veste sedebat
 “In Solio Phœbus, claris lucente smaragdis.
 “A dextrâ lævâque Dies, et Mensis, et Annus,
 “Sæculaue et positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ;
 “Verque novum stabat, cinctum florente coronâ,
 “Stabat nuda Æstas, et spicea sarta gerebat,
 “Stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis,
 “Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.”

Observe the invention in this description. As the sun is the great rule by which we measure time, and as it marks out the years, the months, the days, and the seasons, so Ovid has represented Phœbus upon his throne, as the principal figure, attended by the years, days, months, and seasons, which he likewise represents as so many persons. This is properly invention, and invention is the soul of poetry. Poets have their name, upon that account, from the Greek word *Ποιέω*, which signifies, to make, or invent. Adieu.

Translate these Latin verses, at your leisure, into English, and send your translation, in a letter, to my house in town. I mean English prose; for I do not expect verse from you yet.

Friday.

DEAR BOY,

I MENTIONED, in my last, description, or painting, as one of the shining marks or characteristics of poetry. The likeness must be strong and lively, and make us almost think, that we see the thing before our eyes. Thus the following description of Hunger, or Famine, in Ovid, is so striking, that one thinks one sees some poor famished wretch:—

"—— Famem *lapidoso* vidit in agro,
 "Unguibus et *raras* vellentem dentibus herbas.
 "Hirtus erat crinis, *cava* lumina, pallor in ore,
 "Labra *incana* situ, *scabræ* rubigine fauces,
 "Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent:
 "Ossa sub *incurvis* extabant *arida* lumbis:
 "Ventris erat pro ventre locus: pendere putares
 "Pectus, et a spinæ tantummodo crate teneri."

Observe the propriety and significance of the epithets. *Lapidoso* is the epithet to *agro*; because a stony ground produces very little grass. *Raras* is the epithet to *herbas*, to mark how few and how scarce the herbs were that Famine was tearing with her teeth and nails. You will easily find out the other epithets.

I will now give you an excellent piece of painting, or description, in English verse; it is in the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus. Phædra was the second wife of the famous Theseus, one of the first Kings of Athens; and Hippolytus was his son by his former wife. Look for the further particulars of their story in your dictionary, under the articles *Phedre* and *Hippolite*.

"So when *bright* Venus yielded up her charms,
 "The *blest* Adonis languish'd in her arms.
 "His *idle* horn on *fragrant* myrtles hung:
 "His arrows *scatter'd*, and his bow *unstrung*.
 "Obscure, in coverts, lie his *dreaming* hounds,
 "And bay the *fancied* boar with feeble sounds.
 "For nobler sports he quits the *savage* fields,
 "And all the Hero to the Lover yields."

I have marked the epithets, that you may the better observe them. Venus is called *bright*, upon account of her beauty; Adonis is called *blest*, because Venus was in love with him: his horn is said to be *idle*, because he then laid it by, and made no use of it: the myrtles are called *fragrant*, because the myrtle is a sweet-smelling tree; moreover, the myrtle is the particular tree sacred to Venus; *scattered* arrows, because laid by here and there, carelessly. The bow *unstrung*; it was the custom to unstring the bow when they did not use it, and it was the stronger for it afterwards. *Dreaming* hounds: hounds that are used to hunt, often dream they are hunting; as appears by their making the same noise, only not so loud, when they sleep, as they do when they are hunting some wild beast; therefore, the sounds are called *feeble*. *Savage* fields; so called from the roughness of field sports, in comparison to the tenderness and softness of love.

Adonis was extremely handsome, and a great sportsman; he used

to employ his whole time in hunting boars and other wild beasts. Venus fell in love with him, and used frequently to come down to him: he was at last killed by a wild boar, to the great grief of Venus. Look for Adonis in your dictionary; for, though you have read his story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I believe that excellent memory of yours wants refreshing. From hence, when a man is extremely handsome, he is called, by metaphor, an Adonis. Adieu.

Saturday.

DEAR BOY,

YOUR last translations were very well done; and I believe you begin to apply yourself more. This you may depend upon, that the more you apply, the easier you will find your learning, and the sooner you will have done with it. But, as I have often told you before, it is not the words only that you should mind, but the sense and beauties of the authors you read; which will furnish you with matter, and teach you to think justly upon subjects. For example; if you were to say, in poetry, that it was morning, you would not barely say it was morning; that would not be poetical: but you would represent the morning under some image or by description; as thus:

"Lo! from the *rosy* east, her *purple* doors
 "The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with *blushing* flowers.
 "The *lessen'd* stars draw off and disappear
 "Whose *bright* battalions, lastly, Lucifer
 "Brings up, and quits his station in the rear."

Observe, that the day always rises in the east; and therefore it is said, from the *rosy* east: *rosy* is the epithet to east; because the break of day, or the Aurora, is of a reddish rosy colour. Observe, too, that Lucifer is the name of that star that disappears the last in the morning; for the astronomers have given names to most of the stars. The three last lines, which have the same rhymes, are called a triplet, which is always marked as I have marked it. The original Latin is thus in Ovid:—

"—— Ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
 "Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
 "Atria. Diffugiunt stellæ, quarum agmina cogit
 "Lucifer, et cœli statione novissimus exit."

Here is another way of saying that it is morning, as Virgil expresses it:—

"Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
 "Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile:
 "Jam sole infuso, jam rebus luce relectis."

Thus in English verse:—

“And now Aurora, harbinger of day,
 “Rose from the *saffron* bed where Tithon lay,
 “And sprinkled o’er the world with *new-born* light :
 “The sun now shining, all things brought to sight.”

Look in your dictionary for the articles *Aurore* and *Tithon*, where you will find their story. Tithon was the husband of Aurora. Aurora, in poetical language, means the break of day, or the first part of the morning. Harbinger (by the way) means forerunner, or a person who is sent beforehand, by another, upon a journey, to prepare things for him. The King has several harbingers, that go before him upon the road, to prepare his lodging, and get everything ready. So Aurora, or the morning, is called, by a metaphor, the harbinger of the day, because it foreruns the day.

I expect very good verses, of your making, by that time you are ten years old ; and then you shall be called *Poeta Decennis*, which will be a very uncommon, and, consequently a very glorious title. Adieu.

Wednesday.

DEAR BOY,

IN my last I sent you two or three poetical descriptions of the Morning ; I here send you some, of the other parts of the day. The Noon, or Mid-day, that is twelve o’clock, is thus described by Ovid:—

“Fecerat exiguas jam Sol altissimus umbras.”

And in another place,

“Jamque dies rerum medias contraxerat umbras,
 “Et Sol ex æquo, metâ distabat utrâque:”

Because the sun, at noon, is exactly in the middle of its course, and, being then just perpendicular over our heads, makes the shadows very short ; whereas, when the sun shines on either side of us (as it does mornings and evenings), the shadows are very long ; which you may observe any sunshiny day that you please. The Evening is described thus by Ovid:—

“Jam labor exiguus Phœbo restabat : equique
 “Pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:”

Because the course of the sun, being supposed to be of one day, Phœbus (that is the sun) is here said to have little more remaining

business to do; and his horses are represented as going down hill; which points out the evening; the sun, in the evening, seeming to go downwards. In another place he says,

“Jamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
“Quod tu nec tenebras, nec possis dicere lucem:”

For, in the dusk of the evening, one can neither call it day nor night.

Night is described by Virgil in this manner:—

“Nox erat, et terras animalia fusa per omnes,
“Alituum, pecudumque genus, sopor altus habebat.”

What I mean, by sending and explaining these things to you, is to use you to think and reflect a little yourself; and not to repeat words only, like a parrot, without minding or knowing the sense and import of them. For example, when you read a description of anything, compare it with your own observations, and ask yourself this question, Is it so? Have I ever observed it before? And, if you have not observed it, take the first opportunity you can of doing it. For instance, if you have not already observed that the shadows are long in the morning and the evening, and short at noon, try it yourself, and see whether it is true or not. When you hear of the *rosy morn*, consider with yourself why it is so called, and whether it ought to be called so or not; and observe the morning early, to see if it is not of a reddish, rosy colour. When you hear of night's spreading its sable (that is black) wings over the world, consider whether the gradual spreading of the darkness does not extend itself in the sky like black wings. In short, use yourself to think and reflect upon everything you hear and see: examine everything, and see whether it is true or not, without taking it upon trust. For example, if you should find, in any author, *the blue or azure sun*, would you not immediately reflect, that could not be just; for the sun is always red? and that he who could call it so must be either blind or a fool. When you read historical facts, think of them within yourself, and compare them with your own notions. For example, when you read of the first Scipio, who, when he conquered Spain, took a beautiful Spanish Princess prisoner, who was soon to have been married to a Prince of that country, and returned her to her lover, not only untouched, but giving her a fortune besides; are you not struck with the virtue and generosity of that action? And can you help thinking with yourself, how virtuous it was in Scipio, who was a young man, unmarried, and a conqueror, to withstand the temptation of beauty; and how generous it was to give her a fortune, to make amends for the misfortunes of the war? Another

reflection too, that naturally occurs upon it, is, how virtuous actions never fail to be rewarded by the commendation and applause of all posterity: for this happened above eighteen hundred years ago, is still remembered with honour, and will be so as long as letters subsist: not to mention the infinite pleasure Scipio must have felt himself, from such a virtuous and heroic action. I wish you more pleasure, of that kind, than ever man had. Adieu.

Bath, October 20, 1740.

DEAR BOY,

I HAVE often told you already, that nothing will help your invention more, and teach you to think more justly, than reading, with care and attention, the ancient Greek and Latin authors, especially the poets; invention being the soul of poetry, that is to say, it animates and gives life to poetry, as the soul does to the body. I have often told you too, that poets take the liberty of personifying inanimate things; that is, they describe and represent as persons, the passions, the appetites, and many other things that have no figures nor persons belonging to them. For example, they represent Love as a little boy with wings, a bow and arrow, and a quiver. Rage and Fury they represent under the figures of three women, called the three Furies, with serpents hissing about their heads, lighted torches in their hands, and their faces red and inflamed. The description of Envy I have already sent you, and likewise the description of Hunger and Famine, out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I now send you, out of the same book, the beautiful description of the House or Dwelling of Rumour, that is, Common Report. You will there find all the particularities of Rumour; how immediately it spreads itself everywhere; how it adds falsehoods to truths; how it imposes upon the vulgar; and how credulity, error, joy, and fear, dwell with it; because credulous people believe lightly whatever they hear, and that all people in general are inclined to believe what they either wish or fear much. Pray translate these lines, at your leisure, into English, and send them me. Consider them yourself too, at the same time, and compare them with the observations you must already have made upon Rumour, or common fame. Have not you observed, how quickly a piece of news spreads itself all over the town? how it is first whispered about, then spoken aloud? how almost everybody that repeats it, adds something to it? how the vulgar, that is, the ordinary people, believe it immediately? and how other people give credit to it, according as they wish it true or not? All this you will find painted in the following lines, which I desire you will weigh well. *Hoc enim abs te rogo, oro, postulo, flagito. Jubeo te bene valere.*

"Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque, fretumque,
 "Cælestesque plagas, triplicis confinia *mundi;
 "Unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
 "Inspicitur; penetratque cava vox omnis ad *aures.
 "Fama tenet, summæque domum sibi legit in arce:
 "Innumerosque aditus, ac mille foramina tectis
 "Addidit, et nullis inclusit limina portis.
 "Nocte diæque patent. Tota est ex *ære sonanti.
 "Tota fremit: vocesque refert: iteratque quod audit.
 "Nulla quies intus, nullâque silentia parte;
 "Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis,
 "Qualia de pelagi, si quis procul audiat, undis
 "Esse solent: qualemve sonum, cum Jupiter atras
 "Increpuit *nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
 "Atria turba tenent: veniunt leve *vulgus, euntque,
 "Mistaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
 "Millia rumorum; confusaque verba volutant.
 "E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus *aures:
 "Hi narrata ferunt aliâ; mensuraque ficti
 "Crescit. Et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
 "Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius *Error,
 "Vanaque *Lætitia est consternatique *Timores,
 "Seditioque repens, dubioque auctore Susurri.
 "Ipsa, quid in cælo rerum, pelagoque geratur,
 "Et tellure, videt; totumque inquirat in orbem."

N. B.—I have underlined [*printed in Roman characters*] the epithets, and marked the substantives they belong to thus *.

DEAR BOY,

I SEND you here a few more Latin roots, though I am not sure that you will like my roots so well as those that grow in your garden; however, if you will attend to them, they may save you a great deal of trouble. These few will naturally point out many others to your own observation, and enable you, by comparison, to find out most derived and compound words, when once you know the original root of them. You are old enough now to make observations upon what you learn; which, if you would be pleased to do, you cannot imagine how much time and trouble it would save you. Remember, you are now very near nine years old; an age at which all boys ought to know a great deal, but you, particularly, a great deal more, considering the care and

that have been employed about you; and, if you do not answer
 ations, you will lose your character, which is the most
 hat can happen to a generous mind. Everybody

has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed; the difference is, that the ambition of silly people, is a silly and mistaken ambition; and the ambition of people of sense, is a right and commendable one. For instance, the ambition of a silly boy of your age, would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away in idle follies, which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in showing good-nature and compassion, in learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition, and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men, as well as in boys; the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have a fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things which anybody, that has as much money, may have as well as he, for they are all to be bought; but the ambition of a man of sense and honour, is to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedemonians and the Romans, when they made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will always be. Adieu.

YOU know so much more, and learn so much better, than any boy of your age, that you see I do not treat you like a boy, but write to you upon subjects fit for men to think and consider of. When I send you examples of the virtues of the ancients, it is not only to inform you of those pieces of History, but to *animate* and excite you to follow those examples. You there see the advantages of virtue, how it is sure (sooner or later) to be rewarded, and with what praises and *encomiums* the virtuous actions of the great men of antiquity have been perpetuated, and transmitted down to us. Julius Cæsar, though a tyrant, and guilty of that great crime of enslaving his country, had, however, some virtues, and was distinguished for his clemency and humanity, of which there is this remarkable instance:—Marcellus, a man of *consideration* in Rome, had taken part with Pompey in the civil war between him and Cæsar, and had even acted with *zeal* and *acrimony* against Cæsar. However, after Cæsar had conquered Pompey, and was returned to Rome victorious, the Senate *interceded* with him in favour of Marcellus, whom he not only pardoned, but took into his friendship. Cicero made an oration, on purpose to compliment Cæsar upon this act of good-nature and generosity; in which, among many other

things, he tells him, that he looks upon his pardoning Marcellus as a greater action than all his victories. His words in Latin are these:—
 “Domuisti gentes immanitate barbaras, multitudine innumerabiles,
 “locis infinitas, omni copiarum genere abundantes; sed tamen ea
 “vicisti, quæ et naturam et conditionem ut vinci possent, habebant.
 “Nulla est enim tanta vis, tanta copia, quæ non ferro ac viribus debilitari frangique possit. Verùm animum vincere; iracundiam cohibere; victoriam temperare; adversarium nobilitate, ingenio, virtute
 “priestantem non modò extollere jacentem, sed etiam amplificare
 “ejus pristinam dignitatem: hæc qui faciat, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum Deo judico.”

It is certain that humanity is the particular *characteristic* of a great mind; little, vicious minds are full of anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the *exalted* pleasure of forgiving their enemies, and of bestowing marks of favour and generosity upon those of whom they have gotten the better. Adieu.

I have underlined [*printed in italics*] those words that I think you do not understand, to put you in mind to ask the meaning of them.

Jeudi soir.

MON CHER ENFANT,

VOUS lisez à présent la Nouvelle Historique de Don Carlos, par l'Abbé de St. Real; elle est joliment écrite, et le fond de l'histoire en est véritable. L'Abbé l'a seulement brodé un peu pour lui donner l'air de *Nouvelle*. A propos, je doute si vous savez ce que c'est que *Nouvelle*. C'est une petite histoire galante, où il entre beaucoup d'amour, et qui ne fait qu'un ou deux petits volumes. Il faut qu'il y ait une intrigue, que les deux amans trouvent bien des difficultés et des obstacles qui s'opposent à l'accomplissement de leurs vœux, mais qu'à la fin ils les surmontent, et que le dénouement ou la catastrophe, les laissent tous heureux. Une *Nouvelle* est un espèce de Roman en raccourci: car un Roman est ordinairement de douze volumes, rempli de fadaïses amoureuses, et d'aventures incroyables. Le sujet d'un Roman est quelquefois une histoire faite à plaisir, c'est-à-dire toute inventée; et quelquefois une histoire véritable; mais ordinairement si changée et travestie, qu'on ne la reconnoît plus. Par exemple, il y a le Grand Cyrus, Clélie, Cléopâtre, trois Romans célèbres, où il y entre un peu d'histoire véritable, mais si mêlée de faussetés et de folies amoureuses, qu'ils servent plus à embrouiller et à corrompre l'esprit, qu'à le former ou à l'instruire. On y voit le plus grands héros de l'antiquité faire les amoureux transis, et débiter des fades tendresses, au fond d'un bois, à leur belle inhumaine, qui leur répond sur le même ton: enfin c'est une lecture très frivole que celle des Romans, et l'on

y perd tout le temps qu'on y donne. Les vieux Romans qu'on écrivait il y a cent ou deux cents ans, comme Amadis de Gaule, Roland le Furieux, et autres, étoient farcis d'enchantemens, de magiciens, de géans, et de ces sortes de sottises impossibilités ; au lieu que les Romans plus modernes se tiennent au possible, mais pas au vraisemblable. Et je croirois tout autant que le grand Brutus, qui chassa les Tarquins de Rome, fut enfermé par quelque magicien dans un château enchanté, que je croirois qu'il faisoit de sots vers auprès de la belle Clélie, comme on le représente dans le Roman de ce nom.

Au reste, Don Carlos, dont vous lisez la Nouvelle, étoit fils de Philippe Second Roi d'Espagne, fils de l'Empereur Charlequint ou Charles Cinquième. Ce Charlequint étoit en même tems Empereur d'Allemagne et Roi d'Espagne ; il avoit aussi toute la Flandre et la plus grande partie de l'Italie. Il regna longtemps ; mais, deux ou trois ans avant que de mourir, il abdiqua la Royauté et se retira, comme particulier, au couvent de St. Just, en Espagne : cédant l'Empire à son frère Ferdinand, et l'Espagne, l'Amérique, la Flandre et l'Italie, à son fils Philippe Second ; qui ne lui ressembloit guères ; car il étoit fier et cruel, même envers son fils, Don Carlos, qu'il fit mourir.

Don est un titre qu'on donne en Espagne à tout honnête homme ; comme *Monsieur* en François, et *Signor* en Italien. Par exemple ; si vous étiez en Espagne on vous appelleroit *Don Philippe*. Adieu.

Sunday.

DEAR BOY,

I SHALL not soon leave the subject of invention and thinking, which I would have you apply to, as much as your age and giddiness will permit. Use will make it every day easier to you, and age and observation will improve it. Virtue is a subject that deserves your and every man's attention ; and suppose I were to bid you make some verses, or give me your thoughts in prose, upon the subject of Virtue, how would you go about it ? Why, you would first consider what Virtue is, and then what are the effects and marks of it, both with regard to others and one's self. You would find then that Virtue consists in doing good, and in speaking truth ; that the effects of it are advantageous to all mankind, and to one's self in particular. Virtue makes us pity and relieve the misfortunes of mankind ; it makes us promote justice and good order in society ; and, in general, contributes to whatever tends to the real good of mankind. To ourselves it gives an inward comfort and satisfaction, which nothing else can do, and which nothing can rob us of. All other advantages depend upon others, as much as upon ourselves. Riches, power, and greatness may be taken away from us, by the violence and injustice of others, or by inevitable accidents ; but Virtue depends only upon ourselves, and nobody can

take it away from us. Sickness may deprive us of all the pleasures of the body: but it cannot deprive us of our Virtue, nor of the satisfaction which we feel from it. A virtuous man, under all the misfortunes of life, still finds an inward comfort and satisfaction, which makes him happier than any wicked man can be, with all the other advantages of life. If a man has acquired great power and riches by falsehood, injustice, and oppression, he cannot enjoy them; because his conscience will torment him, and constantly reproach him with the means by which he got them. The stings of his conscience will not even let him sleep quietly, but he will dream of his crimes; and in the daytime, when alone, and when he has time to think, he will be uneasy and melancholy. He is afraid of everything, for, as he knows mankind must hate him, he has reason to think they will hurt him if they can. Whereas, if a virtuous man be ever so poor or unfortunate in the world, still his virtue is its own reward, and will comfort him under all afflictions. The quiet and satisfaction of his conscience make him cheerful by day, and sleep sound of nights: he can be alone with pleasure, and is not afraid of his own thoughts. Besides this, he is universally esteemed and respected; for even the most wicked people themselves cannot help admiring and respecting Virtue in others. All these, and many other advantages, you would ascribe to Virtue, if you were to compose upon that subject. A poet says,—

"Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces."

And Claudian has the following lines upon that subject:—

"Ipsa quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solaque latè

"Fortunæ secura nitet: nec fascibus ullis

"Erigitur, plaustrique petit clarescere vulgi.

"Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis:

"Divitiis animosa suis, immotaque cunctis

"Casibus, ex altâ mortalia despicit arce."

Adieu.

Brussels, May 30, N.S. 1741.

DEAR BOY,

I BELIEVE we are yet well enough together for you to be glad to hear of my safe arrival on this side of the water, which I crossed in four hours' time from Dover to Calais. By the way, Calais was the last town that the English kept in France, after it was conquered by Henry V., and it was yielded up to France in the reign of the Popish Queen Mary, daughter to Henry VIII. From Calais I went to Dunkirk, which belonged formerly to the Spaniards, and was taken by Oliver Cromwell, but afterwards shamefully sold to France by King Charles II. From Dunkirk I went to Lisle, which is a very great,

rich, and strong town belonging to France, and the chief town of French Flanders. From Lisle I came to Ghent, which is the capital of that part of Flanders that belongs to the Queen of Hungary, as heiress of the house of Austria. It is a very large town, but neither rich nor strong. The Emperor Charles V. was born there, and his statue is upon a pillar in the middle of a great square. From Lisle I came here to Brussels, which is the chief town of Brabant, and a very fine one. Here the best camlets are made, and most of the fine laces that you see worn in England. You may follow me through this journey upon your map, till you take it, some time hence, in reality.

I expect you to make prodigious improvements in your learning by the time I see you again; for now that you are past nine years old, you have no time to lose, and I wait with impatience for a good account of you from Mr. Maittaire: I dare not buy anything for you till then, for fear I should be obliged to keep it myself. But if I should have a very good account, there shall be very good rewards brought over. Adieu.

Make my compliments to your Mamma, and when you write to me, send your letters to my house in town.

Lyons, September 1, N. S. 1741.

DEAR BOY,

I HAVE received your Polyglot letter, with which I am very well pleased; and for which, it is reasonable, you should be very well rewarded. I am glad to see invention and languages go together; for the latter signify very little, without the former; but well joined, they are very useful. Language is only to express thoughts; and if a man is heedless, and does not give himself time to think, his words will be very frivolous and silly.

I left Paris five days ago; and, that you may trace me, if you please, upon your map, I came here through Dijon, the capital of Burgundy: I shall go from hence to Vienne, the second city in Dauphiné (for Grenoble is the capital) and from thence, down the Rhône, to Avignon, the chief town of the *Comtat Venaissin*, which belongs to the Pope; then to Aix, the principal town of Provence; then to Marseilles; then to Nîmes and Montpellier: and then back again. This is a very great and rich town, situated upon two fine rivers that join here, the Rhône and the Saône. Here is the great manufacture of gold, silver, and silk stuffs, which supplies almost all Europe. It was famous in the time of the Romans, and is called, in Latin, *Lugdunum*.

My rambling makes me both a less frequent, and a shorter correspondent, than otherwise I should be; but I am persuaded, that you are now so sensible how necessary it is to learn, and apply yourself,

that you want no spur nor admonition to it. Go on, then, with diligence, to improve in learning, and, above all, in virtue and honour and you will make both me and yourself happy. Adieu.

Marseilles, September 22, N. S. 1741.

DEAR BOY,

You find this letter dated from Marseilles, a sea-port town in the Mediterranean Sea. It has been famous and considerable for these two thousand years at least, upon account of its trade and situation. It is called *Massilia* in Latin, and distinguished itself, in favour of the Roman liberty, against Julius Cæsar. It was here, too, that Milo was banished, for killing Clodius. You will find the particulars of these facts, if you look in your Dictionary for the articles *Marseilles* and *Milon*. It is now a very large and fine town, extremely rich from its commerce; it is built in a semi-circle round the port, which is always full of merchant ships of all nations. Here the King of France keeps his galleys, which are very long ships rowed by oars, some of forty, some of fifty, and three-score oars. The people who row them are called galley-slaves; and are, either prisoners taken from the Turks, on the coast of Africa, or criminals, who, for various crimes committed in France, are condemned to row in the galleys, either for life, or for a certain number of years. They are chained by the legs, with great iron chains, two and two together.

The prospect, for two leagues round this place, is the most pleasing that can be imagined; consisting of high hills, covered with vineyards, olive-trees, fig-trees, and almond-trees; with above six thousand little country houses interspersed, which they call here, *des Bastides*.

Within about ten leagues of this place, as you will find in the map, is Toulon, another sea-port town upon the Mediterranean, not near so big as this, but much stronger; there most of the French men-of-war are built and kept, and likewise most of the naval stores, such as ropes, anchors, sails, masts, and whatever belongs to shipping.

If you look into your Geographical Dictionary for *Provence*, you will find the history of this country, which is worth your reading; and, when you are looking in your Dictionary, look for *Dauphiné* too, which is the next province to this; and there you will find when *Dauphiné* was united to the Crown of France, upon condition that the King of France's eldest son should always be called *le Dauphin*. You should, in truth, omit no one opportunity of informing yourself of Modern History and Geography; which are the common subjects of all conversation, and, consequently, it is a shame to be ignorant of them.

Since you have begun composition, I send you here another subject to compose a few lines upon :

"Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ."

Whoever observes that rule, will always be very happy : may you do it ! Adieu.

LA FRANCE.

La France est, à tout prendre, le plus beau pays de l'Europe ; car il est très grand, très riche, et très fertile ; le climat est admirable, et il n'y fait jamais trop chaud, comme en Italie, et en Espagne, ni trop froid, comme en Suède et en Dannemarc. Ce Royaume est borné au nord par la mer, qui s'appelle la Manche ; au sud par la mer Méditerranée. La France n'est séparée de l'Italie que par les Alpes, qui sont de grandes montagnes couvertes de neige la plus grande partie de l'année ; et les monts Pyrénées, qui sont encore de grandes montagnes, la séparent de l'Espagne. Elle est partagée en douze Gouvernemens ou Provinces, qui sont ;

La Picardie,
La Normandie,
L'Isle de France,
La Champagne,
La Bretagne,
L'Orléannois,
La Bourgogne,
Le Lyonnois,
La Guienne, ou la Gascogne,
Le Languedoc,
Le Dauphiné,
La Provence.

Les François en général ont beaucoup d'esprit, et sont très agréables, parcequ'ils ont en même temps de la vivacité, jointe à beaucoup de politesse. A la vérité, ils sont quelquefois un peu étourdis, mais c'est une étourderie brillante : ils sont aussi très braves. Le gouvernement de la France est une Monarchie absolue ou despotique ; c'est-à-dire, que le Roi y fait tout ce qu'il veut, de sorte que le peuple est esclave.

Priez votre Maman de vous montrer ces douze provinces sur la carte, et nous parlerons une autre fois des villes de la France, qu'elle vous montrera après.

LA PICARDIE.

La Picardie est la province la plus septentrionale de la France ; c'est un pays ouvert, qui ne produit presque que des bleds. Sa capi-

tale est Amiens. Il y a encore Abbeville ville considérable, à cause de la manufacture de draps, qui y est établie; et Calais, assez bonne ville et port de mer. Quand on va d'ici en France, c'est là où l'on débarque.

LA NORMANDIE.

La Normandie est jointe à la Picardie; ses plus grandes villes sont Rouën, et Caën. Il y croit une infinité de pommes, dont ils font du cidre. Car pour du vin, on n'y en fait guères, non plus qu'en Picardie: parce qu'étant trop au nord, les raisins ne deviennent pas assez mûrs. Les Normands sont fameux pour les procès, et la chicane; ils ne répondent jamais directement à ce qu'on leur demande; de sorte qu'il est passé en proverbe, quand un homme ne répond pas directement, de dire qu'il répond en Normand.

L'ISLE DE FRANCE.

Paris, la capitale de tout le Royaume, est dans l'Isle de France; elle est située sur la Seine, petite rivière, et même bourbeuse. C'est une grande ville, mais pas à beaucoup près si grande que Londres.

LA CHAMPAGNE.

Rheims est la principale ville de la Champagne, et c'est dans cette ville que les Rois de France sont couronnés. Cette province fournit le meilleur vin du Royaume; le vin de Champagne.

LA BRETAGNE.

La Bretagne est partagée en haute et basse. Dans la haute se trouve la ville de Nantes, où l'on fait la meilleure eau de vie; et la ville de St. Malo, qui est un bon port de mer. Dans la basse Bretagne, on parle un langage qui ressemble plus à notre Gallois qu'au François.

L'ORLÉANNOIS.

Il y a dans l'Orléannois plusieurs grandes et belles villes. Orléans, fameuse à cause de Jeanne d'Arc, qu'on appelloit la Pucelle d'Orléans, et qui chassa les Anglois de la France. Il y a encore la ville de Blois, dont la situation est charmante, et où l'on parle le plus pur François. Il y a aussi la ville de Tours, où se trouve une manufacture de taffetas épais, appelés *Gros de Tours*.

LA BOURGOGNE.

Dijon est la ville capitale de cette province. Le vin de Bourgogne est un des meilleurs vins de France.

LE LYONNOIS.

Lyon en est la capitale, c'est une très grande et belle ville; elle est aussi très riche à cause de la manufacture d'étoffes de soie, d'or, et d'argent qui y est établie et qui en fournit presque toute l'Europe. Votre belle veste d'argent vient de là.

LA GUIENNE, OU LA GASCOGNE.

La Guienne contient plusieurs villes très considérables, comme Bordeaux, ville très grande et très riche. La plupart du vin qu'on boit à Londres et qu'on appelle en Anglois, *Claret*, vient de là. On y fait grande et bonne chère; les ortolans et les perdrix rouges y abondent. Il y a la ville de Périgueux où l'on fait des pâtés délicieux de perdrix rouges, et de truffes; celle de Bayonne, d'où l'on tire des jambons excellens.

Les Gascons sont les gens les plus vifs de toute la France; mais un peu menteurs et fanfarons, se vantant beaucoup de leur esprit et de leur courage; de sorte qu'on dit d'un homme qui se vante et qui est présomptueux, *C'est un Gascon*.

LE LANGUEDOC.

Le Languedoc est la province la plus méridionale de la France, et par conséquent celle où il fait le plus chaud. Elle renferme grand nombre de belles villes, entre autres Narbonne, fameuse par l'excellent miel qu'on y recueille; Nîmes, célèbre à cause d'un ancien amphithéâtre Romain, qui y subsiste encore; Montpellier, dont l'air est si pur, et le climat si beau, qu'on y envoie souvent les malades d'ici pour être guéris.

LE DAUPHINÉ.

Grenoble en est la ville capitale. Le fils aîné du Roi de France, qui s'appelle toujours le *Dauphin*, prend ce titre de cette province.

LA PROVENCE.

La Provence est un très beau pays et très fertile, on y fait la meilleure huile, et elle en fournit à tous les autres pays. La campagne est remplie d'orangers, de citronniers, et d'oliviers. La capitale s'appelle Aix. Il y a aussi Marseille, très grande et très belle ville, et port célèbre de la mer Méditerranée; c'est là où l'on tient les galères du Roi de France: les galères sont de grands vaisseaux à rames; et les rameurs sont des gens condamnés pour quelque crime à y ramer.

L'ALLEMAGNE.

L'ALLEMAGNE est un pays d'une vaste étendue; la partie méridionale, ou vers le sud, est assez belle; mais la partie septentrionale,

ou vers le nord, est très mauvaise et déserte. Elle est partagée en dix parties, qu'on appelle les Dix Cercles de l'Empire. L'Empereur est le Chef, mais non pas le Maître de l'Empire; car il y peut faire très peu de choses, sans le consentement des Electeurs, des Princes et des Villes libres, qui forment, ce qu'on appelle la Diète de l'Empire, qui s'assemble dans la ville de Ratisbonne.

Il y neuf Electeurs, qui sont,

L'Electeur de	{	Mayence,
		Treves,
		Cologne,
		Bohème,
		Bavière,
		Saxe,
		Brandebourg,
		Palatin,
	{	Hannovre.

Les Electeurs sont ceux qui élisent l'Empereur; car l'Empire n'est pas héréditaire, c'est-à-dire, le fils ne succède pas au père; mais quand un Empereur meurt, ces neuf Electeurs s'assemblent et en choisissent un autre. Les Electeurs sont Souverains chez eux. Ceux de Mayence, de Treves, et de Cologne sont Ecclésiastiques, et Archevêques. L'Electeur de Bohème est Roi de Bohème: sa ville capitale est Prague. La capitale de l'Electeur de Bavière est Munich. L'Electeur de Saxe est le plus considérable de tous les Electeurs, et son électorat le plus beau; Dresde sa capitale est une très belle ville. L'Electeur de Brandebourg est, aussi, Roi de Prusse, et il a une grande étendue de pays: la capitale de Brandebourg est Berlin. Les deux villes les plus considérables de l'Electeur Palatin sont Manheim et Dusseldorp. L'Electeur d'Hannovre est aussi Roi d'Angleterre; la ville capitale d'Hannovre est Hannovre; miserable capitale d'un miserable pays.

Outre les Electeurs, il y a des Princes souverains assez considérables, comme le Landgrave de Hesse Cassel, le Duc de Wirtemberg, &c.

[La suite de cette description géographique de l'Allemagne, et le commencement de celle de l'Asie, sont malheureusement perdues.]

ASIE.

LA Perse, qui fait aussi une partie de l'Asie, est un très grand Empire; dont la ville capitale s'appelle Ispahan. L'Empereur d'aujourd'hui est Thamas Kouli Kan; qui de particulier, qu'il étoit, s'est élevé à l'Empire par son adresse et par son courage.

L'Empire du Grand Mogol, ou l'Indostan, se joint à la Perse; c'est un très vaste et très riche pays, avec lequel nous faisons un grand

commerce. La ville capitale est Agra; il y a dans cet Empire deux rivières fameuses, même dans l'antiquité, savoir l'Inde et le Gange.

La Chine est un vaste Empire, qui fait encore partie de l'Asie. Elle a deux villes capitales; l'une au nord, nommée Pekin, l'autre au sud, qui s'appelle Nankin. La Tartarie, qui est aussi un pays immense, appartient à la Chine: il n'y a pas cent ans que les Tartares firent la conquête de la Chine.

Les îles Asiatiques sont en grand nombre; mais les plus considérables sont celles du Japon, qui sont très riches.

MON CHER ENFANT,

COMME dans la description que je vous envoie de l'Italie,* j'ai fait mention du Pape, je crois que vous serez bien aise de savoir ce que c'est que ce Pape. Le Pape donc est un vieux fourbe, qui se dit le Vicaire de Jesus Christ, c'est-à-dire, la personne qui représente Jesus Christ sur la terre, et qui a le pouvoir de sauver ou de damner les gens. En vertu de ce prétendu pouvoir, il accorde des Indulgences, c'est-à-dire, des pardons pour les péchés; ou bien il lance des Excommunications, c'est-à-dire, qu'il envoie les gens au diable. Les Catholiques, autrement appelé les Papistes, sont assez fous pour croire tout cela; ils croient de plus que le Pape est infaillible; c'est-à-dire, qu'il ne peut pas se tromper, et que tout ce qu'il dit est vrai, et tout ce qu'il fait est bien. Autre sottise: le Pape prétend être le premier Prince de la Chrétienté, et prend le pas sur tous les Rois; mais les Rois Protestans ne lui accordent pas cela.

C'est le Pape qui fait les Cardinaux; leur nombre est de soixante et douze; ils sont au dessus des Evêques et des Archevêques. On donne à un Cardinal le titre de *Votre Eminence*, et au Pape celui de *Votre Sainteté*. Quand le Pape meurt les Cardinaux s'assemblent pour en élire un autre; cette assemblée s'appelle le *Conclave*. Lorsqu'on est présenté au Pape on lui baise le pied et non pas la main, comme aux autres Princes. Les loix que le Pape fait, s'appellent les *Bulles du Pape*. Le palais où le Pape demeure à Rome s'appelle le *Vatican*, et contient la plus belle bibliothèque du monde.

Le Pape n'est réellement que l'Evêque de Rome; mais la folie et la superstition d'un côté, l'ambition et l'artifice du Clergé de l'autre, l'ont fait ce qu'il est; c'est-à-dire, un Prince considérable, et le chef de l'Eglise Catholique.

Nous autres Protestans ne sommes pas assez simples pour croire toutes ces sottises. Nous croyons, et avec raison, qu'il n'y a que Dieu seul qui soit infaillible, et qui puisse nous rendre heureux ou malheureux.

Adieu! Divertissez vous et soyez gai; il n'y a rien de tel.

* Not found among Mr. P. Stanhope's papers.

Monday.

DEAR BOY,

WHEN I wrote to you last, we were in Egypt.* Now, if you please, we will travel a little to the north-east of Egypt, and visit the famous city of Jerusalem, which we read so much of, both in the Old and the New Testament. It is the chief town of Judea, or Palestine; a country in the Kingdom of Syria, as you will find, if you look into the map of Asia. It was anciently a very great and considerable city; where the Kings of Judea resided, and where Solomon built the famous temple of the Jews. It was often taken and plundered by neighbouring Princes; but the Babylonians were the first that utterly destroyed it. Both the town and the temple were afterwards rebuilt by the Jews, under Esdras and Zorobabel; but, at last, were entirely burnt and ruined by the Roman Emperor Titus. The Emperor Adrian rebuilt it, in the year 132; since when, it has been taken and plundered by the Saracens; retaken by the Christians; and now, at last, belongs to the Turks. It is a very inconsiderable place at present, and only famous upon account of what it has been formerly: for Jesus Christ preached the Christian religion there, and was crucified by the Jews, upon Mount Calvary. In the eighth century, the Saracens got possession of it; and in the eleventh century many Christian Princes, in Europe, joined, and went with a considerable army to take it from the Saracens. This war was called the Holy War; and, as all those who went to it wore a cross upon their breast, it was called a *Croisado*. The ignorance and superstition of those times made them think it meritorious to take the land, where Jesus Christ lived and died, out of the hands of Infidels, that is, those who did not believe in Christ; but it was, in truth, a notorious piece of injustice, to go and attack those who did not meddle with them.

Not far from Judea, you will find, in the map, the vast country of Arabia; which is divided into three parts: Arabia Deserta, or the Desert, so called because it is hardly inhabited, and has immense deserts, where you see nothing but sand: Arabia Petraea, or the Stony; and Arabia Felix, or the Happy, because it is a fine fruitful country, and produces gums and aromatics of all kinds. Hence comes the common saying, "All the sweets of Arabia," when you would say that anything has a very fine smell. Arabia Felix has two famous towns; Medina and Mecca; because the famous impostor Mahomet, the great Prophet of the Turks, was born at Medina, and buried at Mecca, where his tomb is now, to which the Turks often go in pilgrimage. Pilgrimage is a journey that people take, to any place, on a religious account; and the person, who takes that journey, is called a Pilgrim.

* That letter is also wanting.

The Roman Catholics often go Pilgrimages to our Lady of Loretto, in Italy, and sometimes even to Jerusalem, in order to pray before a cross, or the figure of some Saint or other: but these are all follies of weak and ignorant people. Adieu.

* KING CHARLES THE FIRST succeeded his father, King James the First; and, though he was nothing very extraordinary, was still much better than his father; having both more sense and more courage. He married a Princess of France, daughter to Henry the Great; who, being a zealous Papist, and a busy, meddling woman, had an influence over him which contributed much to his misfortunes. He had learned from his father to fancy that he had a right to be absolute; and had the courage, that his father wanted, to try for it. This made him quarrel with Parliaments, and attempt to raise money without them; which no King has a right to do: but there was then spirit and virtue enough in the nation to oppose it. He would likewise, by the advice of a hot-headed parson (Archbishop Laud), establish the Common Prayer through the whole kingdom by force, which the Presbyterians would not submit to. These, and many other violences, raised a civil war in the nation, in which he was beaten, and taken prisoner. A high Court of Justice was erected on purpose for his trial, where he was tried and condemned for high treason against the Constitution, and was beheaded publicly, about one hundred years ago, at Whitehall, on the 30th of January. This action is much blamed; but, however, if it had not happened, we had had no liberties left.

After Charles's death, the Parliament governed for a time; but the Army soon took the power out of their hands; and then Oliver Cromwell, a private gentleman of Huntingdonshire, and a Colonel in that army, usurped the government, and called himself the Protector. He was a very brave and a very able man; and carried the honour of England to the highest pitch of glory; making himself both feared and respected by all the Powers in Europe. He got us the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards; and Dunkirk, which Charles the Second shamefully sold afterwards to the French. He died in about ten years after he had usurped the government, which he left to his son Richard, who, being a blockhead, could not keep it; so that King Charles the Second was restored by the means of General Monk, who was then at the head of the army.

King Charles the Second, who during the life of Cromwell had been wandering about from one country to another, instead of profiting by his adversities, had only collected the vices of all the countries he had

* We believe the reader will join with us in regretting that this is all that remains of the late Earl of Chesterfield's epitome of the History of England, which he had probably begun at a much earlier period. (Note of the first Editor.)

been in. He had no religion, or, if any, was a Papist; and his brother, the Duke of York, was a declared one. He gave all he had to w—s and favourites; and was so necessitous that he became a pensioner to France. He lived uneasily with his people and his Parliament; and was at last poisoned. As he died without children, he was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, then

King James the Second; who was of a sour, cruel, and tyrannical disposition, and a zealous Papist: he resolved at once to be above the laws, make himself absolute, and establish Popery; upon which the nation, very wisely and justly, turned him out, before he had reigned quite four years; and called the Prince of Orange, from Holland, who had married King James's eldest daughter, Mary.

The Prince and Princess of Orange were then declared, by Parliament, King and Queen of England, by the title of King William the Third and Queen Mary; and this is called the Revolution.

Queen Mary was an excellent Princess; but she died seven years before King William, without children. King William was a brave and warlike King. He would have been glad of more power than he ought to have; but his Parliaments kept him within due bounds, against his will. To this Revolution we again owe our liberties. King William, dying without children, was succeeded by Queen Anne, the second daughter of King James the Second.

The reign of Queen Anne was a glorious one, by the success of her arms against France, under the Duke of Marlborough. As she died without children, the family of the Stuarts ended in her; and the Crown went to the House of Hanover, as the next Protestant family: so that she was succeeded by King George the First, father of the present King.

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